THE HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES,

A

FOUNDLING.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

——Mores hominum multorum vidit——

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against
Catherine-street in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.LXIII.

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A

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Staatshibliothek
MÜNCHEN

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To the HONOURABLE

George Lyttleton, *Esq*;

One of the Lords Commissioners of the TREASURY.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING your constant Refusal, when I have asked Leave to prefix your Name to this Dedication, I must still insist on my Right to desire your Protection of this Work.

To you, Sir, it is owing that this History was ever begun. It was by your Desire that I first thought of such a Composition. So many Years have

ſince paſt, that you may have, perhaps, forgotten this Circumſtance: But your Deſires are to me in the Nature of Commands; and the Impreſſion of them is never to be eraſed from my Memory.

Again, Sir, without your Aſſiſtance this Hiſtory had never been completed. Be not ſtartled at the Aſſertion. I do not intend to draw on you the Suſpicion of being a Romance Writer. I mean no more than that I partly owe to you my Exiſtence during great Part of the Time which I have employed in compoſing it: another Matter which it may be neceſſary to remind you of; ſince there are certain Actions of which you are apt to be extremely forgetful; but of theſe I hope I ſhall always have a better Memory than yourſelf.

Laſtly, it is owing to you that the Hiſtory appears what it now is. If there be in this Work, as ſome have been pleaſed to ſay, a ſtronger Picture of a truly benevolent Mind than is to

be

be found in any other, who that knows you, and a particular Acquaintance of yours, will doubt whence that Benevolence hath been copied? The World will not, I believe, make me the Compliment of thinking I took it from myself. I care not: This they shall own, that the two Persons from whom I have taken it, that is to say, two of the best and worthiest Men in the World, are strongly and zealously my Friends. I might be contented with this, and yet my Vanity will add a third to the Number; and him one of the greatest and noblest, not only in his Rank, but in every public and private Virtue. But here whilst my Gratitude for the princely Benefactions of the Duke of *Bedford* bursts from my Heart, you must forgive my reminding you, that it was you who first recommended me to the Notice of my Benefactor.

And what are your Objections to the Allowance of the Honour which I have solicited? Why, you have commended the Book so warmly, that you

ſhould be aſhamed of reading your Name before the Dedication. Indeed, Sir, if the Book itſelf doth not make you aſhamed of your Commendations, nothing that I can here write will, or ought. I am not to give up my Right to your Protection and Patronage, becauſe you have commended my Book: For tho' I acknowledge ſo many Obligations to you, I do not add this to the Number: in which Friendſhip, I am convinced, hath ſo little Share: Since that can neither biaſs your Judgment, nor pervert your Integrity. An Enemy may at any Time obtain your Commendation by only deſerving it; and the utmoſt which the Faults of your Friends can hope for is your Silence; or, perhaps, if too ſeverely accuſed, your gentle Palliation.

In ſhort, Sir, I ſuſpect, that your Diſlike of public Praiſe is your true Objection to granting my Requeſt. I have obſerved, that you have, in common with my two other Friends, an Unwillingneſs to hear the leaſt Mention of your own Virtues; that, as a great

Poet

Poet ſays of one of you, (he might juſtly have ſaid it of all three) you

Do Good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.

If Men of this Diſpoſition are as careful to ſhun Applauſe, as others are to eſcape Cenſure, how juſt muſt be your Apprehenſion of your Character falling into my Hands; ſince what would not a Man have Reaſon to dread, if attacked by an Author who had received from him Injuries equal to my Obligations to you!

And will not this Dread of Cenſure increaſe in Proportion to the Matter which a Man is conſcious of having afforded for it? If his whole Life, for Inſtance, ſhould have been one continued Subject of Satire, he may well tremble when an incenſed Satiriſt takes him in Hand. Now, Sir, if we apply this to your modeſt Averſion to Panegyric, how reaſonable will your Fears of me appear!

Yet

Yet ſurely you might have gratified my Ambition, from this ſingle Confidence, that I ſhall always prefer the Indulgence of your Inclinations to the Satisfaction of my own. A very ſtrong Inſtance of which I ſhall give you in this Addreſs; in which I am determined to follow the Example of all other Dedicators, and will conſider not what my Patron really deſerves to have written, but what he will be beſt pleaſed to read.

Without further Preface then, I here preſent you with the Labours of ſome Years of my Life. What Merit theſe Labours have is already known to yourſelf. If, from your favourable Judgment, I have conceived ſome Eſteem for them, it cannot be imputed to Vanity; ſince I ſhould have agreed as implicitly to your Opinion, had it been given in Favour of any other Man's Production. Negatively, at leaſt, I may be allowed to ſay, that had I been ſenſible of any great Demerit in the Work, you are the laſt Perſon to whoſe Protection I would

would have ventured to recommend it.

From the Name of my Patron, indeed, I hope my Reader will be convinced, at his very Entrance on this Work, that he will find in the whole Courſe of it nothing prejudicial to the Cauſe of Religion and Virtue; nothing inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt Rules of Decency, nor which can offend even the chaſteſt Eye in the Peruſal. On the contrary, I declare, that to recommend Goodneſs and Innocence hath been my ſincere Endeavour in this Hiſtory. This honeſt Purpoſe you have been pleaſed to think I have attained: And to ſay the Truth, it is likelieſt to be attained in Books of this Kind; for an Example is a Kind of Picture, in which Virtue becomes as it were an Object of Sight, and ſtrikes us with an Idea of that Lovelineſs, which *Plato* aſſerts there is in her naked Charms.

Beſides diſplaying that Beauty of Virtue which may attract the Admiration of

of Mankind, I have attempted to engage a ſtronger Motive to Human Action in her Favour, by convincing Men, that their true Intereſt directs them to a Purſuit of her. For this Purpoſe I have ſhewn, that no Acquiſitions of Guilt can compenſate the Loſs of that ſolid inward Comfort of Mind, which is the ſure Companion of Innocence and Virtue; nor can in the leaſt balance the Evil of that Horror and Anxiety which, in their Room, Guilt introduces into our Boſoms. And again, that as theſe Acquiſitions are in themſelves generally worthleſs, ſo are the Means to attain them not only baſe and infamous, but at beſt uncertain, and always full of Danger. Laſtly, I have endeavoured ſtrongly to inculcate, that Virtue and Innocence can ſcarce ever be injured but by Indiſcretion; and that it is this alone which often betrays them into the Snares that Deceit and Villainy ſpread for them. A Moral which I have the more induſtriouſly laboured, as the teaching it is, of all others, the likelieſt to be attended with Succeſs; ſince, I believe, it is much

eaſier

eaſier to make good Men wiſe, than to make bad Men good.

For theſe Purpoſes I have employed all the Wit and Humour of which I am Maſter in the following Hiſtory; wherein I have endeavoured to laugh Mankind out of their favourite Follies and Vices. How far I have ſucceeded in this good Attempt, I ſhall ſubmit to the candid Reader, with only two Requeſts: Firſt, That he will not expect to find Perfection in this Work; and Secondly, That he will excuſe ſome Parts of it, if they fall ſhort of that little Merit which I hope may appear in others.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer. Indeed I have run into a Preface, while I profeſſed to write a Dedication. But how can it be otherwiſe? I dare not praiſe you; and the only Means I know of to avoid it, when you are in my Thoughts, are either to be entirely ſilent, or to turn my Thoughts to ſome other Subject.

Par-

Pardon, therefore, what I have ſaid in this Epiſtle, not only without your Conſent, but abſolutely againſt it; and give me at leaſt Leave, in this public Manner, to declare, that I am, with the higheſt Reſpect and Gratitude,

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged,

Obedient Humble Servant,

Henry Fielding.

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK I.

Containing as much of the Birth of the Foundling as is neceſſary or proper to acquaint the Reader with in the Beginning of this Hiſtory.

CHAP. I.

The Introduction to the Work, or Bill of Fare to the Feaſt.

AN Author ought to conſider himſelf, not as a Gentleman who gives a private or eleemoſynary Treat, but rather as one who keeps a public Ordinary, at which all Perſons are welcome for their Money. In the former Caſe, it is well known, that the Entertainer provides what Fare he pleaſes; and tho' this ſhould be very indifferent, and utterly diſagreeable to the Taſte of his Company, they muſt not find any Fault; nay, on the contrary, Good-Breeding forces them outwardly to approve and

to commend whatever is ſet before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the Maſter of an Ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat, will inſiſt on gratifying their Palates, however nice and whimſical theſe may prove; and if every Thing is not agreeable to their Taſte, will challenge a Right to cenſure, to abuſe, and to d———n their Dinner without Controul.

To prevent therefore giving Offence to their Cuſtomers by any ſuch Diſappointment, it hath been uſual, with the honeſt and well-meaning Hoſt, to provide a Bill of Fare, which all Perſons may peruſe at their firſt Entrance into the Houſe; and, having thence acquainted themſelves with the Entertainment which they may expect, may either ſtay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to ſome other Ordinary better accommodated to their Taſte.

As we do not diſdain to borrow Wit or Wiſdom from any Man who is capable of lending us either, we have condeſcended to take a Hint from theſe honeſt Victuallers, and ſhall prefix not only a general Bill of Fare to our whole Entertainment, but ſhall likewiſe give the Reader particular Bills to every Courſe which is to be ſerved up in this and the enſuing Volumes.

The Proviſion then which we have here made, is no other than HUMAN NATURE. Nor do I fear that my ſenſible Reader, though moſt luxurious in his Taſte, will ſtart, cavil, or be offended, becauſe I have named but one Article. The Tortoiſe, as the Alderman of *Briſtol*, well learned in eating, knows by much Experience, beſides the delicious *Calibaſh* and *Calipee*, contains many different kinds of Food; nor can the learned Reader be ignorant, that in *Human Nature*, tho' here

here collected under one general Name, is ſuch prodigious Variety, that a Cook will have ſooner gone through all the ſeveral Species of animal and vegetable Food in the World, than an Author will be able to exhauſt ſo extenſive a Subject.

An Objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this Diſh is too common and vulgar; for what elſe is the Subject of all the Romances, Novels, Plays and Poems, with which the Stalls abound? Many exquiſite Viands might be rejected by the Epicure, if it was a ſufficient Cauſe for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that ſomething was to be found in the moſt paultry Alleys under the ſame Name. In reality, true Nature is as difficult to be met with in Authors, as the *Bayonne* Ham or *Bologna* Sauſage is to be found in the Shops.

But the whole, to continue the ſame Metaphor, conſiſts in the Cookery of the Author; for, as Mr. *Pope* tells us,

True Wit is Nature to Advantage dreſt,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſt.

The ſame Animal which hath the Honour to have ſome Part of his Fleſh eaten at the Table of a Duke, may perhaps be degraded in another Part, and ſome of his Limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vileſt Stall in Town. Where then lies the Difference between the Food of the Nobleman and the Porter, if both are at Dinner on the ſame Ox or Calf, but in the ſeaſoning, the dreſſing, the garniſhing, and the ſetting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the moſt languid

Appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the ſharpeſt and keeneſt.

In like manner, the Excellence of the mental Entertainment conſiſts leſs in the Subject, than in the Author's Skill in well dreſſing it up. How pleaſed therefore will the Reader be to find, that we have, in the following Work, adhered cloſely to one of the higheſt Principles of the beſt Cook which the preſent Age, or perhaps that of *Heliogabalus*, hath produced? This great Man, as is well known to all polite Lovers of eating, begins at firſt by ſetting plain Things before his hungry Gueſts, riſing afterwards by Degrees, as their Stomachs may be ſuppoſed to decreaſe, to the very Quinteſſence of Sauce and Spices. In like manner, we ſhall repreſent Human Nature at firſt to the keen Appetite of our Reader, in that more plain and ſimple Manner in which it is found in the Country, and ſhall hereafter haſh and ragoo it with all the high *French* and *Italian* Seaſoning of Affectation and Vice which Courts and Cities afford. By theſe Means, we doubt not but our Reader may be rendered deſirous to read on for ever, as the great Perſon, juſt above-mentioned, is ſuppoſed to have made ſome Perſons eat.

Having premiſed thus much, we will now detain thoſe, who like our Bill of Fare, no longer from their Diet, and ſhall proceed directly to ſerve up the firſt Courſe of our Hiſtory, for their Entertainment.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A ſhort Deſcription of Squire Allworthy, *and a fuller Account of Miſs* Bridget Allworthy *his Siſter.*

IN that Part of the weſtern Diviſion of this Kingdom, which is commonly called *Somerſetſhire*, there lately lived (and perhaps lives ſtill) a Gentleman whoſe Name was *Allworthy*, and who might well be called the Favourite of both Nature and Fortune; for both of theſe ſeem to have contended which ſhould bleſs and enrich him moſt. In this Contention, Nature may ſeem to ſome to have come off victorious, as ſhe beſtowed on him many Gifts; while Fortune had only one Gift in her Power; but in pouring forth this, ſhe was ſo very profuſe, that others perhaps may think this ſingle Endowment to have been more than equivalent to all the various Bleſſings which he enjoyed from Nature. From the former of theſe, he derived an agreeable Perſon, a ſound Conſtitution, a ſolid Underſtanding, and a benevolent Heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the Inheritance of one of the largeſt Eſtates in the County.

This Gentleman had, in his Youth, married a very worthy and beautiful Woman, of whom he had been extremely fond: By her he had three Children, all of whom died in their Infancy. He had likewiſe had the Misfortune of burying this beloved Wife herſelf, above five Years before the Time in which this Hiſtory chuſes to ſet out. This Loſs, however great, he bore like a Man of Senſe and Conſtancy; tho' it muſt be

confeſt, he would often talk a little whimſically on this Head: For he ſometimes ſaid, he looked on himſelf as ſtill married, and conſidered his Wife as only gone a little before him a Journey which he ſhould moſt certainly, ſooner or later, take after her; and that he had not the leaſt Doubt of meeting her again, in a Place where he ſhould never part with her more. Sentiments for which his Senſe was arraigned by one Part of his Neighbours, his Religion by a ſecond, and his Sincerity by a third.

He now lived, for the moſt Part, retired in the Country, with one Siſter, for whom he had a very tender Affection. This Lady was now ſomewhat paſt the Age of 30, an Æra, at which, in the Opinion of the Malicious, the Title of Old Maid may, with no Impropriety, be aſſumed. She was of that Species of Women, whom you rather commend for good Qualities than Beauty, and who are generally called by their own Sex, very good Sort of Women --- as good a Sort of Woman, Madam, as you would wiſh to know. Indeed, ſhe was ſo far from regretting Want of Beauty, that ſhe never mentioned that Perfection (if it can be called one) without Contempt; and would often thank God ſhe was not as handſome as Miſs ſuch a one, whom perhaps Beauty had led into Errors, which ſhe might have otherwiſe avoided. Miſs *Bridget Allworthy* (for that was the Name of this Lady) very rightly conceived the Charms of Perſon in a Woman to be no better than Snares for herſelf, as well as for others; and yet ſo diſcreet was ſhe in her Conduct, that her Prudence was as much on the Guard, as if ſhe had all the Snares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole Sex. Indeed, I have ob-

ſerved

ſerved (tho' it may ſeem unaccountable to the Reader) that this Guard of Prudence, like the Trained Bands, is always readieſt to go on Duty where there is the leaſt Danger. It often baſely and cowardly deſerts thoſe Paragons for whom the Men are all wiſhing, ſighing, dying, and ſpreading every Net in their Power; and conſtantly attends at the Heels of that higher Order of Women, for whom the other Sex have a more diſtant and aweful Reſpect, and whom (from Deſpair, I ſuppoſe, of Succeſs) they never venture to attack.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digreſs, through this whole Hiſtory, as often as I ſee Occaſion: Of which I am myſelf a better Judge than any pitiful Critic whatever. And here I muſt deſire all thoſe Critics to mind their own Buſineſs, and not to intermeddle with Affairs, or Works, which no ways concern them: For, till they produce the Authority by which they are conſtituted Judges, I ſhall not plead to their Juriſdiction.

CHAP. III.

An odd Accident which befell Mr. Allworthy, *at his Return home. The decent Behaviour of Mrs.* Deborah Wilkins, *with ſome proper Animadverſions on Baſtards.*

I Have told my Reader, in the preceding Chapter, that Mr. *Allworthy* inherited a large Fortune; that he had a good Heart, and no Family. Hence, doubtleſs, it will be concluded by many, that he lived like an honeſt Man, owed no one a

Shilling, took nothing but what was his own, kept a good Houſe, entertained his Neighbours with a hearty Welcome at his Table, and was charitable to the Poor, *i. e.* to thoſe who had rather beg than work, by giving them the Offals from it; that he died immenſely rich, and built an Hoſpital.

And true it is, that he did many of theſe Things; but, had he done nothing more, I ſhould have left him to have recorded his own Merit on ſome fair Free-Stone over the Door of that Hoſpital. Matters of a much more extraordinary Kind are to be the Subject of this Hiſtory, or I ſhould groſsly miſpend my Time in writing ſo voluminous a Work; and you, my ſagacious Friend, might, with equal Profit and Pleaſure, travel through ſome Pages, which certain droll Authors have been facetiouſly pleaſed to call *The Hiſtory of England.*

Mr. *Allworthy* had been abſent a full Quarter of a Year in *London*, on ſome very particular Buſineſs, though I know not what it was; but judge of its Importance, by its having detained him ſo long from home, whence he had not been abſent a Month at a Time during the Space of many Years. He came to his Houſe very late in the Evening, and after a ſhort Supper with his Siſter, retired much fatigued to his Chamber. Here, having ſpent ſome Minutes on his Knees, a Cuſtom which he never broke through on any Account, he was preparing to ſtep into Bed, when, upon opening the Cloaths, to his great Surprize, he beheld an Infant, wrapt up in ſome coarſe Linen, in a ſweet and profound Sleep, between his Sheets. He ſtood ſome Time loſt in Aſtoniſhment at this Sight; but, as Good-nature

had

had always the Aſcendant in his Mind, he ſoon began to be touched with Sentiments of Compaſſion for the little Wretch before him. He then rang his Bell, and ordered an elderly Woman Servant to riſe immediately and come to him, and in the mean Time was ſo eager in contemplating the Beauty of Innocence, appearing in thoſe lively Colours with which Infancy and Sleep always diſplay it, that his Thoughts were too much engaged to reflect that he was in his Shirt, when the Matron came in. She had indeed given her Maſter ſufficient Time to dreſs himſelf; for out of Reſpect to him, and Regard to Decency, ſhe had ſpent many Minutes in adjuſting her Hair at the Looking-Glaſs, notwithſtanding all the Hurry in which ſhe had been ſummoned by the Servant, and tho' her Maſter, for ought ſhe knew, lay expiring in an Apoplexy or in ſome other Fit.

It will not be wondered at, that a Creature, who had ſo ſtrict a Regard to Decency in her own Perſon, ſhould be ſhocked at the leaſt Deviation from it in another. She therefore no ſooner opened the Door, and ſaw her Maſter ſtanding by the Bed-ſide in his Shirt, with a Candle in his Hand, than ſhe ſtarted back in a moſt terrible Fright, and might perhaps have ſwooned away, had he not now recollected his being undreſt, and put an End to her Terrors, by deſiring her to ſtay without the Door, till he had thrown ſome Cloaths over his Back, and was become incapable of ſhocking the pure Eyes of Mrs. *Deborah Wilkins*, who, tho' in the 52d Year of her Age, vowed ſhe had never beheld a Man without his Coat. Sneerers and prophane Wits may perhaps laugh at her firſt Fright; yet my graver

Reader, when he conſiders the Time of Night, the Summons from her Bed, and the Situation in which ſhe found her Maſter, will highly juſtify and applaud her Conduct; unleſs the Prudence, which muſt be ſuppoſed to attend Maidens at that Period of Life at which Mrs. *Deborah* had arrived, ſhould a little leſſen his Admiration.

When Mrs. *Deborah* returned into the Room, and was acquainted by her Maſter with the finding the little Infant, her Conſternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could ſhe refrain from crying out, with great Horror of Accent as well as Look, 'My good Sir! what's to be done?' Mr. *Allworthy* anſwered, She muſt take Care of the Child that Evening, and in the Morning he would give Orders to provide it a Nurſe. 'Yes, 'Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'and I hope your Worſhip will 'ſend out your Warrant to take up the Huſſy its 'Mother (for ſhe muſt be one of the Neighbour-'hood) and I ſhould be glad to ſee her commit-'ted to *Bridewell*, and whipt at the Cart's Tail. 'Indeed, ſuch wicked Sluts cannot be too ſeverely 'puniſhed. I'll warrant it is not her firſt, by her 'Impudence in laying it to your Worſhip.' 'In 'laying it to me! *Deborah*, anſwered *Allworthy*, 'I can't think ſhe hath any ſuch Deſign. I ſup-'poſe ſhe hath only taken this Method to provide 'for her Child; and truly I am glad ſhe hath not 'done worſe.' 'I don't know what is worſe,' cries *Deborah*, 'than for ſuch wicked Strumpets 'to lay their Sins at honeſt Mens Doors; and 'though your Worſhip knows your own Inno-'cence, yet the World is cenſorious; and it hath 'been many an honeſt Man's Hap to paſs for the 'Father of Children he never begot; and if your 'Worſhip ſhould provide for the Child [illegible] may

'make the People the apter to believe: Beſides,
'why ſhould your Worſhip provide for what the
'Pariſh is obliged to maintain? For my own
'Part, if it was an honeſt Man's Child indeed;
'but for my own Part, it goes againſt me to
'touch theſe miſbegotten Wretches, whom I
'don't look upon as my Fellow-Creatures. Faugh,
'how it ſtinks! It doth not ſmell like a Chriſtian.
'If I might be ſo bold as to give my Advice, I
'would have it put in a Baſket, and ſent out and
'laid at the Church-Warden's Door. It is a
'good Night, only a little rainy and windy; and
'if it was well wrapt up, and put in a warm
'Baſket, it is two to one but it lives, till it is
'found in the Morning. But if it ſhould not,
'we have diſcharged our Duty in taking proper
'Care of it; and it is perhaps better for ſuch
'Creatures to die in a State of Innocence, than
'to grow up and imitate their Mothers; for no-
'thing better can be expected of them.'

There were ſome Strokes in this Speech which, perhaps, would have offended Mr. *Allworthy*, had he ſtrictly attended to it; but he had now got one of his Fingers into the Infant's Hand, which, by its gentle Preſſure, ſeeming to implore his Aſſiſtance, had certainly out-pleaded the Eloquence of Mrs. *Deborah*, had it been ten Times greater than it was. He now gave Mrs. *Deborah* poſitive Orders to take the Child to her own Bed, and to call up a Maid-ſervant to provide it Pap, and other Things againſt it waked. He likewiſe ordered that proper Cloaths ſhould be procured for it early in the Morning, and that it ſhould be brought to himſelf as ſoon as he was ſtirring.

Such was the Diſcernment of Mrs. *Wilkins*, and ſuch the Reſpect ſhe bore her Maſter, under

whom ſhe enjoyed a moſt excellent Place, that her Scruples gave Way to his peremptory Commands; and ſhe took the Child under her Arms, without any apparent Diſguſt at the Illegality of its Birth; and declaring it was a ſweet little Infant, walked off with it to her own Chamber.

Allworthy here betook himſelf to thoſe pleaſing Slumbers which a Heart that hungers after Goodneſs, is apt to enjoy when thoroughly ſatisfied: As theſe are poſſibly ſweeter than what are occaſioned by any other hearty Meal, I ſhould take more Pains to diſplay them to the Reader, if I knew any Air to recommend him to for the procuring ſuch an Appetite.

CHAP. IV.

The Reader's Neck brought into Danger by a Deſcription; his Eſcape, and the great Condeſcenſion of Miſs Bridget Allworthy.

THE *Gothic* Stile of Building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe. There was an Air of Grandeur in it, that ſtruck you with Awe, and rivall'd the Beauties of the beſt *Grecian* Architecture; and it was as commodious within, as venerable without.

It ſtood on the South-eaſt Side of a Hill, but nearer the Bottom than the Top of it, ſo as to be ſheltered from the North-eaſt by a Grove of old Oaks, which roſe above it in a gradual Aſcent of near half a Mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a moſt charming Proſpect of the Valley beneath.

In the midſt of the Grove was a fine Lawn, ſloping down towards the Houſe, near the Summit

mit of which roſe a plentiful Spring, guſhing out of a Rock covered with Firs, and forming a conſtant Caſcade of about thirty Foot, not carried down a regular Flight of Steps, but tumbling in a natural Fall over the broken and moſſy Stones, till it came to the Bottom of the Rock; then running off in a pebbly Channel, that with many leſſer Falls winded along, till it fell into a Lake at the Foot of a Hill, about a Quarter of a Mile below the Houſe on the South-ſide, and which was ſeen from every Room in the Front. Out of this Lake, which filled the Center of a beautiful Plain, embelliſhed with Groupes of Beeches and Elms, and fed with Sheep, iſſued a River, that, for ſeveral Miles, was ſeen to meander through an amazing Variety of Meadows and Woods, till it emptied itſelf into the Sea; with a large Arm of which, and an Iſland beyond it, the Proſpect was cloſed.

On the Right of this Valley opened another of leſs Extent, adorned with ſeveral Villages, and terminated by one of the Towers of an old ruined Abbey, grown over with Ivy, and Part of the Front, which remained ſtill entire.

The Left-Hand Scene preſented the View of a fine Park, compoſed of very unequal Ground, and agreeably varied with all the Diverſity that Hills, Lawns, Wood, and Water, laid out with admirable Taſte, but owing leſs to Art than to Nature, could give. Beyond this the Country gradually roſe into a Ridge of wild Mountains, the Tops of which were above the Clouds.

It was now the Middle of *May*, and the Morning was remarkably ſerene, when Mr. *Allworthy* walked forth on the Terrace, where the Dawn opened every Minute that lovely Proſpect we have before

before deſcribed to his Eye. And now having ſent forth Streams of Light, which aſcended the blue Firmament before him, as Harbingers preceding his Pomp, in the full Blaze of his Majeſty up roſe the Sun; than which one Object alone in this lower Creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf preſented; a human Being replete with Benevolence, meditating in what Manner he might render himſelf moſt acceptable to his Creator, by doing moſt Good to his Creatures.

Reader, take Care, I have unadviſedly led thee to the Top of as high a Hill as Mr. *Allworthy*'s, and how to get thee down without breaking thy Neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to ſlide down together; for Miſs *Bridget* rings her Bell, and Mr. *Allworthy* is ſummoned to Breakfaſt, where I muſt attend, and, if you pleaſe, ſhall be glad of your Company.

The uſual Compliments having paſſed between Mr. *Allworthy* and Miſs *Bridget*, and the Tea being poured out, he ſummoned Mrs. *Wilkins*, and told his Siſter he had a Preſent for her; for which ſhe thanked him, imagining, I ſuppoſe, it had been a Gown, or ſome Ornament for her Perſon. Indeed, he very often made her ſuch Preſents; and ſhe, in Complacence to him, ſpent much Time in adorning herſelf. I ſay, in Complacence to him, becauſe ſhe always expreſt the greateſt Contempt for Dreſs, and for thoſe Ladies who made it their Study.

But if ſuch was her Expectation, how was ſhe diſappointed, when Mrs. *Wilkins*, according to the Order ſhe had received from her Maſter, produced the little Infant! Great Surprizes, as hath been obſerved, are apt to be ſilent; and ſo was

Miſs

Miſs *Bridget*, 'till her Brother began, and told her the whole Story, which, as the Reader knows it already, we ſhall not repeat.

Miſs *Bridget* had always expreſt ſo great a Regard for what the Ladies are pleaſed to call Virtue, and had herſelf maintained ſuch a Severity of Character, that it was expected, eſpecially by *Wilkins*, that ſhe would have vented much Bitterneſs on this Occaſion, and would have voted for ſending the Child, as a Kind of noxious Animal, immediately out of the Houſe; but, on the contrary, ſhe rather took the good-natured Side of the Queſtion, intimated ſome Compaſſion for the helpleſs little Creature, and commended her Brother's Charity in what he had done.

Perhaps the Reader may account for this Behaviour from her Condeſcenſion to Mr. *Allworthy*, when we have informed him, that the good Man had ended his Narrative with owning a Reſolution to take care of the Child, and to breed him up as his own; for, to acknowledge the Truth, ſhe was always ready to oblige her Brother, and very ſeldom, if ever, contradicted his Sentiments; ſhe would indeed ſometimes make a few Obſervations, as, that Men were headſtrong and muſt have their own Way, and would wiſh ſhe had been bleſt with an independent Fortune; but theſe were always vented in a low Voice, and at the moſt amounted only to what is called Muttering.

However, what ſhe with-held from the Infant, ſhe beſtowed with the utmoſt Profuſeneſs on the poor unknown Mother, whom ſhe called an impudent Slut, a wanton Huſſy, an audacious Harlot, a wicked Jade, a vile Strumpet, with every other Appellation with which the Tongue of Virtue

tue never fails to laſh thoſe who bring a Diſgrace on the Sex.

A Conſultation was now entered into, how to proceed in order to diſcover the Mother. A Scrutiny was firſt made into the Characters of the female Servants of the Houſe, who were all acquitted by Mrs. *Wilkins*, and with apparent Merit; for ſhe had collected them herſelf; and perhaps it would be difficult to find ſuch another Set of Scarecrows.

The next Step was to examine among the Inhabitants of the Pariſh; and this was referred to Mrs. *Wilkins*, who was to enquire with all imaginable Diligence, and to make her Report in the Afternoon.

Matters being thus ſettled, Mr. *Allworthy* withdrew to his Study, as was his Cuſtom, and left the Child to his Siſter, who, at his Deſire, had undertaken the Care of it.

CHAP. V.

Containing a few common Matters, with a very uncommon Obſervation upon them.

WHEN her Maſter was departed, Mrs. *Deborah* ſtood ſilent, expecting her Cue from Miſs *Bridget*; for as to what had paſſed before her Maſter, the prudent Houſekeeper by no means relied upon it, as ſhe had often known the Sentiments of the Lady, in her Brother's Abſence, to differ greatly from thoſe which ſhe had expreſſed in his Preſence. Miſs *Bridget* did not, however, ſuffer her to continue long in this doubtful Situation; for having looked ſome Time earneſtly at the Child, as it lay aſleep in the Lap of Mrs. *Deborah*,

borah, the good Lady could not forbear giving it a hearty Kiſs, at the ſame Time declaring herſelf wonderfully pleaſed with its Beauty and Innocence. Mrs. *Deborah* no ſooner obſerved this, than ſhe fell to ſqueezing and kiſſing, with as great Raptures as ſometimes inſpire the ſage Dame of forty and five towards a youthful and vigorous Bridegroom, crying out in a ſhrill Voice, 'O the 'dear little Creature, the dear, ſweet, pretty 'Creature! Well, I vow, it is as fine a Boy as 'ever was ſeen!'

Theſe Exclamations continued, till they were interrupted by the Lady, who now proceeded to execute the Commiſſion given her by her Brother, and gave Orders for providing all Neceſſaries for the Child, appointing a very good Room in the Houſe for his Nurſery. Her Orders were indeed ſo liberal, that, had it been a Child of her own, ſhe could not have exceeded them: But, leſt the virtuous Reader may condemn her for ſhewing too great Regard to a baſe-born Infant, to which all Charity is condemned by Law as irreligious, we think proper to obſerve, that ſhe concluded the Whole with ſaying, 'Since it was her Bro-'ther's Whim to adopt the little Brat, ſhe ſup-'poſed little Maſter muſt be treated with great 'Tenderneſs: For her Part, ſhe could not help 'thinking it was an Encouragement to Vice; 'but that ſhe knew too much of the Obſtinacy 'of Mankind to oppoſe any of their ridiculous 'Humours.'

With Reflections of this Nature ſhe uſually, as has been hinted, accompanied every Act of Compliance with her Brother's Inclinations; and ſurely nothing could more contribute to heighten the Merit of this Compliance, than a Declaration

that

that ſhe knew, at the ſame Time, the Folly and Unreaſonableneſs of thoſe Inclinations to which ſhe ſubmitted. Tacit Obedience implies no Force upon the Will, and, conſequently, may be eaſily, and without any Pains, preſerved; but when a Wife, a Child, a Relation, or a Friend, performs what we deſire, with Grumbling and Reluctance, with Expreſſions of Diſlike and Diſſatisfaction, the manifeſt Difficulty which they undergo, muſt greatly enhance the Obligation.

As this is one of thoſe deep Obſervations which very few Readers can be ſuppoſed capable of making themſelves, I have thought proper to lend them my Aſſiſtance; but this is a Favour rarely to be expected in the Courſe of my Work. Indeed, I ſhall ſeldom or never ſo indulge him, unleſs in ſuch Inſtances as this, where nothing but the Inſpiration with which we Writers are gifted, can poſſibly enable any one to make the Diſcovery.

CHAP. VI.

Mrs. Deborah *is introduced into the Pariſh, with a Simile. A ſhort Account of* Jenny Jones, *with the Difficulties and Diſcouragements which may attend young Women in the Purſuit of Learning.*

MRS. *Deborah*, having diſpoſed of the Child according to the Will of her Maſter, now prepared to viſit thoſe Habitations which were ſuppoſed to conceal its Mother.

Not otherwiſe than when a Kite, tremendous Bird, is beheld by the feathered Generation ſoaring aloft, and hovering over their Heads; the amo-

rous

rous Dove, and every innocent little Bird, ſpread wide the Alarm, and fly trembling to their Hiding-places. He proudly beats the Air, conſcious of his Dignity, and meditates intended Miſchief.

So when the Approach of Mrs. *Deborah* was proclaimed through the Street, all the Inhabitants ran trembling into their Houſes, each Matron dreading leſt the Viſit ſhould fall to her Lot. She with ſtately Steps proudly advances over the Field, aloft ſhe bears her tow'ring Head, filled with Conceit of her own Pre-eminence, and Schemes to effect her intended Diſcovery.

The ſagacious Reader will not, from this Simile, imagine theſe poor People had any Apprehenſion of the Deſign with which Mrs. *Wilkins* was now coming towards them; but as the great Beauty of the Simile may poſſibly ſleep theſe hundred Years, till ſome future Commentator ſhall take this Work in Hand, I think proper to lend the Reader a little Aſſiſtance in this Place.

It is my Intention therefore to ſignify, that, as it is the Nature of a Kite to devour little Birds, ſo is it the Nature of ſuch Perſons as Mrs. *Wilkins*, to inſult and tyrannize over little People: this being indeed the Means which they uſe to recompenſe to themſelves their extreme Servility and Condeſcenſion to their Superiors; for nothing can be more reaſonable, than that Slaves and Flatterers ſhould exact the ſame Taxes on all below them, which they themſelves pay to all above them.

Whenever Mrs. *Deborah* had Occaſion to exert any extraordinary Condeſcenſion to Mrs. *Bridget*, and by that Means had a little ſowered her natural Diſpoſition, it was uſual with her to walk

walk forth among theſe People, in order to refine her Temper, by venting, and, as it were, purging off all ill Humours; on which Account, ſhe was by no Means a welcome Viſitant: To ſay the Truth, ſhe was univerſally hated and dreaded by them all.

On her Arrival in this Place, ſhe went immediately to the Habitation of an elderly Matron, to whom, as this Matron had the good Fortune to reſemble herſelf in the Comelineſs of her Perſon, as well as in her Age, ſhe had generally been more favourable than to any of the reſt. To this Woman ſhe imparted what had happened, and the Deſign upon which ſhe was come thither that Morning. Theſe two began preſently to ſcrutinize the Characters of the ſeveral young Girls, who lived in any of thoſe Houſes, and at laſt fixed their ſtrongeſt Suſpicion on one *Jenny Jones*, who they both agreed was the likelieſt Perſon to have committed this Fact.

This *Jenny Jones* was no very comely Girl, either in her Face or Perſon; but Nature had ſomewhat compenſated the Want of Beauty with what is generally more eſteemed by thoſe Ladies, whoſe Judgment is arrived at Years of perfect Maturity; for ſhe had given her a very uncommon Share of Underſtanding. This Gift *Jenny* had a good deal improved by Erudition. She had lived ſeveral Years a Servant with a Schoolmaſter, who diſcovering a great Quickneſs of Parts in the Girl, and an extraordinary Deſire of learning, (for every leiſure Hour ſhe was always found reading in the Books of the Scholars) had the Goodnature, or Folly, which the Reader pleaſes to call it, to inſtruct her ſo far, that ſhe obtained a very competent Skill in the *Latin* Language, and was,

perhaps,

perhaps, as good a Scholar as moſt of the young Men of Quality of the Age. This Advantage, however, like moſt others of an extraordinary Kind, was attended with ſome ſmall Inconveniencies: For as it is not to be wondered at, that a young Woman ſo well accompliſhed ſhould have little Reliſh for the Society of thoſe whom Fortune had made her Equals, but whom Education had rendered ſo much her Inferiors; ſo is it Matter of no greater Aſtoniſhment, that this Superiority in *Jenny*, together with that Behaviour which is its certain Conſequence, ſhould produce among the others ſome little Envy and Ill-will towards her; and theſe had, perhaps, ſecretly burnt in the Boſoms of her Neighbours, ever ſince her Return from her Service.

Their Envy did not, however, diſplay itſelf openly, till poor *Jenny*, to the Surprize of every Body, and to the Vexation of all the young Women in theſe Parts, had publickly ſhone forth on a *Sunday* in a new Silk Gown, with a laced Cap, and other proper Appendages to theſe.

The Flame, which had before lain in Embryo, now burſt forth. *Jenny* had, by her Learning, increaſed her own Pride, which none of her Neighbours were kind enough to feed with the Honour ſhe ſeemed to demand; and now, inſtead of Reſpect and Adoration, ſhe gained nothing but Hatred and Abuſe by her Finery. The whole Pariſh declared ſhe could not come honeſtly by ſuch Things; and Parents, inſtead of wiſhing their Daughters the ſame, felicitated themſelves that their Children had them not.

Hence perhaps it was, that the good Woman firſt mentioned the Name of this poor Girl to Mrs. *Wilkins*; but there was another Circumſtance

ſtance that confirmed the latter in her Suſpicion: For *Jenny* had lately been often at Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe. She had officiated as Nurſe to Miſs *Bridget*, in a violent Fit of Illneſs, and had ſat up many Nights with that Lady; beſides which, ſhe had been ſeen there the very Day before Mr. *Allworthy*'s Return, by Mrs. *Wilkins* herſelf, tho' that ſagacious Perſon had not at firſt conceived any Suſpicion of her on that Account: For, as ſhe herſelf ſaid, 'She had always eſteemed *Jen-*
'*ny* as a very ſober Girl, (tho' indeed ſhe knew
'very little of her) and had rather ſuſpected ſome
'of thoſe wanton Trollops, who gave themſelves
'Airs, becauſe, forſooth, they thought themſelves
'handſome.'

Jenny was now ſummoned to appear in Perſon before Mrs. *Deborah*, which ſhe immediately did; when Mrs. *Deborah*, putting on the Gravity of a Judge, with ſomewhat more than his Auſterity, began an Oration with the Words 'You auda-
'cious Strumpet,' in which ſhe proceeded rather to paſs Sentence on the Priſoner than to accuſe her.

Tho' Mrs. *Deborah* was fully ſatisfied of the Guilt of *Jenny*, from the Reaſons above ſhewn, it is poſſible Mr. *Allworthy* might have required ſome ſtronger Evidence to have convicted her; but ſhe ſaved her Accuſers any ſuch Trouble, by freely confeſſing the whole Fact with which ſhe was charged.

This Confeſſion, tho' delivered rather in Terms of Contrition, as it appeared, did not at all mollify Mrs. *Deborah*, who now pronounced a ſecond Judgment againſt her, in more opprobrious Language than before: Nor had it any better Succeſs with the Bye-ſtanders, who were now grown very

very numerous. Many of them cried out, 'They 'thought what Madam's Silk Gown would end 'in;' others ſpoke ſarcaſtically of her Learning. Not a ſingle Female was preſent, but found ſome Means of expreſſing her Abhorrence of poor *Jenny*, who bore all very patiently, except the Malice of one Woman, who reflected upon her Perſon, and, toſſing up her Noſe, ſaid, 'The 'Man muſt have a good Stomach, who would 'give Silk Gowns for ſuch Sort of Trumpery.' *Jenny* replied to this, with a Bitterneſs which might have ſurprized a judicious Perſon, who had obſerved the Tranquillity with which ſhe bore all the Affronts to her Chaſtity: But her Patience was, perhaps, tired out; for this is a Virtue which is very apt to be fatigued by Exerciſe.

Mrs. *Deborah* having ſucceeded beyond her Hopes in her Inquiry, returned with much Triumph, and, at the appointed Hour, made a faithful Report to Mr. *Allworthy*, who was much ſurprized at the Relation; for he had heard of the extraordinary Parts and Improvements of this Girl, whom he intended to have given in Marriage, together with a ſmall Living, to a neighbouring Curate. His Concern therefore, on this Occaſion, was at leaſt equal to the Satisfaction which appeared in Mrs. *Deborah*, and to many Readers may ſeem much more reaſonable.

Mrs. *Bridget* bleſſed herſelf, and ſaid, 'For 'her Part, ſhe ſhould never hereafter entertain 'a good Opinion of any Woman.' For *Jenny* before this had the Happineſs of being much in her good Graces.

The prudent Houſekeeper was again diſpatched to bring the unhappy Culprit before Mr. *Allworthy*, in order, not, as it was hoped by ſome, and

expected

expected by all, to be sent to the House of Correction; but to receive wholesome Admonition and Reproof, which those who relish that Kind of instructive Writing, may peruse in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing such grave Matter, that the Reader cannot laugh once through the whole Chapter, unless peradventure he should laugh at the Author.

WHEN *Jenny* appeared, Mr. *Allworthy* took her into his Study, and spoke to her as follows:

'You know, Child, it is in my Power, as a 'Magistrate, to punish you very rigorously, for 'what you have done; and you will, perhaps, 'be the more apt to fear I should execute that 'Power, because you have, in a manner, laid 'your Sins at my Door.

'But perhaps this is one Reason which hath 'determined me to act in a milder Manner with 'you: For, as no private Resentment should 'ever influence a Magistrate, I will be so far 'from considering your having deposited the In-'fant in my House as an Aggravation of your 'Offence, that I will suppose, in your Favour, 'this to have proceeded from a natural Affection 'to your Child; since you might have some 'Hopes to see it thus better provided for, than 'was in the Power of yourself, or its wicked Fa-'ther, to provide for it. I should indeed have 'been highly offended with you, had you exposed 'the little Wretch in the Manner of some inhu-'man Mothers, who seem no less to have aban-

'doned

'doned their Humanity, than to have parted with
'their Chaſtity. It is the other Part of your
'Offence, therefore, upon which I intend to ad-
'moniſh you, I mean the Violation of your Cha-
'ſtity; a Crime, however lightly it may be
'treated by debauched Perſons, very heinous in
'itſelf, and very dreadful in its Conſequences.

'The heinous Nature of this Offence muſt be
'ſufficiently apparent to every Chriſtian, inaſ-
'much as it is committed in Defiance of the
'Laws of our Religion, and of the expreſs Com-
'mands of him who founded that Religion.

'And here its Conſequences may well be ar-
'gued to be dreadful; for what can be more ſo,
'than to incur the Divine Diſpleaſure, by the
'Breach of the Divine Commands; and that in
'an Inſtance, againſt which the higheſt Ven-
'geance is ſpecifically denounced?

'But theſe Things, tho' too little, I am afraid,
'regarded, are ſo plain, that Mankind, however
'they may want to be reminded, can never need
'Information on this Head. A Hint, therefore,
'to awaken your Senſe of this Matter, ſhall ſuf-
'fice; for I would inſpire you with Repentance,
'and not drive you to Deſperation.

'There are other Conſequences, not indeed ſo
'dreadful, or replete with Horror, as this; and
'yet ſuch as, if attentively conſidered, muſt, one
'would think, deter all, of your Sex at leaſt,
'from the Commiſſion of this Crime.

'For by it you are rendered infamous, and
'driven, like Lepers of old, out of Society; at
'leaſt from the Society of all but wicked and re-
'probate Perſons; for no others will aſſociate
'with you.

'If you have Fortunes, you are hereby ren-
'dered incapable of enjoying them; if you have
'none, you are disabled from acquiring any, nay
'almost of procuring your Sustenance: for no
'Persons of Character will receive you into their
'Houses. Thus you are often driven by Neces-
'sity itself into a State of Shame and Misery,
'which unavoidably ends in the Destruction of
'both Body and Soul.

'Can any Pleasure compensate these Evils?
'Can any Temptation have Sophistry and Delu-
'sion strong enough to persuade you to so simple
'a Bargain? Or can any carnal Appetite so over-
'power your Reason, or so totally lay it asleep,
'as to prevent your flying with Affright and Ter-
'ror from a Crime which carries such Punish-
'ment always with it?

'How base and mean must that Woman be,
'how void of that Dignity of Mind, and decent
'Pride, without which we are not worthy the
'Name of human Creatures, who can bear to
'level herself with the lowest Animal, and to
'sacrifice all that is great and noble in her, all
'her Heavenly Part, to an Appetite which she
'hath in common with the vilest Branch of the
'Creation! For no Woman, sure, will plead the
'Passion of Love for an Excuse. This would
'be to own herself the meer Tool and Bubble of
'the Man. Love, however barbarously we may
'corrupt and pervert its Meaning, as it is a laud-
'able, is a rational Passion, and can never be
'violent, but when reciprocal; for though the
'Scripture bids us love our Enemies, it means
'not with that fervent Love, which we naturally
'bear towards our Friends; much less that we
'should sacrifice to them our Lives, and what

'ought

'ought to be dearer to us, our Innocence. Now 'in what Light, but in that of an Enemy, can a 'reaſonable Woman regard the Man, who ſoli- 'cits her to entail on herſelf, all the Miſery I 'have above deſcribed, and who would purchaſe 'to himſelf a ſhort, trivial, contemptible Plea- 'ſure, ſo greatly at her Expence! For, by the 'Laws of Cuſtom, the whole Shame, with all 'its dreadful Conſequences, falls entirely upon 'her. Can Love, which always ſeeks the Good 'of its Object, attempt to betray a Woman into 'a Bargain where ſhe is ſo greatly to be the 'Loſer? If ſuch Corrupter, therefore, ſhould 'have the Impudence to pretend a real Affection 'for her, ought not the Woman to regard him, 'not only as an Enemy, but as the worſt of all 'Enemies; a falſe, deſigning, treacherous, pre- 'tended Friend, who intends not only to debauch 'her Body, but her Underſtanding at the ſame 'Time?'

Here *Jenny* expreſſing great Concern, *Allworthy* pauſed a Moment, and then proceeded: 'I 'have talked thus to you, Child, not to inſult 'you for what is paſt, and irrevocable, but to 'caution and ſtrengthen you for the future. Nor 'ſhould I have taken this Trouble, but from 'ſome Opinion of your good Senſe, notwith- 'ſtanding the dreadful Slip you have made; and 'from ſome Hopes of your hearty Repentance, 'which are founded on the Openneſs and Sin- 'cerity of your Confeſſion. If theſe do not de- 'ceive me, I will take Care to convey you from 'this Scene of your Shame, where you ſhall, by 'being unknown, avoid the Puniſhment which, 'as I have ſaid, is allotted to your Crime in this 'World; and I hope, by Repentance you will

'avoid the much heavier Sentence denounced 'againſt it in the other. Be a good Girl the reſt 'of your Days, and Want ſhall be no Motive to 'your going aſtray: And believe me, there is 'more Pleaſure, even in this World, in an in-'nocent and virtuous Life, than in one debauched 'and vicious.

'As to your Child, let no Thoughts concern-'ing it, moleſt you; I will provide for it in a 'better Manner than you can ever hope. And 'now nothing remains, but that you inform me 'who was the wicked Man that ſeduced you; 'for my Anger againſt him will be much greater 'than you have experienced on this Occaſion.'

Jenny now firſt lifted her Eyes from the Ground, and with a modeſt Look, and decent Voice, thus began:

'To know you, Sir, and not love your Good-'neſs, would be an Argument of total Want of 'Senſe or Goodneſs in any one. In me it would 'amount to the higheſt Ingratitude, not to feel, 'in the moſt ſenſible Manner, the great Degree 'of Goodneſs you have been pleaſed to exert on 'this Occaſion. As to my Concern for what is 'paſt, I know you will ſpare my Bluſhes the Re-'petition. My future Conduct will much better 'declare my Sentiments, than any Profeſſions I 'can now make. I beg Leave to aſſure you, 'Sir, that I take your Advice much kinder, than 'your generous Offer with which you concluded 'it. For, as you are pleaſed to ſay, Sir, it is 'an Inſtance of your Opinion of my Under-'ſtanding'--- Here her Tears flowing apace, ſhe ſtopped a few Moments, and then proceeded thus, 'Indeed, Sir, your Kindneſs overcomes me; but 'I will endeavour to deſerve this good Opinion:

'for,

'for, if I have the Underſtanding you are ſo 'kindly pleaſed to allow me, ſuch Advice can-'not be thrown away upon me. I thank you, 'Sir, heartily, for your intended Kindneſs to my 'poor helpleſs Child: He is innocent, and, I 'hope, will live to be grateful for all the Favours 'you ſhall ſhew him. But now, Sir, I muſt 'on my Knees intreat you, not to perſiſt in aſk-'ing me to declare the Father of my Infant. I 'promiſe you faithfully, you ſhall one Day know; 'but I am under the moſt ſolemn Ties and En-'gagements of Honour, as well as the moſt re-'ligious Vows and Proteſtations, to conceal his 'Name at this Time. And I know you too well 'to think you would deſire I ſhould ſacrifice ei-'ther my Honour, or my Religion.'

Mr. *Allworthy*, whom the leaſt Mention of theſe ſacred Words was ſufficient to ſtagger, heſitated a Moment before he replied, and then told her ſhe had done wrong to enter into ſuch Engagements to a Villain; but ſince ſhe had, he could not inſiſt on her breaking them. He ſaid, it was not from a Motive of vain Curioſity he had enquired, but in order to puniſh the Fellow; at leaſt, that he might not ignorantly confer Favours on the Undeſerving.

As to theſe Points, *Jenny* ſatisfied him by the moſt ſolemn Aſſurances, that the Man was entirely out of his Reach, and was neither ſubject to his Power, nor in any Probability of becoming an Object of his Goodneſs.

The Ingenuity of this Behaviour had gained *Jenny* ſo much Credit with this worthy Man, that he eaſily believed what ſhe told him: For as ſhe had diſdained to excuſe herſelf by a Lie, and had hazarded his farther Diſpleaſure in her preſent

Situation, rather than ſhe would forfeit her Honour, or Integrity, by betraying another, he had but little Apprehenſion that ſhe would be guilty of Falſhood towards himſelf.

He therefore diſmiſſed her with Aſſurances, that he would very ſoon remove her out of the Reach of that Obloquy ſhe had incurred, concluding with ſome additional Documents, in which he recommended Repentance, ſaying, 'Conſider, Child, there is one ſtill to reconcile 'yourſelf to, whoſe Favour is of much greater 'Importance to you than mine.'

CHAP. VIII.

A Dialogue between Meſdames Bridget, *and* Deborah; *containing more Amuſement, but leſs Inſtruction than the former.*

WHEN Mr. *Allworthy* had retired to his Study with *Jenny Jones*, as hath been ſeen, Mrs. *Bridget*, with the good Houſe-keeper, had betaken themſelves to a Poſt next adjoining to the ſaid Study; whence, through the Conveyance of a Key-hole, they ſucked in at their Ears the inſtructive Lecture delivered by Mr. *Allworthy*, together with the Anſwers of *Jenny*, and indeed every other Particular which paſſed in the laſt Chapter.

This Hole in her Brother's Study-Door was indeed as well known to Mrs. *Bridget*, and had been as frequently applied to by her, as the famous Hole in the Wall was by *Thiſbe* of old. This ſerved to many good Purpoſes. For by ſuch Means Mrs. *Bridget* became often acquainted with her Brother's Inclinations, without giving

ing him the Trouble of repeating them to her. It is true, ſome Inconveniences attended this Intercourſe, and ſhe had ſometimes Reaſon to cry out with *Thiſbe*, in *Shakeſpear*, 'O wicked, 'wicked Wall!' For as Mr. *Allworthy* was a Juſtice of Peace, certain Things occurred in Examinations concerning Baſtards, and ſuch like, which are apt to give great Offence to the chaſte Ears of Virgins, eſpecially when they approach the Age of Forty, as was the Caſe of Mrs. *Bridget*. However, ſhe had, on ſuch Occaſions, the Advantage of concealing her Bluſhes from the Eyes of Men; and *De non apparentibus, & non exiſtentibus eadem eſt ratio*. In *Engliſh*: 'When 'a Woman is not ſeen to bluſh, ſhe doth not 'bluſh at all.'

Both the good Women kept ſtrict Silence during the whole Scene between Mr. *Allworthy* and the Girl; but as ſoon as it was ended, and that Gentleman was out of hearing, Mrs. *Deborah* could not help exclaiming againſt the Clemency of her Maſter, and eſpecially againſt his ſuffering her to conceal the Father of the Child, which ſhe ſwore ſhe would have out of her before the Sun ſet.

At theſe Words Mrs. *Bridget* diſcompoſed her Features with a Smile; (a Thing very unuſual to her.) Not that I would have my Reader imagine, that this was one of thoſe wanton Smiles, which *Homer* would have you conceive came from *Venus*, when he calls her the Laughter-loving Goddeſs; nor was it one of thoſe Smiles, which Lady *Seraphina* ſhoots from the Stage-Box, and which *Venus* would quit her Immortality to be able to equal. No, this was rather one of thoſe Smiles, which might be ſuppoſed to have come from the

dimpled Cheeks of the auguſt *Tyſiphone*, or from one of the Miſſes her Siſters.

With ſuch a Smile then, and with a Voice, ſweet as the Evening-Breeze of *Boreas* in the pleaſant Month of *November*, Mrs. *Bridget* gently reproved the Curioſity of Mrs. *Deborah*; a Vice with which it ſeems the latter was too much tainted, and which the former inveighed againſt with great Bitterneſs, adding, 'that among all 'her Faults, ſhe thanked Heaven, her Enemies 'could not accuſe her of prying into the Affairs 'of other People.'

She then proceeded to commend the Honour and Spirit with which *Jenny* had acted. She ſaid, ſhe could not help agreeing with her Brother, that there was ſome Merit in the Sincerity of her Confeſſion, and in her Integrity to her Lover: That ſhe had always thought her a very good Girl, and doubted not but ſhe had been ſeduced by ſome Raſcal, who had been infinitely more to blame than herſelf, and very probably had prevailed with her by a Promiſe of Marriage, or ſome other treacherous Proceeding.

This Behaviour of Mrs. *Bridget* greatly ſurprized Mrs. *Deborah*; for this well-bred Woman ſeldom opened her Lips either to her Maſter or his Siſter, 'till ſhe had firſt ſounded their Inclinations, with which her Sentiments were always ſtrictly conſonant. Here, however, ſhe thought ſhe might have launched forth with Safety; and the ſagacious Reader will not perhaps accuſe her of want of ſufficient Forecaſt in ſo doing, but will rather admire with what wonderful Celerity ſhe tacked about, when ſhe found herſelf ſteering a wrong Courſe.

'Nay, Madam,' ſaid this able Woman, and truly great Politician, 'I muſt own I cannot help 'admiring the Girl's Spirit, as well as your 'Ladyſhip. And, as your Ladyſhip ſays, if ſhe 'was deceived by ſome wicked Man, the poor 'Wretch is to be pitied. And to be ſure, as 'your Ladyſhip ſays, the Girl hath always ap-'peared like a good, honeſt, plain Girl, and not 'vain of her Face, forſooth, as ſome wanton 'Huſſeys in the Neighbourhood are.'

'You ſay true, *Deborah*,' ſaid Mrs. *Bridget*, 'if the Girl had been one of thoſe vain Trollops, 'of which we have too many in the Pariſh, I 'ſhould have condemned my Brother for his 'Lenity towards her. I ſaw two Farmers Daugh-'ters at Church, the other Day, with bare 'Necks. I proteſt they ſhock'd me. If Wenches 'will hang out Lures for Fellows, it is no mat-'ter what they ſuffer. I deteſt ſuch Creatures; 'and it would be much better for them, that 'their Faces had been ſeamed with the Small-'Pox: but I muſt confeſs, I never ſaw any of 'this wanton Behaviour in poor *Jenny*; ſome 'artful Villain, I am convinced, hath betrayed, 'nay perhaps forced her; and I pity the poor 'Wretch with all my Heart.'

Mrs. *Deborah* approved all theſe Sentiments, and the Dialogue concluded with a general and bitter Invective againſt Beauty, and with many compaſſionate Conſiderations for all honeſt, plain Girls, who are deluded by the wicked Arts of deceitful Men.

CHAP. IX.

Containing Matters which will ſurprize the Reader.

JENNY returned home well-pleaſed with the Reception ſhe had met with from Mr. *Allworthy*, whoſe Indulgence to her ſhe induſtriouſly made public; partly perhaps as a Sacrifice to her own Pride, and partly from the more prudent Motive of reconciling her Neighbours to her, and ſilencing their Clamours.

But though this latter View, if ſhe indeed had it, may appear reaſonable enough, yet the Event did not anſwer her Expectation; for when ſhe was convened before the Juſtice, and it was univerſally apprehended, that the Houſe of Correction would have been her Fate; tho' ſome of the young Women cry'd out, 'it was good enough 'for her,' and diverted themſelves with the Thoughts of her beating Hemp in a Silk Gown; yet there were many others who began to pity her Condition: But when it was known in what manner Mr. *Allworthy* had behaved, the Tide turned againſt her. One ſaid, 'I'll aſſure you, 'Madam hath had good Luck.' A ſecond cry'd, 'See what it is to be a Favourite.' A third, 'Ay, this comes of her Learning.' Every Perſon made ſome malicious Comment or other, on the Occaſion; and reflected on the Partiality of the Juſtice.

The Behaviour of theſe People may appear impolitic and ungrateful to the Reader, who conſiders the Power and the Benevolence of Mr. *Allworthy*: But as to his Power, he never uſed it; and as to his Benevolence, he exerted ſo much,

much, that he had thereby diſobliged all his Neighbours: For it is a Secret well known to great Men, that by conferring an Obligation, they do not always procure a Friend, but are certain of creating many Enemies.

Jenny was, however, by the Care and Goodneſs of Mr. *Allworthy*, ſoon removed out of the Reach of Reproach; when Malice, being no longer able to vent its Rage on her, began to ſeek another Object of its Bitterneſs, and this was no leſs than Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf; for a Whiſper ſoon went abroad, that he himſelf was the Father of the foundling Child.

This Suppoſition ſo well reconciled his Conduct to the general Opinion, that it met with univerſal Aſſent; and the Outcry againſt his Lenity ſoon began to take another Turn, and was changed into an Invective againſt his Cruelty to the poor Girl. Very grave and good Women exclaimed againſt Men who begot Children, and then diſowned them. Nor were there wanting ſome, who, after the Departure of *Jenny*, inſinuated, that ſhe was ſpirited away with a Deſign too black to be mentioned, and who gave frequent Hints, that a legal Inquiry ought to be made into the whole Matter, and that ſome People ſhould be forced to produce the Girl.

Theſe Calumnies might have probably produced ill Conſequences (at the leaſt might have occaſioned ſome Trouble) to a Perſon of a more doubtful and ſuſpicious Character than Mr. *Allworthy* was bleſſed with; but in his Caſe they had no ſuch Effect; and, being heartily deſpiſed by him, they ſerved only to afford an innocent Amuſement to the good Goſſips of the Neighbourhood.

But as we cannot poſſibly divine what Complexion our Reader may be of, and as it will be ſome Time before he will hear any more of *Jenny*, we think proper to give him a very early Intimation, that Mr. *Allworthy* was, and will hereafter appear to be, abſolutely innocent of any criminal Intention whatever. He had indeed committed no other than an Error in Politics, by tempering Juſtice with Mercy, and by refuſing to gratify the good-natured Diſpoſition of the Mob *, with an Object for their Compaſſion to work on in the Perſon of poor *Jenny*, whom, in order to pity, they deſired to have ſeen ſacrificed to Ruin and Infamy by a ſhameful Correction in *Bridewell*.

So far from complying with this their Inclination, by which all Hopes of Reformation would have been aboliſhed, and even the Gate ſhut againſt her, if her own Inclinations ſhould ever hereafter lead her to chuſe the Road of Virtue, Mr. *Allworthy* rather choſe to encourage the Girl to return thither by the only poſſible Means; for too true, I am afraid, it is, that many Women have become abandoned, and have ſunk to the laſt Degree of Vice by being unable to retrieve the firſt Slip. This will be, I am afraid, always the Caſe while they remain among their former Acquaintance; it was therefore wiſely done by Mr. *Allworthy*, to remove *Jenny* to a Place where ſhe might enjoy the Pleaſure of Reputation, after having taſted the ill Conſequences of loſing it.

To this Place therefore, wherever it was, we will wiſh her a good Journey, and for the preſent

* Whenever this Word occurs in our Writings, it intends Perſons without Virtue, or Senſe, in all Stations; and many of the higheſt Rank are often meant by it.

take

take Leave of her, and of the little Foundling her Child, having Matters of much higher Importance to communicate to the Reader.

CHAP. X.

The Hoſpitality of Allworthy; *with a ſhort Sketch of the Characters of two Brothers, a Doctor, and a Captain, who were entertained by that Gentleman.*

NEITHER Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe, nor his Heart, were ſhut againſt any Part of Mankind, but they were both more particularly open to Men of Merit. To ſay the Truth, this was the only Houſe in the Kingdom where you was ſure to gain a Dinner by deſerving it.

Above all others, Men of Genius and Learning ſhared the principal Place in his Favour; and in theſe he had much Diſcernment: For though he had miſſed the Advantage of a learned Education, yet being bleſt with vaſt natural Abilities, he had ſo well profited by a vigorous, though late Application to Letters, and by much Converſation with Men of Eminence in this Way, that he was himſelf a very competent Judge in moſt Kinds of Literature.

It is no Wonder that in an Age when this Kind of Merit is ſo little in Faſhion, and ſo ſlenderly provided for, Perſons poſſeſſed of it ſhould very eagerly flock to a Place where they were ſure of being received with great Complaiſance; indeed, where they might enjoy almoſt the ſame Advantages of a liberal Fortune, as if they were entitled to it in their own Right; for Mr. *Allworthy* was not one of thoſe generous Perſons,

who

who are ready moſt bountifully to beſtow Meat, Drink, and Lodging no Men of Wit and Learning, for which they expect no other Return but Entertainment, Inſtruction, Flattery, and Subſerviency; in a Word, that ſuch Perſons ſhould be enrolled in the Number of Domeſtics, without wearing their Maſters Cloaths, or receiving Wages.

On the contrary, every Perſon in this Houſe was perfect Maſter of his own Time: And as he might at his Pleaſure ſatisfy all his Appetites within the Reſtrictions only of Law, Virtue, and Religion; ſo he might, if his Health required, or his Inclination prompted him to Temperance, or even to Abſtinence, abſent himſelf from any Meals, or retire from them whenever he was ſo diſpoſed, without even a Solicitation to the contrary: For indeed, ſuch Solicitations from Superiors always ſavour very ſtrongly of Commands. But all here were free from ſuch Impertinence, not only thoſe, whoſe Company is in all other Places eſteemed a Favour from their Equality of Fortune, but even thoſe whoſe indigent Circumſtances make ſuch an eleemoſynary Abode convenient to them, and who are therefore leſs welcome to a great Man's Table, becauſe they ſtand in need of it.

Among others of this Kind was Dr. *Bliſil*, a Gentleman who had the Misfortune of loſing the Advantage of great Talents by the Obſtinacy of a Father, who would breed him to a Profeſſion he diſliked. In Obedience to this Obſtinacy, the Doctor had in his Youth been obliged to ſtudy Phyſick, or rather to ſay he ſtudied it; for in reality Books of this Kind were almoſt the only ones with which he was unacquainted; and unfortunately

fortunately for him, the Doctor was Master of almost every other Science but that by which he was to get his Bread; the Consequence of which was, that the Doctor at the Age of Forty had no Bread to eat.

Such a Person as this was certain to find a Welcome at Mr. *Allworthy*'s Table, to whom Misfortunes were ever a Recommendation when they were derived from the Folly or Villany of others, and not of the unfortunate Person himself. Besides this negative Merit, the Doctor had one positive Recommendation. This was a great Appearance of Religion. Whether his Religion was real, or consisted only in Appearance, I shall not presume to say, as I am not possessed of any Touch-stone, which can distinguish the true from the false.

If this Part of his Character pleased Mr. *Allworthy*, it delighted Miss *Bridget*. She engaged him in many religious Controversies; on which Occasions she constantly expressed great Satisfaction in the Doctor's Knowledge, and not much less in the Compliments which he frequently bestowed on her own. To say the Truth, she had read much *English* Divinity, and had puzzled more than one of the neighbouring Curates. Indeed her Conversation was so pure, her Looks so sage, and her whole Deportment so grave and solemn, that she seemed to deserve the Name of Saint equally with her Name-sake, or with any other Female in the *Roman* Kalendar.

As Sympathies of all Kinds are apt to beget Love, so Experience teaches us that none have a more direct Tendency this Way than those of a religious Kind between Persons of different Sexes. The Doctor found himself so agreeable to Miss *Bridget*,

Bridget, that he now began to lament an unfortunate Accident which had happened to him about ten Years before; namely, his Marriage with another Woman, who was not only ſtill alive, but what was worſe, known to be ſo by Mr. *Allworthy*. This was a fatal Bar to that Happineſs which he otherwiſe ſaw ſufficient Probability of obtaining with this young Lady; for as to criminal Indulgencies, he certainly never thought of them. This was owing either to his Religion, as is moſt probable, or to the Purity of his Paſſion, which was fixed on thoſe Things, which Matrimony only, and not criminal Correſpondence, could put him in Poſſeſſion of, or could give him any Title to.

He had not long ruminated on theſe Matters, before it occurred to his Memory that he had a Brother who was under no ſuch unhappy Incapacity. This Brother he made no doubt would ſucceed; for he diſcerned, as he thought, an Inclination to Marriage in the Lady; and the Reader perhaps, when he hears the Brother's Qualifications, will not blame the Confidence which he entertained of his Succeſs.

This Gentleman was about 35 Years of Age. He was of a middle Size, and what is called well built. He had a Scar on his Forehead, which did not ſo much injure his Beauty, as it denoted his Valour (for he was a half-pay Officer.) He had good Teeth, and ſomething affable, when he pleaſed, in his Smile; though naturally his Countenance, as well as his Air and Voice, had much of Roughneſs in it, yet he could at any Time depoſit this, and appear all Gentleneſs and good Humour. He was not ungenteel, nor entirely void of Wit, and in his Youth had abounded in Sprightlineſs, which, though he had lately put on

a more ſerious Character, he could, when he pleaſed, reſume.

He had, as well as the Doctor, an Academic Education; for his Father had, with the ſame Paternal Authority we have mentioned before, decreed him for holy Orders; but as the old Gentleman died before he was ordained, he choſe the Church Militant, and preferred the King's Commiſſion to the Biſhop's.

He had purchaſed the Poſt of Lieutenant of Dragoons, and afterwards came to be a Captain; but having quarrelled with his Colonel, was by his Intereſt obliged to ſell; from which Time he had entirely ruſticated himſelf, had betaken himſelf to ſtudying the Scriptures, and was not a little ſuſpected of an Inclination to *Methodiſm*.

It ſeemed therefore not unlikely that ſuch a Perſon ſhould ſucceed with a Lady of ſo Saint-like a Diſpoſition, and whoſe Inclinations were no otherwiſe engaged than to the married State in general; but why the Doctor, who certainly had no great Friendſhip for his Brother, ſhould for his Sake think of making ſo ill a Return to the Hoſpitality of *Allworthy*, is a Matter not ſo eaſy to be accounted for.

Is it that ſome Natures delight in Evil, as others are thought to delight in Virtue? Or is there a Pleaſure in being acceſſary to a Theft when we cannot commit it ourſelves? Or laſtly, (which Experience ſeems to make probable) have we a Satisfaction in aggrandizing our Families, even tho' we have not the leaſt Love or Reſpect for them?

Whether any of theſe Motives operated on the Doctor, we will not determine; but ſo the Fact was. He ſent for his Brother, and eaſily found

Means

Means to introduce him at *Allworthy*'s as a Perſon who intended only a ſhort Viſit to himſelf.

The Captain had not been in the Houſe a Week, before the Doctor had Reaſon to felicitate himſelf on his Diſcernment. The Captain was indeed as great a Maſter of the Art of Love as *Ovid* was formerly. He had beſides received proper Hints from his Brother, which he failed not to improve to the beſt Advantage.

CHAP. XI.

Containing many Rules, and ſome Examples, concerning falling in Love: Deſcriptions of Beauty, and other more prudential Inducements to Matrimony.

IT hath been obſerved by wiſe Men or Women, I forget which, that all Perſons are doomed to be in Love once in their Lives. No particular Seaſon is, as I remember, aſſigned for this; but the Age at which Miſs *Bridget* was arrived, ſeems to me as proper a Period as any to be fixed on for this Purpoſe: It often indeed happens much earlier; but when it doth not, I have obſerved, it ſeldom or never fails about this Time. Moreover, we may remark, that at this Seaſon Love is of a more ſerious and ſteady Nature than what ſometimes ſhews itſelf in the younger Parts of Life. The Love of Girls is uncertain, capricious, and ſo fooliſh that we cannot always diſcover what the young Lady would be at; nay, it may almoſt be doubted, whether ſhe always knows this herſelf.

Now we are never at a Loſs to diſcern this in Women about Forty; for as ſuch grave, ſerious and

and experienced Ladies well know their own Meaning, ſo it is always very eaſy for a Man of the leaſt Sagacity to diſcover this with the utmoſt Certainty.

Miſs *Bridget* is an Example of all theſe Obſervations. She had not been many Times in the Captain's Company before ſhe was ſeized with this Paſſion. Nor did ſhe go pining and moping about the Houſe, like a puny fooliſh Girl, ignorant of her Diſtemper: She felt, ſhe knew, and ſhe enjoyed the pleaſing Senſation, of which, as ſhe was certain it was not only innocent but laudable, ſhe was neither afraid nor aſhamed.

And to ſay the Truth, there is in all Points, great Difference between the reaſonable Paſſion which Women at this Age conceive towards Men, and the idle and childiſh Liking of a Girl to a Boy, which is often fixed on the Outſide only, and on Things of little Value and no Duration; as on Cherry-Cheeks, ſmall Lily-white Hands, Sloe-black Eyes, flowing Locks, downy Chins, dapper Shapes, nay ſometimes on Charms more worthleſs than theſe, and leſs the Party's own; ſuch are the outward Ornaments of the Perſon, and for which Men are beholden to the Taylor, the Laceman, the Perriwig-maker, the Hatter, and the Milliner, and not to Nature. Such a Paſſion Girls may well be aſhamed, as they generally are, to own either to themſelves or to others.

The Love of Miſs *Bridget* was of another Kind. The Captain owed nothing to any of theſe Fop-makers in his Dreſs, nor was his Perſon much more beholden to Nature. Both his Dreſs and Perſon were ſuch as, had they appeared

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in an Aſſembly, or a Drawing-room, would have been the Contempt and Ridicule of all the fine Ladies there. The former of theſe was indeed neat, but plain, coarſe, ill-fancied, and out of Faſhion. As for the latter, we have expreſsly deſcribed it above. So far was the Skin on his Cheeks from being Cherry-coloured, that you could not diſcern what the natural Colour of his Cheeks was, they being totally overgrown by a black Beard, which aſcended to his Eyes. His Shape and Limbs were indeed exactly proportioned, but ſo large, that they denoted the Strength rather of a Ploughman than any other. His Shoulders were broad, beyond all Size, and the Calves of his Legs larger than thoſe of a common Chairman. In ſhort, his whole Perſon wanted all that Elegance and Beauty, which is the very reverſe of clumſy Strength, and which ſo agreeably ſets off moſt of our fine Gentlemen; being partly owing to the high Blood of their Anceſtors, *viz.* Blood made of rich Sauces and generous Wines, and partly to an early Town-Education.

Tho' Miſs *Bridget* was a Woman of the greateſt Delicacy of Taſte; yet ſuch were the Charms of the Captain's Converſation, that ſhe totally overlooked the Defects of his Perſon. She imagined, and perhaps very wiſely, that ſhe ſhould enjoy more agreeable Minutes with the Captain, than with a much prettier Fellow; and forewent the Conſideration of pleaſing her Eyes, in order to procure herſelf much more ſolid Satisfaction.

The Captain no ſooner perceived the Paſſion of Miſs *Bridget*, in which Diſcovery he was very quick-ſighted, than he faithfully returned it.

The

The Lady, no more than her Lover, was remarkable for Beauty. I would attempt to draw her Picture; but that is done already by a more able Maſter, Mr. *Hogarth* himſelf, to whom ſhe ſat many Years ago, and hath been lately exhibited by that Gentleman in his Print of a Winter's Morning, of which ſhe was no improper Emblem, and may be ſeen walking (for walk ſhe doth in the Print) to *Covent-Garden* Church, with a ſtarved Foot-boy behind carrying her Prayer-Book.

The Captain likewiſe very wiſely preferred the more ſolid Enjoyments he expected with this Lady, to the fleeting Charms of Perſon. He was one of thoſe wiſe Men, who regard Beauty in the other Sex as a very worthleſs and ſuperficial Qualification; or, to ſpeak more truly, who rather chuſe to poſſeſs every Convenience of Life with an ugly Woman, than a handſome one without any of thoſe Conveniencies. And having a very good Appetite, and but little Nicety, he fancied he ſhould play his Part very well at the matrimonial Banquet, without the Sauce of Beauty.

To deal plainly with the Reader, the Captain, ever ſince his Arrival, at leaſt from the Moment his Brother had propoſed the Match to him, long before he had diſcovered any flattering Symptoms, in Miſs *Bridget*, had been greatly enamoured; that is to ſay, of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe and Gardens, and of his Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments; of all which the Captain was ſo paſſionately fond, that he would moſt probably have contracted Marriage with them, had he been obliged to have taken the Witch of *Endor* into the Bargain.

As

As Mr. *Allworthy* therefore had declared to the Doctor, that he never intended to take a ſecond Wife, as his Siſter was his neareſt Relation, and as the Doctor had fiſhed out that his Intentions were to make any Child of hers his Heir, which indeed the Law, without his Interpoſition, would have done for him; the Doctor and his Brother thought it an Act of Benevolence to give Being to a human Creature, who would be ſo plentifully provided with the moſt eſſential Means of Happineſs. The whole Thoughts therefore of both the Brothers were how to engage the Affections of this amiable Lady.

But Fortune, who is a tender Parent, and often doth more for her favourite Offspring than either they deſerve or wiſh, had been ſo induſtrious for the Captain, that whilſt he was laying Schemes to execute his Purpoſe, the Lady conceived the ſame Deſires with himſelf, and was on her Side contriving how to give the Captain proper Encouragement, without appearing too forward; for ſhe was a ſtrict Obſerver of all Rules of Decorum. In this, however, ſhe eaſily ſucceeded; for as the Captain was always on the Look-out, no Glance, Geſture, or Word, eſcaped him.

The Satisfaction which the Captain received from the kind Behaviour of Miſs *Bridget*, was not a little abated by his Apprehenſions of Mr. *Allworthy*; for, notwithſtanding his diſintereſted Profeſſions, the Captain imagined he would, when he came to act, follow the Example of the reſt of the World, and refuſe his Conſent to a Match, ſo diſadvantageous in Point of Intereſt, to his Siſter. From what Oracle he received this Opinion, I ſhall leave the Reader to determine; but,

but, however he came by it, it ſtrangely perplexed him, how to regulate his Conduct ſo, as at once to convey his Affection to the Lady, and to conceal it from her Brother. He, at length, reſolved to take all private Opportunities of making his Addreſſes, but in the Preſence of Mr. *Allworthy* to be as reſerved, and as much upon his Guard, as was poſſible; and this Conduct was highly approved by the Brother.

He ſoon found Means to make his Addreſſes, in expreſs Terms, to his Miſtreſs, from whom he received an Anſwer in the proper Form, *viz.* the Anſwer which was firſt made ſome thouſands of Years ago, and which hath been handed down by Tradition from Mother to Daughter ever ſince. If I was to tranſlate this into *Latin*, I ſhould render it by theſe two Words, *Nolo Epiſcopari*; a Phraſe likewiſe of immemorial Uſe on another Occaſion.

The Captain, however he came by his Knowledge, perfectly well underſtood the Lady; and very ſoon after repeated his Application, with more Warmth and Earneſtneſs than before, and was again, according to due Form, rejected: But as he had encreaſed in the Eagerneſs of his Deſires, ſo the Lady, with the ſame Propriety, decreaſed in the Violence of her Refuſal.

Not to tire the Reader, by leading him thro' every Scene of this Courtſhip, (which, tho' in the Opinion of a certain great Author, it is the pleaſanteſt Scene of Life to the Actor, is, perhaps, as dull and tireſome as any whatever to the Audience) the Captain made his Advances in Form, the Citadel was defended in Form, and at length, in proper Form, ſurrendered at Diſcretion.

During

During this whole Time, which filled the Space of near a Month, the Captain preſerved great Diſtance of Behaviour to his Lady, in the Preſence of the Brother; and the more he ſucceeded with her in private, the more reſerved was he in public. And as for the Lady, ſhe had no ſooner ſecured her Lover, than ſhe behaved to him before Company with the higheſt degree of Indifference; ſo that Mr. *Allworthy* muſt have had the Inſight of the Devil (or perhaps ſome of his worſe Qualities) to have entertained the leaſt Suſpicion of what was going forward.

CHAP. XII.

Containing what the Reader may, perhaps, expect to find in it.

IN all Bargains, whether to fight, or to marry, or concerning any other ſuch Buſineſs, little previous Ceremony is required, to bring the Matter to an Iſſue, when both Parties are really in earneſt. This was the Caſe at preſent, and in leſs than a Month the Captain and his Lady were Man and Wife.

The great Concern now was to break the Matter to Mr. *Allworthy*; and this was undertaken by the Doctor.

One Day then as *Allworthy* was walking in his Garden, the Doctor came to him, and, with great Gravity of Aſpect, and all the Concern which he could poſſibly affect in his Countenance, ſaid, 'I am come, Sir, to impart an Affair to 'you of the utmoſt Conſequence; but how ſhall 'I mention to you, what it almoſt diſtracts me 'to think of!' He then launched forth into the moſt

moſt bitter Invectives both againſt Men and Women; accuſing the former of having no Attachment but to their Intereſt, and the latter of being ſo addicted to vicious Inclinations, that they could never be ſafely truſted with one of the other Sex. 'Could I,' ſaid he, 'Sir, have ſuſ-
'pected, that a Lady of ſuch Prudence, ſuch
'Judgment, ſuch Learning, ſhould indulge ſo in-
'diſcreet a Paſſion; or could I have imagined,
'that my Brother--- Why do I call him ſo? He
'is no longer a Brother of mine.'---

'Indeed but he is,' ſaid *Allworthy*, 'and a
'Brother of mine too.'--- 'Bleſs me, Sir,' ſaid the Doctor, 'do you know the ſhocking Af-
'fair?'---'Look'ee, Mr. *Blifil*,' anſwered the good Man, 'it hath been my conſtant Maxim
'in Life, to make the beſt of all Matters which
'happen. My Siſter, tho' many Years younger
'than me, is at leaſt old enough to be at the Age
'of Diſcretion. Had he impoſed on a Child, I
'ſhould have been more averſe to have forgiven
'him; but a Woman, upwards of thirty, muſt
'certainly be ſuppoſed to know what will make
'her moſt happy. She hath married a Gentle-
'man, tho' perhaps not quite her Equal in For-
'tune; and if he hath any Perfections in her
'Eye, which can make up that Deficiency, I
'ſee no Reaſon why I ſhould object to her Choice
'of her own Happineſs, which I, no more than
'herſelf, imagine to conſiſt only in immenſe
'Wealth. I might, perhaps, from the many
'Declarations I have made, of complying with
'almoſt any Propoſal, have expected to have been
'conſulted on this Occaſion; but theſe Matters
'are of a very delicate Nature, and the Scruples
'of Modeſty, perhaps, are not to be overcome.

'As to your Brother, I have really no Anger 'againſt him at all. He hath no Obligations to 'me, nor do I think he was under any Neceſſity 'of aſking my Conſent, ſince the Woman is, as 'I have ſaid, *Sui Juris*, and of a proper Age to 'be entirely anſwerable only to herſelf for her 'Conduct.'

The Doctor repeated his Accuſations againſt his Brother, accuſed Mr. *Allworthy* of too great Lenity, and declared that he ſhould never more be brought either to ſee, or to own him for his Relation. He then launched forth into a Panegyric on *Allworthy*'s Goodneſs, into the higheſt Encomiums on his Friendſhip, and concluded, by ſaying, he ſhould never forgive his Brother for having put the Place which he bore in that Friendſhip, to a Hazard.

Allworthy thus anſwered: 'Had I conceived 'any Diſpleaſure againſt your Brother, I ſhould 'never have carried that Reſentment to the In-'nocent: But, I aſſure you, I have no ſuch Diſ-'pleaſure. Your Brother appears to me to be a 'Man of Senſe and Honour. I do not diſapprove 'the Taſte of my Siſter; nor will I doubt but 'that ſhe is equally the Object of his Inclina-'tions. I have always thought Love the only 'Foundation of Happineſs in a married State; as 'it can only produce that high and tender Friend-'ſhip which ſhould always be the Cement of this 'Union; and, in my Opinion, all thoſe Mar-'riages which are contracted from other Motives, 'are greatly criminal; they are a Profanation of 'a moſt holy Ceremony, and generally end in 'Diſquiet and Miſery: For ſurely we may call it 'a Profanation, to convert this moſt ſacred Inſti-'tution into a wicked Sacrifice to Luſt, or Ava-

'rice:

'rice: And what better can be ſaid of thoſe 'Matches to which Men are induced merely by 'the Conſideration of a beautiful Perſon, or a 'great Fortune!

'To deny that Beauty is an agreeable Object 'to the Eye, and even worthy ſome Admiration, 'would be falſe and fooliſh. *Beautiful* is an Epi-'thet often uſed in Scripture, and always men-'tioned with Honour. It was my own Fortune 'to marry a Woman whom the World thought 'handſome, and I can truly ſay, I liked her the 'better on that Account. But, to make this the 'ſole Conſideration of Marriage, to luſt after it 'ſo violently, as to overlook all Imperfections for 'its Sake, or to require it ſo abſolutely, as to re-'ject and diſdain Religion, Virtue, and Senſe, 'which are Qualities, in their Nature, of much 'higher Perfection, becauſe an Elegance of Per-'ſon only is wanting; this is ſurely inconſiſtent, 'either with a wiſe Man, or a good Chriſtian. 'And it is, perhaps, being too charitable to con-'clude, that ſuch Perſons mean any thing more 'by their Marriage, than to pleaſe their carnal 'Appetites, for the Satisfaction of which, we are 'taught, it was not ordained.

'In the next Place, with Reſpect to Fortune. 'Worldly Prudence, perhaps, exacts ſome Con-'ſideration on this Head; nor will I abſolutely 'and altogether condemn it. As the World is 'conſtituted, the Demands of a married State, 'and the Care of Poſterity, require ſome little 'Regard to what we call Circumſtances. Yet 'this Proviſion is greatly encreaſed beyond what 'is really neceſſary, by Folly and Vanity, which 'create abundantly more Wants than Nature. 'Equipage for the Wife, and large Fortunes for

'the Children, are by Cuſtom enrolled in the 'Liſt of Neceſſaries; and, to procure theſe, 'every thing truly ſolid and ſweet, and vir-'tuous and religious, are neglected and over-'looked.

'And this in many Degrees; the laſt and 'greateſt of which ſeems ſcarce diſtinguiſhable 'from Madneſs. I mean, where Perſons of im-'menſe Fortunes contract themſelves to thoſe 'who are, and muſt be, diſagreeable to them; 'to Fools and Knaves, in order to encreaſe an 'Eſtate, already larger even than the Demands 'of their Pleaſures. Surely ſuch Perſons, if they 'will not be thought mad, muſt own, either 'that they are incapable of taſting the Sweets of 'the tendereſt Friendſhip, or that they ſacrifice 'the greateſt Happineſs of which they are capa-'ble, to the vain, uncertain, and ſenſeleſs Laws 'of vulgar Opinion, which owe as well their 'Force, as their Foundation, to Folly.'

Here *Allworthy* concluded his Sermon, to which *Blifil* had liſtened with the profoundeſt Attention, though it coſt him ſome Pains to prevent now and then a ſmall Diſcompoſure of his Muſcles. He now praiſed every Period of what he had heard, with the Warmth of a young Divine, who hath the Honour to dine with a Biſhop the ſame Day in which his Lordſhip hath mounted the Pulpit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Which concludes the first Book; with an Instance of Ingratitude, which, we hope, will appear unnatural.

THE Reader, from what hath been said, may imagine, that the Reconciliation (if indeed it could be so called) was only Matter of Form; we shall therefore pass it over, and hasten to what must surely be thought Matter of Substance.

The Doctor had acquainted his Brother with what had passed between Mr. *Allworthy* and him; and added, with a Smile, 'I promise you, I paid 'you off; nay, I absolutely desired the good Gen-'tleman not to forgive you: For you know, after 'he had made a Declaration in your Favour, I 'might, with Safety, venture on such a Request 'with a Person of his Temper; and I was will-'ing, as well for your Sake, as for my own, to 'prevent the least Possibility of a Suspicion.'

Captain *Blifil* took not the least Notice of this, at that Time; but he afterwards made a very notable Use of it.

One of the Maxims which the Devil, in a late Visit upon Earth, left to his Disciples, is, when once you are got up, to kick the Stool from under you. In plain *English*, when you have made your Fortune by the good Offices of a Friend, you are advised to discard him as soon as you can.

Whether the Captain acted by this Maxim, I will not positively determine; so far we may confidently say, that his Actions may be fairly de-

rived from this diabolical Principle; and indeed it is difficult to assign any other Motive to them: For no sooner was he possessed of Miss *Bridget*, and reconciled to *Allworthy*, than he began to shew a Coldness to his Brother, which encreased daily; till at length it grew into Rudeness, and became very visible to every one.

The Doctor remonstrated to him privately concerning this Behaviour, but could obtain no other Satisfaction than the following plain Declaration: 'If you dislike any thing in my Brother's House, 'Sir, you know you are at Liberty to quit it.' This strange, cruel, and almost unaccountable Ingratitude in the Captain absolutely broke the poor Doctor's Heart: For Ingratitude never so thoroughly pierces the human Breast, as when it proceeds from those in whose Behalf we have been guilty of Transgressions. Reflections on great and good Actions, however they are received or returned by those in whose Favour they are performed, always administer some Comfort to us; but what Consolation shall we receive under so biting a Calamity, as the ungrateful Behaviour of our Friend, when our wounded Conscience at the same Time flies in our Face, and upbraids us with having spotted it in the Service of one so worthless?

Mr. *Allworthy* himself spoke to the Captain in his Brother's Behalf, and desired to know what Offence the Doctor had committed; when the hard-hearted Villain had the Baseness to say, that he should never forgive him for the Injury which he had endeavoured to do him in his Favour; which, he said, he had pumped out of him, and was such a Cruelty, that it ought not to be forgiven.

Allworthy

Allworthy ſpoke in very high Terms upon this Declaration, which, he ſaid, became not a human Creature. He expreſſed, indeed, ſo much Reſentment againſt an unforgiving Temper, that the Captain at laſt pretended to be convinced by his Arguments, and outwardly profeſſed to be reconciled.

As for the Bride, ſhe was now in her Honeymoon, and ſo paſſionately fond of her new Huſband, that he never appeared, to her, to be in the wrong; and his Diſpleaſure againſt any Perſon was a ſufficient Reaſon for her Diſlike to the ſame.

The Captain, at Mr. *Allworthy*'s Inſtance, was outwardly, as we have ſaid, reconciled to his Brother, yet the ſame Rancour remained in his Heart; and he found ſo many Opportunities of giving him private Hints of this, that the Houſe at laſt grew inſupportable to the poor Doctor; and he choſe rather to ſubmit to any Inconveniencies which he might encounter in the World, than longer to bear theſe cruel and ungrateful Inſults, from a Brother for whom he had done ſo much.

He once intended to acquaint *Allworthy* with the whole; but he could not bring himſelf to ſubmit to the Confeſſion, by which he muſt take to his Share ſo great a Portion of Guilt. Beſides, by how much the worſe Man he repreſented his Brother to be, ſo much the greater would his own Offence appear to *Allworthy*, and ſo much the greater, he had Reaſon to imagine, would be his Reſentment.

He feigned, therefore, ſome Excuſe of Buſineſs for his Departure, and promiſed to return ſoon again; and took Leave of his Brother with ſo well-diſſembled Content, that, as the Captain

played his Part to the ſame Perfection, *Allworthy* remained well ſatisfied with the Truth of the Reconciliation.

The Doctor went directly to *London*, where he died ſoon after of a broken Heart; a Diſtemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair Title to a Place in the Bill of Mortality, did it not differ in one Inſtance from all other Diſeaſes, *viz.* That no Phyſician can cure it.

Now, upon the moſt diligent Enquiry into the former Lives of theſe two Brothers, I find, beſides the curſed and helliſh Maxim of Policy abovementioned, another Reaſon for the Captain's Conduct: The Captain, beſides what we have before ſaid of him, was a Man of great Pride and Fierceneſs, and had always treated his Brother, who was of a different Complexion, and greatly deficient in both theſe Qualities, with the utmoſt Air of Superiority. The Doctor, however, had much the larger Share of Learning, and was by many reputed to have the better Underſtanding. This the Captain knew, and could not bear: for, tho' Envy is, at beſt, a very malignant Paſſion, yet is its Bitterneſs greatly heightened, by mixing with Contempt towards the ſame Object; and very much afraid I am, that whenever an Obligation is joined to theſe two, Indignation, and not Gratitude, will be the Product of all three.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK II.

Containing Scenes of matrimonial Felicity in different Degrees of Life; and various other Tranſactions during the firſt two Years after the Marriage between Captain Blifil, *and Miſs* Bridget Allworthy.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what Kind of a Hiſtory this is; what it is like, and what it is not like.

THO' we have properly enough entitled this our Work, a Hiſtory, and not a Life; nor an Apology for a Life, as is more in Faſhion; yet we intend in it rather to purſue the Method of thoſe Writers, who profeſs to diſcloſe the Revolutions of Countries, than to imitate the

painful and voluminous Hiſtorian, who, to preſerve the Regularity of his Series, thinks himſelf obliged to fill up as much Paper with the Detail of Months and Years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon thoſe notable Æras when the greateſt Scenes have been tranſacted on the human Stage.

Such Hiſtories as theſe do, in reality, very much reſemble a News-Paper, which conſiſts of juſt the ſame Number of Words, whether there be any News in it or not. They may likewiſe be compared to a Stage-Coach, which performs conſtantly the ſame Courſe, empty as well as full. The Writer, indeed, ſeems to think himſelf obliged to keep even Pace with Time, whoſe Amanuenſis he is; and, like his Maſter, travels as ſlowly through Centuries of monkiſh Dulneſs, when the World ſeems to have been aſleep, as through that bright and buſy Age ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed by the excellent *Latin* Poet.

‘ *Ad conſligendum venientibus undique pœnis;*
‘ *Omnia cum belli trepido concuſſa tumultu*
‘ *Horrida contremuere ſub altis ætheris auris:*
‘ *In dubioque fuit ſub utrorum regna cadendum*
‘ *Omnibus humanis eſſet, terraque marique.*’

Of which we wiſh we could give our Reader a more adequate Tranſlation than that by Mr. *Creech*.

‘ When dreadful *Carthage* frighted *Rome* with
‘ Arms,
‘ And all the World was ſhook with fierce
‘ Alarms;
‘ Whilſt undecided yet, which Part ſhould fall,
‘ Which Nation riſe the glorious Lord of all.’

Now

Now it is our Purpoſe, in the enſuing Pages, to purſue a contrary Method. When any extraordinary Scene preſents itſelf, (as we truſt will often be the Caſe) we ſhall ſpare no Pains nor Paper to open it at large to our Reader; but if whole Years ſhould paſs without producing any thing worthy his Notice, we ſhall not be afraid of a Chaſm in our Hiſtory, but ſhall haſten on to Matters of Conſequence, and leave ſuch Periods of Time totally unobſerved.

Theſe are indeed to be conſidered as Blanks in the grand Lottery of Time. We therefore who are the Regiſters of that Lottery, ſhall imitate thoſe ſagacious Perſons who deal in that which is drawn at *Guild-Hall*, and who never trouble the Public with the many Blanks they diſpoſe of; but when a great Prize happens to be drawn, the News-Papers are preſently filled with it, and the World is ſure to be informed at whoſe Office it was ſold: Indeed, commonly two or three different Offices lay claim to the Honour of having diſpoſed of it; by which, I ſuppoſe, the Adventurers are given to underſtand that certain Brokers are in the Secrets of Fortune, and indeed of her Cabinet-Council.

My Reader then is not to be ſurpriſed, if, in the Courſe of this Work, he ſhall find ſome Chapters very ſhort, and others altogether as long; ſome that contain only the Time of a ſingle Day, and others that compriſe Years; in a Word, if my Hiſtory ſometimes ſeems to ſtand ſtill, and ſometimes to fly. For all which I ſhall not look on myſelf as accountable to any Court of Critical Juriſdiction whatever: For as I am, in reality, the Founder of a new Province of Writing, ſo I am at Liberty to make what Laws I pleaſe

therein. And theſe Laws, my Readers, whom I conſider as my Subjects, are bound to believe in and to obey; with which that they may readily and chearfully comply, I do hereby aſſure them, that I ſhall principally regard their Eaſe and Advantage in all ſuch Inſtitutions: For I do not, like a *jure divino* Tyrant, imagine that they are my Slaves, or my Commodity. I am, indeed, ſet over them for their own Good only, and was created for their Uſe, and not they for mine. Nor do I doubt, while I make their Intereſt the great Rule of my Writings, they will unanimouſly concur in ſupporting my Dignity, and in rendering me all the Honour I ſhall deſerve or deſire.

CHAP. II.

Religious Cautions againſt ſhewing too much Favour to Baſtards; and a great Diſcovery made by Mrs. Deborah Wilkins.

EIGHT Months after the Celebration of the Nuptials between Captain *Blifil* and Miſs *Bridget Allworthy*, a young Lady of great Beauty, Merit, and Fortune, was Miſs *Bridget*, by reaſon of a Fright, delivered of a fine Boy. The Child was indeed, to all Appearance, perfect; but the Midwife diſcovered, it was born a Month before its full Time.

Though the Birth of an Heir of his beloved Siſter was a Circumſtance of great Joy to Mr. *Allworthy*, yet it did not alienate his Affections from the little Foundling, to whom he had been Godfather, had given his own Name of *Thomas*, and

and whom he had hitherto ſeldom failed of viſiting, at leaſt once a Day, in his Nurſery.

He told his Siſter, if ſhe pleaſed, the new-born Infant ſhould be bred up together with little *Tommy*, to which ſhe conſented, tho' with ſome little Reluctance: For ſhe had truly a great Complacence for her Brother; and hence ſhe had always behaved towards the Foundling with rather more Kindneſs than Ladies of rigid Virtue can ſometimes bring themſelves to ſhew to theſe Children, who, however innocent, may be truly called the living Monuments of Incontinence.

The Captain could not ſo eaſily bring himſelf to bear what he condemned as a Fault in Mr. *Allworthy*. He gave him frequent Hints, that to adopt the Fruits of Sin, was to give Countenance to it. He quoted ſeveral Texts, (for he was well read in Scripture) ſuch as, *He viſits the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children*; and, *the Fathers have eaten ſour Grapes, and the Children's Teeth are ſet on Edge*, &c. Whence he argued the Legality of puniſhing the Crime of the Parent on the Baſtard. He ſaid, 'Tho' the Law did not 'poſitively allow the deſtroying ſuch baſe-born 'Children, yet it held them to be the Children 'of No-body: That the Church conſidered them 'as the Children of No-body; and that, at the 'beſt, they ought to be brought up to the loweſt 'and vileſt Offices of the Commonwealth.'

Mr. *Allworthy* anſwered to all this, and much more, which the Captain had urged on this Subject, 'That, however guilty the Parents might 'be, the Children were certainly innocent: That 'as to the Texts he had quoted, the former of 'them was a particular Denunciation againſt the '*Jews*, for the Sin of Idolatry, of relinquiſhing

'and

'and hating their heavenly King; and the latter
'was parabolically ſpoken, and rather intended
'to denote the certain and neceſſary Conſequences
'of Sin, than any expreſs Judgment againſt it.
'But to repreſent the Almighty as avenging the
'Sins of the Guilty on the Innocent, was inde-
'cent, if not blaſphemous, as it was to repreſent
'him acting againſt the firſt Principles of natural
'Juſtice, and againſt the original Notions of
'Right and Wrong, which he himſelf had im-
'planted in our Minds; by which we were to
'judge, not only in all Matters which were not
'revealed, but even of the Truth of Revelation
'itſelf. He ſaid, he knew many held the ſame
'Principles with the Captain on this Head; but
'he was himſelf firmly convinced to the con-
'trary, and would provide in the ſame Manner
'for this poor Infant, as if a legitimate Child had
'had the Fortune to have been found in the ſame
'Place.'

While the Captain was taking all Opportunities to preſs theſe and ſuch like Arguments, to remove the little Foundling from Mr. *Allworthy*'s, of whoſe Fondneſs for him he began to be jealous, Mrs. *Deborah* had made a Diſcovery, which, in its Event, threatened at leaſt to prove more fatal to poor *Tommy*, than all the Reaſonings of the Captain.

Whether the inſatiable Curioſity of this good Woman had carried her on to that Buſineſs, or whether ſhe did it to confirm herſelf in the good Graces of Mrs. *Bliſil*, who, notwithſtanding her outward Behaviour to the Foundling, frequently abuſed the Infant in private, and her Brother too for his Fondneſs to it, I will not determine; but

ſhe

ſhe had now, as ſhe conceived, fully detected the Father of the Foundling.

Now, as this was a Diſcovery of great Conſequence, it may be neceſſary to trace it from the Fountain-head. We ſhall therefore very minutely lay open thoſe previous Matters by which it was produced; and for that Purpoſe, we ſhall be obliged to reveal all the Secrets of a little Family, with which my Reader is at preſent entirely unacquainted, and of which the Oeconomy was ſo rare and extraordinary, that I fear it will ſhock the utmoſt Credulity of many married Perſons.

CHAP. III.

The Deſcription of a domeſtic Government founded upon Rules directly contrary to thoſe of Ariſtotle.

MY Reader may pleaſe to remember he hath been informed, that *Jenny Jones* had lived ſome Years with a certain Schoolmaſter, who had, at her earneſt Deſire, inſtructed her in *Latin*, in which, to do Juſtice to her Genius, ſhe had ſo improved herſelf, that ſhe was become a better Scholar than her Maſter.

Indeed, tho' this poor Man had undertaken a Profeſſion to which Learning muſt be allowed neceſſary, this was the leaſt of his Commendations. He was one of the beſt-natured Fellows in the World, and was, at the ſame Time, Maſter of ſo much Pleaſantry and Humour, that he was reputed the Wit of the Country; and all the neighbouring Gentlemen were ſo deſirous of his Company, that, as Denying was not his Talent, he ſpent much Time at their Houſes, which he might,

might, with more Emolument, have ſpent in his School.

It may be imagined, that a Gentleman ſo qualified, and ſo diſpoſed, was in no Danger of becoming formidable to the learned Seminaries of *Eaton* or *Weſtminſter*. To ſpeak plainly, his Scholars were divided into two Claſſes. In the upper of which was a young Gentleman, the Son of a neighbouring 'Squire, who, at the Age of Seventeen, was juſt entered into his *Syntaxis*; and in the lower was a ſecond Son of the ſame Gentleman, who, together with ſeven Pariſh-boys, was learning to read and write.

The Stipend ariſing hence would hardly have indulged the Schoolmaſter in the Luxuries of Life, had he not added to this Office thoſe of Clerk and Barber, and had not Mr. *Allworthy* added to the whole an Annuity of Ten Pound, which the poor Man received every *Chriſtmas*, and with which he was enabled to chear his Heart during that ſacred Feſtival.

Among his other Treaſures, the Pedagogue had a Wife, whom he had married out of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Kitchen, for her Fortune, *viz.* Twenty Pound, which ſhe had there amaſſed.

This Woman was not very amiable in her Perſon. Whether ſhe ſat to my Friend *Hogarth*, or no, I will not determine; but ſhe exactly reſembled the young Woman who is pouring out her Miſtreſs's Tea in the third Picture of the Harlot's Progreſs. She was, beſides, a profeſt Follower of that notable Sect founded by *Xantippe* of old; by means of which ſhe became more formidable in the School than her Huſband; for, to confeſs the Truth, he was never Maſter there, or any where elſe, in her Preſence.

Tho'

Tho' her Countenance did not denote much natural Sweetneſs of Temper, yet this was, perhaps, ſomewhat ſoured by a Circumſtance which generally poiſons matrimonial Felicity: For Children are rightly called the Pledges of Love; and her Huſband, tho' they had been married nine Years, had given her no ſuch Pledges; a Default for which he had no Excuſe, either from Age or Health, being not yet thirty Years old, and, what they call a jolly, briſk, young Man.

Hence aroſe another Evil, which produced no little Uneaſineſs to the poor Pedagogue, of whom ſhe maintained ſo conſtant a Jealouſy, that he durſt hardly ſpeak to one Woman in the Pariſh; for the leaſt Degree of Civility, or even Correſpondence with any Female, was ſure to bring his Wife upon her Back, and his own.

In order to guard herſelf againſt matrimonial Injuries in her own Houſe, as ſhe kept one Maid-Servant, ſhe always took Care to chuſe her out of that Order of Females, whoſe Faces are taken as a Kind of Security for their Virtue; of which Number *Jenny Jones*, as the Reader hath been before informed, was one.

As the Face of this young Woman might be called pretty good Security of the before-mentioned Kind, and as her Behaviour had been always extremely modeſt; which is the certain Conſequence of Underſtanding in Women; ſhe had paſſed above four Years at Mr. *Partridge*'s, (for that was the Schoolmaſter's Name) without creating the leaſt Suſpicion in her Miſtreſs. Nay, ſhe had been treated with uncommon Kindneſs, and her Miſtreſs had permitted Mr. *Partridge* to give her thoſe Inſtructions, which have been before commemorated.

But

But it is with Jealouſy, as with the Gout: When ſuch Diſtempers are in the Blood, there is never any Security againſt their breaking out; and that often on the ſlighteſt Occaſions, and when leaſt ſuſpected.

Thus it happened to Mrs. *Partridge*, who had ſubmitted four Years to her Huſband's teaching this young Woman, and had ſuffered her often to neglect her Work, in order to purſue her Learning. For paſſing by one Day, as the Girl was reading, and her Maſter leaning over her, the Girl, I know not for what Reaſon, ſuddenly ſtarted up from her Chair; and this was the firſt Time that Suſpicion ever entered into the Head of her Miſtreſs.

This did not, however, at that Time, diſcover itſelf, but lay lurking in her Mind, like a concealed Enemy, who waits for a Reinforcement of additional Strength, before he openly declares himſelf, and proceeds upon hoſtile Operations; and ſuch additional Strength ſoon arrived to corroborate her Suſpicion. For not long after, the Huſband and Wife being at Dinner, the Maſter ſaid to his Maid, *Da mihi aliquid Potum*; upon which the poor Girl ſmiled, perhaps at the Badneſs of the *Latin*, and when her Miſtreſs caſt her Eyes on her, bluſhed, poſſibly with a Conſciouſneſs of having laughed at her Maſter. Mrs. *Partridge*, upon this, immediately fell into a Fury, and diſcharged the Trencher, on which ſhe was eating, at the Head of poor *Jenny*, crying out, 'You impudent Whore, do you play Tricks with 'my Huſband before my Face?' and, at the ſame Inſtant, roſe from her Chair, with a Knife in her Hand, with which, moſt probably, ſhe would have executed very tragical Vengeance,

had

had not the Girl taken the Advantage of being nearer the Door than her Miſtreſs, and avoided h r Fury by running away; for, as to the poor Huſband, whether Surprize had rendered him motionleſs, or Fear (which is full as probable) had reſtrained him from venturing at any Oppoſition, he ſat ſtaring and trembling in his Chair; nor did he once offer to move or ſpeak, till his Wife, returning from the Purſuit of *Jenny*, made ſome defenſive Meaſures neceſſary for his own Preſervation; and he likewiſe was obliged to retreat, after the Example of the Maid.

This good Woman was, no more than *Othello*, of a Diſpoſition,

——‘ To make a Life of Jealouſy,
‘ And follow ſtill the Changes of the Moon
‘ With freſh Suſpicions’——

with her, as well as him;

——‘ To be once in doubt,
‘ Was once to be reſolved’——

ſhe therefore ordered *Jenny* immediately to pack up her Alls, and be gone; for that ſhe was determined ſhe ſhould not ſleep that Night within her Walls.

Mr. *Partridge* had profited too much, by Experience, to interpoſe in a Matter of this Nature. He therefore had Recourſe to his uſual Receipt of Patience; for, tho’ he was not a great Adept in *Latin*, he remembered, and well underſtood, the Advice contained in theſe Words:

---‘ *Leve*

—'*Leve fit, quod bene fertur Onus.*'

In *Engliſh*, 'A Burden becomes lighteſt, when 'it is well borne.'

Which he had always in his Mouth, and of which, to ſay the Truth, he had often Occaſion to experience the Truth.

Jenny offered to make Proteſtations of her Innocence; but the Tempeſt was too high for her to be heard. She then betook herſelf to the Buſineſs of Packing, for which a ſmall Quantity of brown Paper ſufficed; and, having received her ſmall Pittance of Wages, ſhe returned home.

The Schoolmaſter and his Conſort paſs'd their Time unpleaſantly enough that Evening; but ſomething or other happened before the next Morning, which a little abated the Fury of Mrs. *Partridge*; and ſhe at length admitted her Huſband to make his Excuſes: to which ſhe gave the readier Belief, as he had, inſtead of deſiring her to recall *Jenny*, profeſſed a Satisfaction in her being diſmiſſed, ſaying, She was grown of little Uſe as a Servant, ſpending all her Time in reading, and was become, moreover, very pert and obſtinate: For, indeed, ſhe and her Maſter had lately had frequent Diſputes in Literature; in which, as hath been ſaid, ſhe was become greatly his Superior. This, however, he would by no Means allow; and, as he called her perſiſting in the Right, Obſtinacy, he began to hate her with no ſmall Inveteracy.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Containing one of the moſt bloody Battles, or rather Duels, that were ever recorded in Domeſtic Hiſtory.

FOR the Reaſons mentioned in the preceding Chapter, and from ſome other matrimonial Conceſſions, well known to moſt Huſbands, and which, like the Secrets of Free-Maſonry, ſhould be divulged to none who are not Members of that honourable Fraternity, Mrs. *Partridge* was pretty well ſatisfied, that ſhe had condemned her Huſband without Cauſe, and endeavoured, by Acts of Kindneſs, to make him Amends for her falſe Suſpicion. Her Paſſions were, indeed, equally violent, which ever Way they inclined: for, as ſhe could be extremely angry, ſo could ſhe be altogether as fond.

But tho' theſe Paſſions ordinarily ſucceed each other, and ſcarce twenty-four Hours ever paſſed in which the Pedagogue was not, in ſome Degree, the Object of both; yet, on extraordinary Occaſions, when the Paſſion of Anger had raged very high, the Remiſſion was uſually longer, and ſo was the Caſe at preſent; for ſhe continued longer in a State of Affability, after this Fit of Jealouſy was ended, than her Huſband had ever known before: and, had it not been for ſome little Exerciſes, which all the Followers of *Xantippe* are obliged to perform daily, Mr. *Partridge* would have enjoyed a perfect Serenity of ſeveral Months.

Perfect Calms at Sea are always ſuſpected by the experienced Mariner to be the Fore-runners of

of a Storm: And I know ſome Perſons, who, without being generally the Devotees of Superſtition, are apt to apprehend, that great and unuſual Peace or Tranquillity, will be attended with its Oppoſite. For which Reaſon the Antients uſed, on ſuch Occaſions, to ſacrifice to the Goddeſs *Nemeſis*; a Deity who was thought by them to look with an invidious Eye on human Felicity, and to have a peculiar Delight in overturning it.

As we are very far from believing in any ſuch Heathen Goddeſs, or from encouraging any Superſtition, ſo we wiſh Mr. *John Fr*———, or ſome other ſuch Philoſopher, would beſtir himſelf a little, in order to find out the real Cauſe of this ſudden Tranſition, from good to bad Fortune, which hath been ſo often remarked, and of which we ſhall proceed to give an Inſtance; for it is our Province to relate Facts, and we ſhall leave Cauſes to Perſons of much higher Genius.

Mankind have always taken great Delight in knowing and deſcanting on the Actions of others: Hence there have been, in all Ages, and Nations, certain Places ſet apart for public Rendezvous, where the Curious might meet, and ſatisfy their mutual Curioſity. Among theſe, the Barbers Shops have juſtly borne the Pre-eminence. Among the *Greeks*, Barbers News was a proverbial Expreſſion; and *Horace*, in one of his Epiſtles, makes honourable Mention of the *Roman* Barbers in the ſame Light.

Thoſe of *England* are known to be no wiſe inferior to their *Greek* or *Roman* Predeceſſors. You there ſee foreign Affairs diſcuſſed in a Manner little inferior to that with which they are handled in the Coffee-houſes; and domeſtic Occurrences

are

are much more largely and freely treated in the former, than in the latter. But this ſerves only for the Men. Now, whereas the Females of this Country, eſpecially thoſe of the lower Order, do aſſociate themſelves much more than thoſe of other Nations, our Polity would be highly deficient, if they had not ſome Place ſet apart likewiſe for the Indulgence of their Curioſity, ſeeing they are in this no way inferior to the other half of the Species.

In enjoying, therefore, ſuch Place of Rendezvous, the *Britiſh* Fair ought to eſteem themſelves more happy than any of their foreign Siſters; as I do not remember either to have read in Hiſtory, or to have ſeen in my Travels, any thing of the like Kind.

This Place then is no other than the Chandler's Shop; the known Seat of all the News; or, as it is vulgarly called, Goſſiping, in every Pariſh in *England*.

Mrs. *Partridge* being one Day at this Aſſembly of Females, was aſked by one of her Neighbours, if ſhe had heard no News lately of *Jenny Jones*. To which ſhe anſwered in the Negative. Upon this, the other replied, with a Smile, That the Pariſh was very much obliged to her for having turned *Jenny* away as ſhe did.

Mrs. *Partridge*, whoſe Jealouſy, as the Reader well knows, was long ſince cured, and who had no other Quarrel to her Maid, anſwered boldly, She did not know any Obligation the Pariſh had to her on that Account; for ſhe believed *Jenny* had ſcarce left her Equal behind her.

'No, truly, ſaid the Goſſip, I hope not, tho' 'I fancy we have Sluts enow too. Then you 'have not heard, it ſeems, that ſhe hath been

'brought

'brought to Bed of two Baſtards; but as they 'are not born here, my Huſband, and the other 'Overſeer, ſays, we ſhall not be obliged to keep 'them.'

'Two Baſtards!' anſwered Mrs. *Partridge* haſtily, 'you ſurprize me. I don't know whe-'ther we muſt keep them; but I am ſure they 'muſt have been begotten here: for the Wench 'hath not been nine Months gone away.'

Nothing can be ſo quick and ſudden as the Operations of the Mind, eſpecially when Hope, or Fear, or Jealouſy, to which the two others are but Journeymen, ſet it to work. It occurred inſtantly to her, that *Jenny* had ſcarce ever been out of her own Houſe, while ſhe lived with her. The leaning over the Chair, the ſudden ſtarting up, the *Latin*, the Smile, and many other Things, ruſhed upon her all at once. The Satiſfaction her Huſband expreſſed in the Departure of *Jenny*, appeared now to be only diſſembled; again, in the ſame Inſtant, to be real, and yet to confirm her Jealouſy, as proceeding from Satiety, and a hundred other bad Cauſes. In a Word, ſhe was convinced of her Huſband's Guilt, and immediately left the Aſſembly in Confuſion.

As fair *Grimalkin*, who, though the youngeſt of the Feline Family, degenerates not in Ferocity from the elder Branches of her Houſe, and, though inferior in Strength, is equal in Fierceneſs to the noble Tyger himſelf, when a little Mouſe, whom it hath long tormented in Sport, eſcapes from her Clutches, for a while, frets, ſcolds, growls, ſwears; but if the Trunk, or Box, behind which the Mouſe lay hid, be again removed, ſhe flies like Lightning on her Prey, and, with enve-

envenomed Wrath, bites, ſcratches, mumbles, and tears the little Animal.

Not with leſs Fury did Mrs. *Partridge* fly on the poor Pedagogue. Her Tongue, Teeth, and Hands, fell all upon him at once. His Wig was in an Inſtant torn from his Head, his Shirt from his Back, and from his Face deſcended five Streams of Blood, denoting the Number of Claws with which Nature had unhappily armed the Enemy.

Mr. *Partridge* acted for ſome Time on the defenſive only: indeed he attempted only to guard his Face with his Hands; but as he found that his Antagoniſt abated nothing of her Rage, he thought he might, at leaſt, endeavour to diſarm her, or rather to confine her Arms; in doing which, her Cap fell off in the Struggle, and her Hair being too ſhort to reach her Shoulders, erected itſelf on her Head; her Stays likewiſe, which were laced through one ſingle Hole at the Bottom, burſt open, and her Breaſts, which were much more redundant than her Hair, hung down below her Middle; her Face was likewiſe marked with the Blood of her Huſband; her Teeth gnaſhed with Rage; and Fire, ſuch as ſparkles from a Smith's Forge, darted from her Eyes: ſo that, altogether, this Amazonian Heroine might have been an Object of Terror to a much bolder Man than Mr. *Partridge*.

He had, at length, the good Fortune, by getting Poſſeſſion of her Arms, to render thoſe Weapons, which ſhe wore at the Ends of her Fingers, uſeleſs; which ſhe no ſooner perceived, than the Softneſs of her Sex prevailed over her Rage, and ſhe preſently diſſolved in Tears, which ſoon after concluded in a Fit.

That ſmall Share of Senſe which Mr. *Partridge* had hitherto preſerved through this Scene of Fury, of the Cauſe of which he was hitherto ignorant, now utterly abandoned him. He ran inſtantly into the Street, hallowing out, that his Wife was in the Agonies of Death, and beſeeching the Neighbours to fly with the utmoſt Haſte to her Aſſiſtance. Several good Women obeyed his Summons, who entering his Houſe, and applying the uſual Remedies on ſuch Occaſions, Mrs. *Partridge* was, at length, to the great Joy of her Huſband, brought to herſelf.

As ſoon as ſhe had a little recollected her Spirits, and ſomewhat compoſed herſelf with a Cordial, ſhe began to inform the Company of the manifold Injuries ſhe had received from her Huſband; who, ſhe ſaid, was not contented to injure her in her Bed; but, upon her upbraiding him with it, had treated her in the crueleſt Manner imaginable; had torn her Cap and Hair from her Head, and her Stays from her Body, giving her, at the ſame Time, ſeveral Blows, the Marks of which ſhe ſhould carry to the Grave.

The poor Man, who bore on his Face many more viſible Marks of the Indignation of his Wife, ſtood in ſilent Aſtoniſhment at this Accuſation; which the Reader will, I believe, bear Witneſs for him, had greatly exceeded the Truth: for indeed he had not ſtruck her once; and this Silence being interpreted to be a Confeſſion of the Charge, by the whole Court, they all began at once, *una voce*, to rebuke and revile him, repeating often, that none but a Coward ever ſtruck a Woman.

Mr. *Partridge* bore all this patiently; but when his Wife appealed to the Blood on her Face,

as

as an Evidence of his Barbarity, he could not help laying Claim to his own Blood, for ſo it really was; as he thought it very unnatural, that this ſhould riſe up (as we are taught that of a murdered Perſon often doth) in Vengeance againſt him.

To this the Women made no other Anſwer, than that it was Pity it had not come from his Heart, inſtead of his Face; all declaring, that if their Huſbands ſhould lift their Hands againſt them, they would have their Heart's Bloods out of their Bodies.

After much Admonition for what was paſt, and much good Advice to Mr. *Partridge* for his future Behaviour, the Company, at length, departed, and left the Huſband and Wife to a perſonal Conference together, in which Mr. *Partridge* ſoon learned the Cauſe of all his Sufferings.

CHAP. V.

Containing much Matter to exerciſe the Judgment and Reflection of the Reader.

I Believe it is a true Obſervation, that few Secrets are divulged to one Perſon only; but certainly, it would be next to a Miracle, that a Fact of this Kind ſhould be known to a whole Pariſh, and not tranſpire any farther.

And, indeed, a very few Days had paſt, before the Country, to uſe a common Phraſe, rung of the Schoolmaſter of *Little Baddington*, who was ſaid to have beaten his Wife in the moſt cruel Manner. Nay, in ſome Places, it was reported he had murdered her; in others, that he had broke her Arms; in others, her Legs; in ſhort,

there was ſcarce an Injury which can be done to a human Creature, but what Mrs. *Partridge* was ſomewhere or other affirmed to have received from her Huſband.

The Cauſe of this Quarrel was likewiſe variouſly reported; for, as ſome People ſaid that Mrs. *Partridge* had caught her Huſband in Bed with his Maid, ſo many other Reaſons, of a very different Kind, went abroad. Nay, ſome tranſferred the Guilt to the Wife, and the Jealouſy to the Huſband.

Mrs. *Wilkins* had long ago heard of this Quarrel; but, as a different Cauſe from the true one had reached her Ears, ſhe thought proper to conceal it; and the rather, perhaps, as the Blame was univerſally laid on Mr. *Partridge*; and his Wife, when ſhe was Servant to Mr. *Allworthy*, had in ſomething offended Mrs. *Wilkins*, who was not of a very forgiving Temper.

But Mrs. *Wilkins*, whoſe Eyes could ſee Objects at a Diſtance, and who could very well look forward a few Years into Futurity, had perceived a ſtrong Likelihood of Captain *Blifil*'s being hereafter her Maſter; and, as ſhe plainly diſcerned, that the Captain bore no great Good-will to the little Foundling, ſhe fancied it would be rendering him an agreeable Service, if ſhe could make any Diſcoveries that might leſſen the Affection which Mr. *Allworthy* ſeemed to have contracted for this Child, and which gave viſible Uneaſineſs to the Captain; who could not entirely conceal it even before *Allworthy* himſelf; though his Wife, who acted her Part much better in public, frequently recommended to him her own Example, of conniving at the Folly of her Brother, which,

ſhe ſaid, ſhe at leaſt as well perceived, and as much reſented as any other poſſibly could.

Mrs. *Wilkins* having therefore, by Accident, gotten a true Scent of the above Story, though long after it had happened, failed not to ſatisfy herſelf thoroughly of all the Particulars; and then acquainted the Captain, that ſhe had at laſt diſcovered the true Father of the little Baſtard, which ſhe was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, to ſee her Maſter loſe his Reputation in the Country, by taking ſo much Notice of.

The Captain chid her for the Concluſion of her Speech, as an improper Aſſurance in judging of her Maſter's Actions: For if his Honour, or his Underſtanding, would have ſuffered the Captain to make an Alliance with Mrs. *Wilkins*, his Pride would by no Means have admitted it. And, to ſay the Truth, there is no Conduct leſs politic, than to enter into any Confederacy with your Friend's Servants, againſt their Maſter. For, by theſe Means, you afterwards become the Slave of theſe very Servants, by whom you are conſtantly liable to be betrayed. And this Conſideration, perhaps, it was, which prevented Captain *Blifil* from being more explicit with Mrs. *Wilkins*; or from encouraging the Abuſe which ſhe had beſtowed on *Allworthy*.

But though he declared no Satisfaction to Mrs. *Wilkins* at this Diſcovery, he enjoyed not a little from it in his own Mind, and reſolved to make the beſt Uſe of it he was able.

He kept this Matter a long Time concealed within his own Breaſt, in Hopes that Mr. *Allworthy* might hear it from ſome other Perſon; but Mrs. *Wilkins*, whether ſhe reſented the Captain's Behaviour, or whether his Cunning was

beyond her, and ſhe feared the Diſcovery might diſpleaſe him, never afterwards opened her Lips about the Matter.

I have thought it ſomewhat ſtrange, upon Reflection, that the Houſe-keeper never acquainted Mrs. *Bliſil* with this News, as Women are more inclined to communicate all Pieces of Intelligence to their own Sex, than to ours. The only Way, as it appears to me, of ſolving this Difficulty, is, by imputing it to that Diſtance which was now grown between the Lady and the Houſe-keeper: Whether this aroſe from a Jealouſy in Mrs. *Bliſil*, that *Wilkins* ſhewed too great a Reſpect to the Foundling; for while ſhe was endeavouring to ruin the little Infant, in order to ingratiate herſelf with the Captain, ſhe was every Day more and more commending it before *Allworthy*, as his Fondneſs for it every Day encreaſed. This, notwithſtanding all the Care ſhe took at other Times to expreſs the direct contrary to Mrs. *Bliſil*, perhaps offended that delicate Lady, who certainly now hated Mrs. *Wilkins*; and though ſhe did not, or poſſibly could not, abſolutely remove her, from her Place, ſhe found, however, the Means of making her Life very uneaſy. This Mrs. *Wilkins*, at length, ſo reſented, that ſhe very openly ſhewed all Manner of Reſpect and Fondneſs to little *Tommy*, in Oppoſition to Mrs. *Bliſil*.

The Captain, therefore, finding the Story in Danger of periſhing, he at laſt took an Opportunity to reveal it himſelf.

He was one Day engaged with Mr. *Allworthy* in a Diſcourſe on Charity: In which the Captain, with great Learning, proved to Mr. *Allworthy*, that the Word *Charity*, in Scripture, no where means Beneficence, or Generoſity.

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'The Chriſtian Religion, he ſaid, was inſti-
'tuted for much nobler Purpoſes, than to en-
'force a Leſſon which many Heathen Philoſo-
'phers had taught us long before, and which,
'though it might, perhaps, be called a moral Vir-
'tue, ſavoured but little of that ſublime Chriſtian-
'like Diſpoſition, that vaſt Elevation of Thought,
'in Purity approaching to angelic Perfection, to
'be attained, expreſſed, and felt only by Grace.
'Thoſe (he ſaid) came nearer to the Scripture
'Meaning, who underſtood by it Candour, or
'the forming of a benevolent Opinion of our
'Brethren, and paſſing a favourable Judgment
'on their Actions; a Virtue much higher, and
'more extenſive in its Nature, than a pitiful Di-
'ſtribution of Alms, which, though we would
'never ſo much prejudice, or even ruin our Fa-
'milies, could never reach many; whereas Cha-
'rity, in the other and truer Senſe, might be ex-
'tended to all Mankind.'

He ſaid, 'Conſidering who the Diſciples were,
'it would be abſurd to conceive the Doctrine of
'Generoſity, or giving Alms, to have been
'preached to them. And, as we could not well
'imagine this Doctrine ſhould be preached by its
'divine Author to Men who could not practiſe
'it, much leſs ſhall we think it underſtood ſo by
'thoſe who can practiſe it, and do not.

'But though, continued he, there is, I am
'afraid, little Merit in theſe Benefactions; there
'would, I muſt confeſs, be much Pleaſure in
'them to a good Mind, if it was not abated by
'one Conſideration. I mean, that we are liable
'to be impoſed upon, and to confer our choiceſt
'Favours often on the Undeſerving, as you muſt
'own was your Caſe in your Bounty to that

'worthleſs Fellow *Partridge*: For two or three 'ſuch Examples muſt greatly leſſen the inward 'Satisfaction, which a good Man would other-'wiſe find in Generoſity; nay, may even make 'him timorous in beſtowing, leſt he ſhould be 'guilty of ſupporting Vice, and encouraging the 'Wicked; a Crime of a very black Dye, and 'for which it will by no Means be a ſufficient 'Excuſe, that we have not actually intended ſuch 'an Encouragement; unleſs we have uſed the 'utmoſt Caution in chuſing the Objects of our 'Beneficence. A Conſideration which, I make 'no Doubt, hath greatly checked the Liberality 'of many a worthy and pious Man.'

Mr. *Allworthy* anſwered, 'He could not diſ-'pute with the Captain in the *Greek* Language, 'and therefore could ſay nothing as to the true 'Senſe of the Word, which is tranſlated *Charity*; 'but that he had always thought it was interpreted 'to conſiſt in Action, and that giving Alms con-'ſtituted at leaſt one Branch of that Virtue.

'As to the meritorious Part, he ſaid, he rea-'dily agreed with the Captain; for where could 'be the Merit of barely diſcharging a Duty, 'which he ſaid, let the Word Charity have 'what Conſtruction it would, it ſufficiently ap-'peared to be from the whole Tenure of the New 'Teſtament? And as he thought it an indiſ-'penſable Duty, enjoined both by the Chriſtian 'Law, and by the Law of Nature itſelf; ſo was 'it withal ſo pleaſant, that if any Duty could be 'ſaid to be its own Reward, or to pay us while 'we were diſcharging it, it was this.

'To confeſs the Truth, ſaid he, there is one 'Degree of Generoſity, (of Charity I would have 'called it) which ſeems to have ſome Shew of

'Merit,

'Merit, and that is, where from a Principle of 'Benevolence, and Chriſtian Love, we beſtow 'on another what we really want ourſelves; 'where, in order to leſſen the Diſtreſſes of ano-'ther, we condeſcend to ſhare ſome Part of them, 'by giving what even our own Neceſſities can-'not well ſpare. This is, I think, meritorious; 'but to relieve our Brethren only with our Su-'perfluities; to be charitable (I muſt uſe the 'Word) rather at the Expence of our Coffers 'than ourſelves; to ſave ſeveral Families from 'Miſery rather than hang up an extraordinary 'Picture in our Houſes, or gratify any other idle, 'ridiculous Vanity, this ſeems to be only being 'Chriſtians, nay indeed, only being human Crea-'tures. Nay, I will venture to go farther, it is 'being in ſome degree Epicures: For what could 'the greateſt Epicure wiſh rather than to eat with 'many Mouths inſtead of one? which I think 'may be predicated of any one who knows that 'the Bread of many is owing to his own Largeſſes.

'As to the Apprehenſion of beſtowing Bounty 'on ſuch as may hereafter prove unworthy Ob-'jects, becauſe many have proved ſuch; ſurely 'it can never deter a good Man from Genero-'ſity: I do not think a few or many Examples 'of Ingratitude can juſtify a Man's hardening 'his Heart againſt the Diſtreſſes of his Fellow-'Creatures; nor do I believe it can ever have 'ſuch Effect on a truly benevolent Mind. No-'thing leſs than a Perſuaſion of univerſal Depra-'vity can lock up the Charity of a good Man; 'and this Perſuaſion muſt lead him, I think, 'either into Atheiſm, or Enthuſiaſm; but ſurely 'it is unfair to argue ſuch univerſal Depravity 'from a few vicious Individuals: nor was this,

'I believe, ever done by a Man, who upon 'ſearching his own Mind found one certain 'Exception to the general Rule.' He then concluded by aſking, 'who that *Partridge* was, whom 'he had called a worthleſs Fellow?'

'I mean, ſaid the Captain, *Partridge* the Bar-'ber, the Schoolmaſter, what do you call him? '*Partridge*, the Father of the little Child which 'you found in your Bed.'

Mr. *Allworthy* expreſt great Surprize at this Account, and the Captain as great at his Ignorance of it: For he ſaid, he had known it above a Month, and at length recollected with much Difficulty, that he was told it by Mrs. *Wilkins*.

Upon this, *Wilkins* was immediately ſummoned, who having confirmed what the Captain had ſaid, was by Mr. *Allworthy*, by and with the Captain's Advice, diſpatched to *Little Baddington*, to inform herſelf of the Truth of the Fact: For the Captain expreſt great Diſlike at all haſty Proceedings in criminal Matters, and ſaid he would by no Means have Mr. *Allworthy* take any Reſolution either to the Prejudice of the Child, or its Father, before he was ſatisfied that the latter was guilty: For tho' he had privately ſatisfied himſelf of this from one of *Partridge*'s Neighbours, yet he was too generous to give any ſuch Evidence to Mr. *Allworthy*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Trial of Partridge, *the Schoolmaſter, for Incontinency; The Evidence of his Wife; A ſhort Reflection on the Wiſdom of our Law; with other grave Matters, which thoſe will like beſt who underſtand them moſt.*

IT may be wondered, that a Story ſo well known, and which had furniſhed ſo much Matter of Converſation, ſhould never have been mentioned to Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf, who was perhaps the only Perſon in that Country who had never heard of it.

To account in ſome meaſure for this to the Reader, I think proper to inform him, that there was no one in the Kingdom leſs intereſted in oppoſing that Doctrine concerning the Meaning of the Word Charity, which hath been ſeen in the preceding Chapter, than our good Man. Indeed, he was equally entitled to his Virtue in either Senſe: For as no Man was ever more ſenſible of the Wants, or more ready to relieve the Diſtreſſes of others; ſo none could be more tender of their Characters, or ſlower to believe any thing to their Diſadvantage.

Scandal, therefore, never found any Acceſs to his Table: For, as it hath been long ſince obſerved, that you may know a Man by his Companions; ſo I will venture to ſay, that by attending to the Converſation at a great Man's Table, you may ſatisfy yourſelf of his Religion, his Politics, his Taſte, and indeed of his entire Diſpoſition: For tho' a few odd Fellows will utter their own Sentiments in all Places, yet much the greater

Part of Mankind have enough of the Courtier to accommodate their Converſation to the Taſte and Inclination of their Superiors.

But to return to Mrs. *Wilkins*, who having executed her Commiſſion with great Diſpatch, tho' at fifteen Miles Diſtance, brought back ſuch a Confirmation of the Schoolmaſter's Guilt, that Mr. *Allworthy* determined to ſend for the Criminal, and examine him *viva voce*. Mr. *Partridge*, therefore, was ſummoned to attend, in order to his Defence (if he could make any) againſt this Accuſation.

At the Time appointed, before Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf, at *Paradiſe-Hall*, came as well the ſaid *Partridge*, with *Anne* his Wife, as Mrs. *Wilkins*, his Accuſer.

And now Mr. *Allworthy* being ſeated in the Chair of Juſtice, Mr. *Partridge* was brought before him. Having heard his Accuſation from the Mouth of Mrs. *Wilkins*, he pleaded, Not guilty, making many vehement Proteſtations of his Innocence.

Mrs. *Partridge* was then examined, who, after a modeſt Apology for being obliged to ſpeak the Truth againſt her Huſband, related all the Circumſtances with which the Reader hath already been acquainted; and at laſt concluded with her Huſband's Confeſſion of his Guilt.

Whether ſhe had forgiven him or no, I will not venture to determine: But it is certain, ſhe was an unwilling Witneſs in this Cauſe, and it is probable, from certain other Reaſons, would never have been brought to depoſe as ſhe did, had not Mrs. *Wilkins*, with great Art, fiſhed all out of her, at her own Houſe, and had ſhe not indeed made Promiſes in Mr. *Allworthy*'s Name,

that

that the Puniſhment of her Huſband ſhould not be ſuch as might any wiſe affect his Family.

Partridge ſtill perſiſted in aſſerting his Innocence, tho' he admitted he had made the above-mentioned Confeſſion; which he however endeavoured to account for, by proteſting that he was forced into it by the continued Importunity ſhe uſed, who vowed, that as ſhe was ſure of his Guilt, ſhe would never leave tormenting him till he had owned it, and faithfully promiſed, that in ſuch Caſe, ſhe would never mention it to him more. Hence, he ſaid, he had been induced falſely to confeſs himſelf guilty, tho' he was innocent; and that he believed he ſhould have confeſt a Murder from the ſame Motive.

Mrs. *Partridge* could not bear this Imputation with Patience; and having no other Remedy, in the preſent Place, but Tears, ſhe called forth a plentiful Aſſiſtance from them, and then addreſſing herſelf to Mr. *Allworthy*, ſhe ſaid, (or rather cried) 'May it pleaſe your Worſhip, there ne'ver was any poor Woman ſo injured as I am 'by that baſe Man: For this is not the only In'ſtance of his Falſhood to me. No, may it 'pleaſe your Worſhip, he hath injured my Bed 'many's the good time and often. I could have 'put up with his Drunkenneſs and Neglect of 'his Buſineſs, if he had not broke one of the 'ſacred *Commandiments*. Beſides, if it had been 'out of Doors, I had not mattered it ſo much; 'but with my own Servant, in my own Houſe, 'under my own Roof; to defile my own chaſte 'Bed, which to be ſure he hath with his beaſtly 'ſtinking Whores. Yes, you Villain, you have 'defiled my own Bed, you have; and then you 'have charged me with *bullocking* you into own-

'ing

'ing the Truth. It is very likely, an't pleaſe
'your Worſhip, that I ſhould *bullock* him.—
'I have Marks enow about my Body to ſhew
'of his Cruelty to me. If you had been a Man,
'you Villain, you would have ſcorned to injure
'a Woman in that Manner. But you an't half
'a Man, you know it.— Nor have you been
'half a Huſband to me. You need run after
'Whores, you need, when I'm ſure——— And
'ſince he provokes me, I am ready, an't pleaſe
'your Worſhip, to take my bodily Oath, that
'I found them a-bed together. What, you have
'forgot, I ſuppoſe, when you beat me into a
'Fit, and made the Blood run down my Fore-
'head, becauſe I only civilly taxed you with
'your Adultery! But I can prove it by all my
'Neighbours. You have almoſt broke my Heart,
'you have, you have.'

Here Mr. *Allworthy* interrupted, and begged her to be pacified, promiſing her that ſhe ſhould have Juſtice; then turning to *Partridge*, who ſtood aghaſt, one half of his Wits being hurried away by Surprize, and the other half by Fear, he ſaid, he was ſorry to ſee there was ſo wicked a Man in the World. He aſſured him that his prevaricating and lying backward and forward was a great Aggravation of his Guilt; for which, the only Attonement he could make, was by Confeſſion and Repentance. He exhorted him, therefore, to begin by immediately confeſſing the Fact, and not to perſiſt in denying what was ſo plainly proved againſt him, even by his own Wife.

Here, Reader, I beg your Patience a Moment, while I make a juſt Compliment to the great Wiſdom and Sagacity of our Law, which

refuſes

refuſes to admit the Evidence of a Wife for or againſt her Huſband. This, ſays a certain learned Author, who, I believe, was never quoted before in any but a Law-book, would be the Means of creating an eternal Diſſention between them. It would, indeed, be the Means of much Perjury, and of much Whipping, Fining, Impriſoning, Tranſporting, and Hanging.

Partridge ſtood a while ſilent, till being bid to ſpeak, he ſaid, he had already ſpoken the Truth, and appealed to Heaven for his Innocence, and laſtly, to the Girl herſelf, whom he deſired his Worſhip immediately to ſend for; for he was ignorant, or at leaſt pretended to be ſo, that ſhe had left that Part of the Country.

Mr. *Allworthy*, whoſe natural Love of Juſtice, joined to his Coolneſs of Temper, made him always a moſt patient Magiſtrate in hearing all the Witneſſes which an accuſed Perſon could produce in his Defence, agreed to defer his final Determination of this Matter, till the Arrival of *Jenny*, for whom he immediately diſpatched a Meſſenger; and then having recommended Peace between *Partridge* and his Wife, (tho' he addreſſed himſelf chiefly to the wrong Perſon) he appointed them to attend again the third Day: For he had ſent *Jenny* a whole Day's Journey from his own Houſe.

At the appointed Time the Parties all aſſembled, when the Meſſenger returning brought Word, that *Jenny* was not to be found: For that ſhe had left her Habitation a few Days before, in company with a recruiting Officer.

Mr. *Allworthy* then declared, that the Evidence of ſuch a Slut, as ſhe appeared to be, would have deſerved no Credit; but he ſaid he could

not

not help thinking, that had ſhe been preſent, and would have declared the Truth, ſhe muſt have confirmed what ſo many Circumſtances, together with his own Confeſſion, and the Declaration of his Wife, that ſhe had caught her Huſband in the Fact, did ſufficiently prove. He therefore once more exhorted *Partridge* to confeſs; but he ſtill avowing his Innocence, Mr. *Allworthy* declared himſelf ſatisfied of his Guilt, and that he was too bad a Man to receive any Encouragement from him. He therefore deprived him of his Annuity, and recommended Repentance to him, on account of another World, and Induſtry to maintain himſelf and his Wife in this.

There were not, perhaps, many more unhappy Perſons than poor *Partridge*. He had loſt the beſt Part of his Income by the Evidence of his Wife, and yet was daily upbraided by her for having, among other Things, been the Occaſion of depriving her of that Benefit: But ſuch was his Fortune, and he was obliged to ſubmit to it.

Tho' I called him, poor *Partridge*, in the laſt Paragraph, I would have the Reader rather impute that Epithet to the Compaſſion in my Temper, than conceive it to be any Declaration of his Innocence. Whether he was innocent or not, will perhaps appear hereafter; but if the Hiſtoric-Muſe hath entruſted me with any Secrets, I will by no Means be guilty of diſcovering them till ſhe ſhall give me Leave.

Here, therefore, the Reader muſt ſuſpend his Curioſity. Certain it is, that whatever was the Truth of the Caſe, there was Evidence more than ſufficient to convict him before *Allworthy*; indeed much leſs would have ſatisfied a Bench of Juſtices on an Order of Baſtardy; and yet, notwithſtand-

withſtanding the Poſitiveneſs of Mrs. *Partridge*, who would have taken the Sacrament upon the Matter, there is a Poſſibility that the Schoolmaſter was entirely innocent: For tho' it appeared clear, on comparing the Time when *Jenny* departed from *Little Baddington*, with that of her Delivery, that ſhe had there conceived this Infant, yet it by no Means followed, of Neceſſity, that *Partridge* muſt have been its Father: For, to omit other Particulars, there was in the ſame Houſe a Lad near Eighteen, between whom, and *Jenny*, there had ſubſiſted ſufficient Intimacy to found a reaſonable Suſpicion; and yet, ſo blind is Jealouſy, this Circumſtance never once entered into the Head of the enraged Wife.

Whether *Partridge* repented or not, according to Mr. *Allworthy*'s Advice, is not ſo apparent. Certain it is, that his Wife repented heartily of the Evidence ſhe had given againſt him; eſpecially when ſhe found Mrs. *Deborah* had deceived her, and refuſed to make any Application to Mr. *Allworthy* on her Behalf. She had, however, ſomewhat better Succeſs with Mrs. *Bliſil*, who was, as the Reader muſt have perceived, a much better-tempered Woman; and very kindly undertook to ſollicit her Brother to reſtore the Annuity. In which, tho' Good-nature might have ſome Share, yet a ſtronger and more natural Motive will appear in the next Chapter.

Theſe Sollicitations were nevertheleſs unſucceſsful: For though Mr. *Allworthy* did not think, with ſome late Writers, that Mercy conſiſts only in puniſhing Offenders; yet he was as far from thinking that it is proper to this excellent Quality to pardon great Criminals wantonly, without any Reaſon whatever. Any Doubtfulneſs of the Fact,

or

or any Circumſtance of Mitigation was never diſregarded; but the Petitions of an Offender, or the Interceſſions of others, did not in the leaſt affect him. In a Word, he never pardoned, becauſe the Offender himſelf, or his Friends, were unwilling that he ſhould be puniſhed.

Partridge and his Wife were therefore both obliged to ſubmit to their Fate; which was indeed ſevere enough: For ſo far was he from doubling his Induſtry on the Account of his leſſened Income, that he did in a Manner abandon himſelf to Deſpair; and as he was by Nature indolent, that Vice now encreaſed upon him, by which Means he loſt the little School he had; ſo that neither his Wife nor himſelf would have had any Bread to eat, had not the Charity of ſome good Chriſtian interpoſed, and provided them with what was juſt ſufficient for their Suſtenance.

As this Support was conveyed to them by an unknown Hand, they imagined, and ſo, I doubt not, will the Reader, that Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf was their ſecret Benefactor; who, though he would not openly encourage Vice, could yet privately relieve the Diſtreſſes of the Vicious themſelves, when theſe became too exquiſite and diſproportionate to their Demerit. In which Light, their Wretchedneſs appeared now to Fortune herſelf; for ſhe at length took Pity on this miſerable Couple, and conſiderably leſſened the wretched State of *Partridge*, by putting a final End to that of his Wife, who ſoon after caught the Small-Pox, and died.

The Juſtice which Mr. *Allworthy* had executed on *Partridge*, at firſt met with univerſal Approbation; but no ſooner had he felt its Conſequences, than his Neighbours began to relent, and to com-

compaſſionate his Caſe; and preſently after, to blame that as Rigour and Severity, which they before called Juſtice. They now exclaimed againſt puniſhing in cold Blood, and ſang forth the Praiſes of Mercy and Forgiveneſs.

Theſe Cries were conſiderably encreaſed by the Death of Mrs. *Partridge*, which, tho' owing to the Diſtemper above-mentioned, which is no Conſequence of Poverty or Diſtreſs, many were not aſhamed to impute to Mr. *Allworthy*'s Severity, or, as they now termed it, Cruelty.

Partridge, having now loſt his Wife, his School, and his Annuity, and the unknown Perſon having now diſcontinued the laſt-mentioned Charity, reſolved to change the Scene, and left the Country, where he was in Danger of ſtarving with the univerſal Compaſſion of all his Neighbours.

CHAP. VII.

A ſhort Sketch of that Felicity which prudent Couples may extract from Hatred; with a ſhort Apology for thoſe People who over-look Imperfections in their Friends.

THO' the Captain had effectually demoliſhed poor *Partridge*, yet had he not reaped the Harveſt he hoped for, which was to turn the Foundling out of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe.

On the contrary, that Gentleman grew every Day fonder of little *Tommy*, as if he intended to counterbalance his Severity to the Father with extraordinary Fondneſs and Affection towards the Son.

This

This a good deal ſoured the Captain's Temper, as did all the other daily Inſtances of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Generoſity: For he looked on all ſuch Largeſſes to be Diminutions of his own Wealth.

In this, we have ſaid, he did not agree with his Wife; nor, indeed, in any Thing elſe: For tho' an Affection placed on the Underſtanding is, by many wiſe Perſons, thought more durable than that which is founded on Beauty, yet it happened otherwiſe in the preſent Caſe. Nay, the Underſtandings of this Couple were their principal Bone of Contention, and one great Cauſe of many Quarrels, which, from Time to Time, aroſe between them; and which at laſt ended, on the Side of the Lady, in a ſovereign Contempt for her Huſband; and on the Huſband's, in an utter Abhorrence of his Wife.

As theſe had both exerciſed their Talents chiefly in the Study of Divinity, this was, from their firſt Acquaintance, the moſt common Topic of Converſation between them. The Captain, like a well-bred Man, had, before Marriage, always given up his Opinion to that of the Lady; and this not in the clumſy aukward Manner of a conceited Blockhead, who, while he civilly yields to a Superior in an Argument, is deſirous of being ſtill known to think himſelf in the Right. The Captain, on the contrary, tho' one of the proudeſt Fellows in the World, ſo abſolutely yielded the Victory to his Antagoniſt, that ſhe, who had not the leaſt Doubt of his Sincerity, retired always from the Diſpute, with an Admiration of her own Underſtanding, and a Love for his.

But

But tho' this Complaiſance to one whom the Captain thoroughly deſpiſed, was not ſo uneaſy to him, as it would have been, had any Hopes of Preferment made it neceſſary to ſhew the ſame Submiſſion to a *Hoadley*, or to ſome other of great Reputation in the Science; yet even this coſt him too much to be endured without ſome Motive. Matrimony, therefore, having removed all ſuch Motives, he grew weary of this Condeſcenſion, and began to treat the Opinions of his Wife with that Haughtineſs and Inſolence, which none but thoſe who deſerve ſome Contempt themſelves, can beſtow, and thoſe only who deſerve no Contempt can bear.

When the firſt Torrent of Tenderneſs was over, and when, in the calm and long Interval between the Fits, Reaſon began to open the Eyes of the Lady, and ſhe ſaw this Alteration of Behaviour in the Captain, who, at length, anſwered all her Arguments only with *Piſh* and *Pſhaw*, ſhe was far from enduring the Indignity with a tame Submiſſion. Indeed, it at firſt ſo highly provoked her, that it might have produced ſome tragical Event, had it not taken a more harmleſs Turn, by filling her with the utmoſt Contempt for her Huſband's Underſtanding, which ſomewhat qualified her Hatred towards him; tho' of this likewiſe ſhe had a pretty moderate Share.

The Captain's Hatred to her was of a purer Kind: For as to any Imperfections in her Knowledge or Underſtanding, he no more deſpiſed her for them than for her not being ſix Feet high. In his Opinion of the female Sex, he exceeded the Moroſeneſs of *Ariſtotle* himſelf: He looked on a Woman as on an Animal of domeſtic Uſe, of ſomewhat higher Conſideration than a Cat, ſince her

her Offices were of rather more Importance; but the Difference between theſe two, was, in his Eſtimation, ſo ſmall, that, in his Marriage contracted with Mr. *Allworthy*'s Lands and Tenements, it would have been pretty equal which of them he had taken into the Bargain. And yet ſo tender was his Pride, that it felt the Contempt which his Wife now began to expreſs towards him; and this, added to the Surfeit he had before taken of her Love, created in him a Degree of Diſguſt and Abhorrence, perhaps hardly to be exceeded.

One Situation only of the married State is excluded from Pleaſure; and that is, a State of Indifference: but as many of my Readers, I hope, know what an exquiſite Delight there is in conveying Pleaſure to a beloved Object, ſo ſome few, I am afraid, may have experienced the Satisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to come at this latter Pleaſure, that we ſee both Sexes often give up that Eaſe in Marriage, which they might otherwiſe poſſeſs, tho' their Mate was never ſo diſagreeable to them. Hence the Wife often puts on Fits of Love and Jealouſy, nay, even denies herſelf any Pleaſure, to diſturb and prevent thoſe of her Huſband; and he again, in return, puts frequent Reſtraints on himſelf, and ſtays at home in Company which he diſlikes, in order to confine his Wife to what ſhe equally deteſts. Hence too muſt flow thoſe Tears which a Widow ſometimes ſo plentifully ſheds over the Aſhes of a Huſband, with whom ſhe led a Life of conſtant Diſquiet and Turbulency, and whom now ſhe can never hope to torment any more.

But if ever any Couple enjoyed this Pleaſure, it was at preſent experienced by the Captain and

his

his Lady. It was always a ſufficient Reaſon to either of them to be obſtinate in any Opinion, that the other had previouſly aſſerted the contrary. If the one propoſed any Amuſement, the other conſtantly objected to it: They never loved or hated, commended or abuſed, the ſame Perſon. And for this Reaſon, as the Captain looked with an evil Eye on the little Foundling, his Wife began now to careſs it almoſt equally with her own Child.

The Reader will be apt to conceive, that this Behaviour between the Huſband and Wife did not greatly contribute to Mr. *Allworthy*'s Repoſe, as it tended ſo little to that ſerene Happineſs which he had propoſed to all three, from this Alliance; but the Truth is, tho' he might be a little diſappointed in his ſanguine Expectations, yet he was far from being acquainted with the whole Matter: For, as the Captain was, from certain obvious Reaſons, much on his Guard before him, the Lady was obliged, for fear of her Brother's Diſpleaſure, to purſue the ſame Conduct. In Fact, it is poſſible for a third Perſon to be very intimate, nay even to live long in the ſame Houſe, with a married Couple, who have any tolerable Diſcretion, and not even gueſs at the ſour Sentiments which they bear to each other: For tho' the whole Day may be ſometimes too ſhort for Hatred, as well as for Love; yet the many Hours which they naturally ſpend together, apart from all Obſervers, furniſh People, of tolerable Moderation, with ſuch ample Opportunity for the Enjoyment of either Paſſion, that, if they love, they can ſupport being a few Hours in Company, without toying, or if they hate, without ſpitting in each others Faces.

It is poſſible, however, that Mr. *Allworthy* ſaw enough to render him a little uneaſy; for we are not always to conclude, that a wiſe Man is not hurt, becauſe he doth not cry out and lament himſelf, like thoſe of a childiſh or effeminate Temper. But indeed it is poſſible he might ſee ſome Faults in the Captain, without any Uneaſineſs at all: For Men of true Wiſdom and Goodneſs are contented to take Perſons and Things as they are, without complaining of their Imperfections, or attempting to amend them. They can ſee a Fault in a Friend, a Relation, or an Acquaintance, without ever mentioning it to the Parties themſelves, or to any others; and this often without the leaſt leſſening their Affection. Indeed, unleſs great Diſcernment be tempered with this overlooking Diſpoſition, we ought never to contract Friendſhip but with a Degree of Folly which we can deceive: For I hope my Friends will pardon me, when I declare, I know none of them without a Fault; and I ſhould be ſorry if I could imagine I had any Friend who could not ſee mine. Forgiveneſs, of this Kind, we give and demand in Turn. It is an Exerciſe of Friendſhip, and, perhaps, none of the leaſt pleaſant. And this Forgiveneſs we muſt beſtow, without Deſire of Amendment. There is, perhaps, no ſurer Mark of Folly, than an Attempt to correct the natural Infirmities of thoſe we love. The fineſt Compoſition of human Nature, as well as the fineſt China, may have a Flaw in it; and this, I am afraid, in either Caſe, is equally incurable; though, nevertheleſs, the Pattern may remain of the higheſt Value.

Upon the whole then, Mr. *Allworthy* certainly ſaw ſome Imperfections in the Captain; but, as this

this was a very artful Man, and eternally upon his Guard before him, theſe appeared to him no more than Blemiſhes in a good Character; which his Goodneſs made him overlook, and his Wiſdom prevented him from diſcovering to the Captain himſelf. Very different would have been his Sentiments, had he diſcovered the whole; which, perhaps, would, in Time, have been the Caſe, had the Huſband and Wife long continued this Kind of Behaviour to each other: but this kind Fortune took effectual Means to prevent, by forcing the Captain to do that which rendered him again dear to his Wife, and reſtored all her Tenderneſs and Affection towards him.

CHAP. VIII.

A Receipt to regain the loſt Affections of a Wife, which hath never been known to fail in the moſt deſperate Caſes.

THE Captain was made large Amends for the unpleaſant Minutes which he paſſed in the Converſation of his Wife, (and which were as few as he could contrive to make them) by the pleaſant Meditations he enjoyed when alone.

Theſe Meditations were entirely employed on Mr. *Allworthy*'s Fortune; for firſt, he exerciſed much Thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact Value of the whole; which Calculations he often ſaw Occaſion to alter in his own Favour: And ſecondly, and chiefly, he pleaſed himſelf with intended Alterations in the Houſe and Gardens, and in projecting many other Schemes, as well for the Improvement of the Eſtate, as of the Grandeur of the Place. For this Purpoſe he

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applied himſelf to the Studies of Architecture and Gardening, and read over many Books on both theſe Subjects; for theſe Sciences, indeed, employed his whole Time, and formed his only Amuſement. He, at laſt, compleated a moſt excellent Plan; and very ſorry we are, that it is not in our Power to preſent it to our Reader, ſince even the Luxury of the preſent Age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a ſuperlative Degree, the two principal Ingredients which ſerve to recommend all great and noble Deſigns of this Nature; for it required an immoderate Expence to execute, and a vaſt Length of Time to bring it to any Sort of Perfection. The former of theſe, the immenſe Wealth of which the Captain ſuppoſed Mr. *Allworthy* poſſeſſed, and which he thought himſelf ſure of inheriting, promiſed very effectually to ſupply; and the latter, the Soundneſs of his own Conſtitution, and his Time of Life, which was only what is called Middle Age, removed all Apprehenſion of his not living to accompliſh.

Nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate Execution of this Plan, but the Death of Mr. *Allworthy*; in calculating which he had employed much of his own Algebra, beſides purchaſing every Book extant that treats of the Value of Lives, Reverſions, *&c.* From all which he ſatisfied himſelf, that as he had every Day a Chance of this happening, ſo had he more than an even Chance of its happening within a few Years.

But while the Captain was one Day buſied in deep Contemplations of this Kind, one of the moſt unlucky, as well as unſeaſonable Accidents, happened to him. The utmoſt Malice of Fortune

tune could, indeed, have contrived nothing ſo cruel, ſo mal-à-propos, ſo abſolutely deſtructive to all his Schemes. In ſhort, not to keep the Reader in long Suſpence, juſt at the very Inſtant when his Heart was exulting in Meditations on the Happineſs which would accrue to him by Mr. *Allworthy*'s Death, he himſelf——died of an Apoplexy.

This unfortunately befell the Captain as he was taking his Evening-Walk by himſelf, ſo that no Body was preſent to lend him any Aſſiſtance, if indeed any Aſſiſtance could have preſerved him. He took, therefore, Meaſure of that Proportion of Soil, which was now become adequate to all his future Purpoſes, and he lay dead on the Ground, a great (tho' not a living) Example of the Truth of that Obſervation of *Horace*:

'*Tu ſecanda marmora*
'*Locas ſub ipſum funus: & ſepulchri*
'*Immemor, ſtruis domos.*'

Which Sentiment, I ſhall thus give to the *Engliſh* Reader: 'You provide the nobleſt Materials for 'Building, when a Pick-ax and a Spade are only 'neceſſary; and build Houſes of five hundred 'by a hundred Feet, forgetting that of ſix by 'two.'

CHAP. IX.

A Proof of the Infallibility of the foregoing Receipt, in the Lamentations of the Widow; with other ſuitable Decorations of Death, ſuch as Phyſicians, &c. and an Epitaph in the true Stile.

MR. *Allworthy*, his Siſter, and another Lady, were aſſembled at the accuſtomed Hour in the Supper-Room, where having waited a conſiderable Time longer than uſual, Mr. *Allworthy* firſt declared he began to grow uneaſy at the Captain's Stay; (for he was always moſt punctual at his Meals,) and gave Orders that the Bell ſhould be rung without the Doors, and eſpecially towards thoſe Walks which the Captain was wont to uſe.

All theſe Summons proving ineffectual, (for the Captain had, by perverſe Accident, betaken himſelf to a new Walk that Evening) Mrs. *Bliſil* declared ſhe was ſeriouſly frightened. Upon which the other Lady, who was one of her moſt intimate Acquaintance, and who well knew the true State of her Affections, endeavoured all ſhe could to pacify her; telling her---To be ſure ſhe could not help being uneaſy; but that ſhe ſhould hope the beſt; that, perhaps, the Sweetneſs of the Evening had enticed the Captain to go farther than his uſual Walk; or he might be detained at ſome Neighbour's. Mrs. *Bliſil* anſwered, No; ſhe was ſure ſome Accident had befallen him: for that he would never ſtay out without ſending her Word, as he muſt know how uneaſy it would make her. The other Lady, having no other Arguments to uſe, betook herſelf to the Entrea-

ties

ties uſual on ſuch Occaſions, and begged her not to frighten herſelf, for it might be of very ill Conſequence to her own Health; and, filling out a very large Glaſs of Wine, adviſed, and at laſt prevailed with, her to drink it.

Mr. *Allworthy* now returned into the Parlour; for he had been himſelf in Search after the Captain. His Countenance ſufficiently ſhewed the Conſternation he was under, which, indeed, had a good deal deprived him of Speech; but as Grief operates variouſly on different Minds, ſo the ſame Apprehenſion which depreſſed his Voice, elevated that of Mrs. *Blifil*. She now began to bewail herſelf in very bitter Terms, and Floods of Tears accompanied her Lamentations, which the Lady, her Companion, declared ſhe could not blame; but, at the ſame Time, diſſuaded her from indulging; attempting to moderate the Grief of her Friend, by philoſophical Obſervations on the many Diſappointments to which human Life is daily ſubject, which, ſhe ſaid, was a ſufficient Conſideration to fortify our Minds againſt any Accidents, how ſudden or terrible ſoever. She ſaid, her Brother's Example ought to teach her Patience, who, tho' indeed he could not be ſuppoſed as much concerned as herſelf, yet was, doubtleſs, very uneaſy, tho' his Reſignation to the Divine Will had reſtrained his Grief within due Bounds.

'Mention not my Brother,' ſaid Mrs. *Blifil*, 'I alone am the Object of your Pity. What are 'the Terrors of Friendſhip to what a Wife feels 'on theſe Occaſions? O he is loſt! Somebody 'hath murdered him --- I ſhall never ſee him 'more'---Here a Torrent of Tears had the ſame Conſequence with what the Suppreſſion had oc-

casioned to Mr. *Allworthy*, and she remained silent.

At this Interval, a Servant came running in, out of Breath, and cried out, 'The Captain was 'found;' and, before he could proceed farther, he was followed by two more, bearing the dead Body between them.

Here the curious Reader may observe another Diversity in the Operations of Grief: For as Mr. *Allworthy* had been before silent, from the same Cause which had made his Sister vociferous; so did the present Sight, which drew Tears from the Gentleman, put an entire Stop to those of the Lady; who first gave a violent Scream, and presently after fell into a Fit.

The Room was soon full of Servants, some of whom, with the Lady visitant, were employed in Care of the Wife; and others, with Mr. *Allworthy*, assisted in carrying off the Captain to a warm Bed, where every Method was tried, in order to restore him to Life.

And glad should we be, could we inform the Reader, that both these Bodies had been attended with equal Success; for those who undertook the Care of the Lady, succeeded so well, that, after the Fit had continued a decent Time, she again revived, to their great Satisfaction: But as to the Captain, all Experiments of Bleeding, Chafing, Dropping, &c. proved ineffectual. Death, that inexorable Judge, had passed Sentence on him, and refused to grant him a Reprieve, though two Doctors who arrived, and were fee'd at one and the same Instant, were his Council.

These two Doctors, whom, to avoid any malicious Applications, we shall distinguish by the Names of Dr. *Y.* and Dr. *Z.* Having felt his Pulse;

Pulſe; to wit, Dr. *Y.* his right Arm, and Dr. Z. his left, both agreed that he was abſolutely dead; but as to the Diſtemper, or Cauſe of his Death, they differed; Dr. *Y.* holding that he had died of an Apoplexy, and Dr. Z. of an Epilepſy.

Hence aroſe a Diſpute between the learned Men, in which each delivered the Reaſons of their ſeveral Opinions. Theſe were of ſuch equal Force, that they ſerved both to confirm either Doctor in his own Sentiments, and made not the leaſt Impreſſion on his Adverſary.

To ſay the Truth, every Phyſician, almoſt, hath his favourite Diſeaſe, to which he aſcribes all the Victories obtained over human Nature. The Gout, the Rheumatiſm, the Stone, the Gravel, and the Conſumption, have all their ſeveral Patrons in the Faculty; and none more than the Nervous Fever, or the Fever on the Spirits. And here we may account for thoſe Diſagreements in Opinion, concerning the Cauſe of a Patient's Death, which ſometimes occur between the moſt Learned of the College; and which have greatly ſurprized that Part of the World who have been ignorant of the Fact we have above aſſerted.

The Reader may, perhaps, be ſurprized, that inſtead of endeavouring to revive the Patient, the learned Gentlemen ſhould fall immediately into a Diſpute on the Occaſion of his Death; but in reality, all ſuch Experiments had been made before their Arrival: For the Captain was put into a warm Bed, had his Veins ſcarified, his Forehead chafed, and all Sorts of ſtrong Drops applied to his Lips and Noſtrils.

The Phyſicians, therefore, finding themſelves anticipated in every Thing they ordered, were at a Loſs how to employ that Portion of Time which

it is uſual and decent to remain for their Fee, and were therefore neceſſitated to find ſome Subject or other for Diſcourſe; and what could more naturally preſent itſelf than that before-mentioned?

Our Doctors were about to take their Leave, when Mr. *Allworthy*, having given over the Captain, and acquieſced in the Divine Will, began to enquire after his Siſter, whom he deſired them to viſit before their Departure.

This Lady was now recovered of her Fit, and, to uſe the common Phraſe, as well as could be expected for one in her Condition. The Doctors, therefore, all previous Ceremonies being complied with, as this was a new Patient, attended, according to Deſire, and laid hold on each of her Hands, as they had before done on thoſe of the Corpſe.

The Caſe of the Lady was in the other Extreme from that of her Huſband; for, as he was paſt all the Aſſiſtance of Phyſic, ſo, in reality, ſhe required none.

There is nothing more unjuſt than the vulgar Opinion, by which Phyſicians are miſrepreſented as Friends to Death. On the contrary, I believe, if the Number of thoſe who recover by Phyſic, could be oppoſed to that of the Martyrs to it, the former would rather exceed the latter. Nay, ſome are ſo cautious on this Head, that, to avoid a Poſſibility of killing the Patient, they abſtain from all Methods of curing, and preſcribe nothing but what can neither do Good nor Harm. I have heard ſome of theſe, with great Gravity, deliver it as a Maxim, 'That 'Nature ſhould be left to do her own Work, 'while the Phyſician ſtands by, as it were, to

'clap

'clap her on the Back, and encourage her when 'she doth well.'

So little then did our Doctors delight in Death, that they discharged the Corpse after a single Fee: but they were not so disgusted with their living Patient; concerning whose Case they immediately agreed, and fell to prescribing with great Diligence.

Whether, as the Lady had, at first, persuaded her Physicians to believe her ill, they had now, in return, persuaded her to believe herself so, I will not determine; but she continued a whole Month with all the Decorations of Sickness. During this Time she was visited by Physicians, attended by Nurses, and received constant Messages from her Acquaintance, to enquire after her Health.

At length, the decent Time for Sickness and immoderate Grief being expired, the Doctors were discharged, and the Lady began to see Company; being altered only from what she was before, by that Colour of Sadness in which she had dressed her Person and Countenance.

The Captain was now interred, and might, perhaps, have already made a large Progress towards Oblivion, had not the Friendship of Mr. *Allworthy* taken Care to preserve his Memory, by the following Epitaph, which was written by a Man of as great Genius as Integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the Captain.

Here lies,
In Expectation of a joyful Rising,
The Body of
Captain JOHN BLIFIL.
LONDON
had the Honour of his Birth,
OXFORD
of his Education.
His Parts
were an Honour to his Profession
and to his Country:
His Life to his Religion
and human Nature.
He was a dutiful Son,
a tender Husband,
an affectionate Father,
a most kind Brother,
a sincere Friend,
a devout Christian,
and a good Man.
His inconsolable Widow
hath erected this Stone,
The Monument of
His Virtues,
and of Her Affection.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK III.

Containing the most memorable Transactions which passed in the Family of Mr. Allworthy, *from the Time when* Tommy Jones *arrived at the Age of Fourteen, till he attained the Age of Nineteen. In this Book the Reader may pick up some Hints concerning the Education of Children.*

CHAP. I.

Containing little or nothing.

THE Reader will be pleased to remember, that, at the Beginning of the Second Book of this History, we gave him a Hint of our Intention to pass over several large Periods of Time, in which nothing happened worthy of being recorded in a Chronicle of this Kind. In so doing, we do not only consult our own Dignity and Ease, but the Good and Advantage

of the Reader: For beſides, that by theſe Means we prevent him from throwing away his Time, in reading either without Pleaſure or Emolument, we give him, at all ſuch Seaſons, an Opportunity of employing that wonderful Sagacity, of which he is Maſter, by filling up theſe vacant Spaces of Time with his own Conjectures; for which Purpoſe, we have taken Care to qualify him in the preceding Pages.

For Inſtance, what Reader but knows that Mr. *Allworthy* felt, at firſt, for the Loſs of his Friend, thoſe Emotions of Grief, which, on ſuch Occaſions, enter into all Men whoſe Hearts are not compoſed of Flint, or their Heads of as ſolid Materials? Again, what Reader doth not know, that Philoſophy and Religion, in Time, moderated, and at laſt extinguiſhed this Grief? The former of theſe, teaching the Folly and Vanity of it, and the latter, correcting it, as unlawful, and at the ſame Time aſſuaging it, by raiſing future Hopes and Aſſurances, which enable a ſtrong and religious Mind to take Leave of a Friend, on his Death-Bed, with little leſs Indifference than if he was preparing for a long Journey; and, indeed, with little leſs Hope of ſeeing him again.

Nor can the judicious Reader be at a greater Loſs on Account of Mrs. *Bridget Blifil*, who, he may be aſſured, conducted herſelf through the whole Seaſon in which Grief is to make its Appearance on the Outſide of the Body, with the ſtricteſt Regard to all the Rules of Cuſtom and Decency, ſuiting the Alterations of her Countenance to the ſeveral Alterations of her Habit: For as this changed from Weeds to Black, from Black to Grey, from Grey to White, ſo did her Countenance change from Diſmal to Sorrowful, from

Sorrowful

Sorrowful to Sad, and from Sad to Serious, till the Day came in which ſhe was allowed to return to her former Serenity.

We have mentioned theſe two as Examples only of the Taſk which may be impoſed on Readers of the loweſt Claſs. Much higher and harder Exerciſes of Judgment and Penetration may reaſonably be expected from the upper Graduates in Criticiſm. Many notable Diſcoveries will, I doubt not, be made by ſuch, of the Tranſactions which happened in the Family of our worthy Man, during all the Years which we have thought proper to paſs over: For tho' nothing worthy of a Place in this Hiſtory occurred within that Period; yet did ſeveral Incidents happen, of equal Importance with thoſe reported by the daily and weekly Hiſtorians of the Age, in reading which, great Numbers of Perſons conſume a conſiderable Part of their Time, very little, I am afraid, to their Emolument. Now, in the Conjectures here propoſed, ſome of the moſt excellent Faculties of the Mind may be employed to much Advantage, ſince it is a more uſeful Capacity to be able to foretell the Actions of Men, in any Circumſtance, from their Characters, than to judge of their Characters from their Actions. The former, I own, requires the greater Penetration; but may be accompliſhed by true Sagacity, with no leſs Certainty than the latter.

As we are ſenſible that much the greateſt Part of our Readers are very eminently poſſeſſed of this Quality, we have left them a Space of twelve Years to exert it in; and ſhall now bring forth our Hero, at about fourteen Years of Age, not queſtioning that many have been long impatient to be introduced to his Acquaintance.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Hero of this great Hiſtory appears with very bad Omens. A little Tale, of ſo LOW *a Kind, that ſome may think it not worth their Notice. A Word or two concerning a Squire, and more relating to a Game-keeper, and a Schoolmaſter.*

AS we determined when we firſt ſat down to write this Hiſtory, to flatter no Man, but to guide our Pen throughout by the Directions of Truth, we are obliged to bring our Hero on the Stage in a much more diſadvantageous Manner than we could wiſh; and to declare honeſtly, even at his firſt Appearance, that it was the univerſal Opinion of all Mr. *Allworthy*'s Family, that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am ſorry to ſay, there was too much Reaſon for this Conjecture; the Lad having, from his earlieſt Years, diſcovered a Propenſity to many Vices, and eſpecially to one, which hath as direct a Tendency as any other to that Fate, which we have juſt now obſerved to have been prophetically denounced againſt him. He had been already convicted of three Robberies, *viz.* of robbing an Orchard, of ſtealing a Duck out of a Farmer's Yard, and of picking Maſter *Bliſil*'s Pocket of a Ball.

The Vices of this young Man were, moreover, heightened by the diſadvantageous Light in which they appeared, when oppoſed to the Virtues of Maſter *Bliſil*, his Companion: a Youth of ſo different a Caſt from little *Jones*, that not only the Family, but all the Neighbourhood, reſounded his Praiſes. He was, indeed, a Lad of a remarkable

markable Diſpoſition; ſober, diſcreet, and pious beyond his Age: Qualities which gained him the Love of every one who knew him, whilſt *Tom Jones* was univerſally diſliked; and many expreſſed their Wonder, that Mr. *Allworthy* would ſuffer ſuch a Lad to be educated with his Nephew, leſt the Morals of the latter ſhould be corrupted by his Example.

An Incident which happened about this Time, will ſet the Character of theſe two Lads more fairly before the diſcerning Reader, than is in the Power of the longeſt Diſſertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, muſt ſerve for the Hero of this Hiſtory, had only one Friend among all the Servants of the Family; for, as to Mrs. *Wilkins*, ſhe had long ſince given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her Miſtreſs. This Friend was the Game-keeper, a Fellow of a looſe Kind of Diſpoſition, and who was thought not to entertain much ſtricter Notions concerning the Difference of *meum* and *tuum*, than the young Gentleman himſelf. And hence, this Friendſhip gave Occaſion to many ſarcaſtical Remarks among the Domeſtics, moſt of which were either Proverbs before, or, at leaſt, are become ſo now; and, indeed, the Wit of them all may be compriſed in that ſhort *Latin* Proverb, '*Noſcitur a ſocio*,' which, I think, is thus expreſſed in *Engliſh*, 'You may know him by the Company he keeps.'

To ſay the Truth, ſome of that atrocious Wickedneſs in *Jones*, of which we have juſt mentioned three Examples, might, perhaps, be derived from the Encouragement he had received from this Fellow, who, in two or three Inſtances, had been what the Law calls an Acceſſary

after

after the Fact. For the whole Duck, and great Part of the Apples, were converted to the Uſe of the Game-keeper, and his Family. Tho' as *Jones* alone was diſcovered, the poor Lad bore not only the whole Smart, but the whole Blame; both which fell again to his Lot, on the following Occaſion.

Contiguous to Mr. *Allworthy*'s Eſtate, was the Manor of one of thoſe Gentlemen, who are called *Preſervers of the Game*. This Species of Men, from the great Severity with which they revenge the Death of a Hare, or a Partridge, might be thought to cultivate the ſame Superſtition with the Bannians in *India*; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole Lives to the Preſervation and Protection of certain Animals, was it not that our *Engliſh* Bannians, while they preſerve them from other Enemies, will moſt unmercifully ſlaughter whole Horſe-loads themſelves, ſo that they ſtand clearly acquitted of any ſuch heatheniſh Superſtition.

I have, indeed, a much better Opinion of this Kind of Men than is entertained by ſome, as I take them to anſwer the Order of Nature, and the good Purpoſes for which they were ordained, in a more ample Manner than many others. Now, as *Horace* tells us, that there are a Set of human Beings,

'*Fruges conſumere nati.*

'Born to conſume the Fruits of the Earth.' So, I make no Manner of Doubt but that there are others,

'*Feras conſumere nati.*

'Born

'Born to consume the Beasts of the Field,' or, as it is commonly called, the Game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those Squires fulfill this End of their Creation.

Little *Jones* went one Day a shooting with the Game-keeper; when, happening to spring a Covey of Partridges, near the Border of that Manor, over which Fortune, to fulfill the wise Purposes of Nature, had planted one of the Game-Consumers, the Birds flew into it, and were *marked* (as it is called) by the two Sportsmen, in some Furze-Bushes, about two or three hundred Paces beyond Mr. *Allworthy*'s Dominions.

Mr. *Allworthy* had given the Fellow strict Orders, on Pain of forfeiting his Place, never to trespass on any of his Neighbours; no more on those who were less rigid in this Matter, than on the Lord of this Manor. With regard to others, indeed, these Orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the Disposition of the Gentleman with whom the Partridges had taken Sanctuary, was well known, the Game-keeper had never yet attempted to invade his Territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger Sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying Game, over-persuaded him; but *Jones* being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the Sport, yielded to his Persuasions, entered the Manor, and shot one of the Partridges.

The Gentleman himself was at that Time on Horseback, at a little Distance from them; and hearing the Gun go off, he immediately made towards the Place, and discovered poor *Tom*: For the Game-keeper had leapt into the thickest Part of the Furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The

The Gentleman having ſearched the Lad, and found the Partridge upon him, denounced great Vengeance, ſwearing he would acquaint Mr. *Allworthy*. He was as good as his Word; for he rode immediately to his Houſe, and complained of the Treſpaſs on his Manor, in as high Terms, and as bitter Language, as if his Houſe had been broken open, and the moſt valuable Furniture ſtole out of it. He added, that ſome other Perſon was in his Company, tho' he could not diſcover him: for that two Guns had been diſcharged almoſt in the ſame Inſtant. And, ſays he, 'we have found only this Partridge, but the 'Lord knows what Miſchief they have done.'

At his Return home, *Tom* was preſently convened before Mr. *Allworthy*. He owned the Fact, and alledged no other Excuſe but what was really true, *viz.* that the Covey was originally ſprung in Mr. *Allworthy*'s own Manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. *Allworthy* declared he was reſolved to know, acquainting the Culprit with the Circumſtance of the two Guns, which had been depoſed by the Squire and both his Servants; but *Tom* ſtoutly perſiſted in aſſerting that he was alone: yet, to ſay the Truth, he heſitated a little at firſt, which would have confirmed Mr. *Allworthy*'s Belief, had what the Squire and his Servants ſaid, wanted any further Confirmation.

The Game-keeper being a ſuſpected Perſon, was now ſent for, and the Queſtion put to him; but he, relying on the Promiſe which *Tom* had made him, to take all upon himſelf, very reſolutely denied being in Company with the young Gentleman, or indeed having ſeen him the whole Afternoon.

Mr.

Mr. *Allworthy* then turned towards *Tom*, with more than uſual Anger in his Countenance, and adviſed him to confeſs who was with him; repeating, that he was reſolved to know. The Lad, however, ſtill maintained his Reſolution, and was diſmiſſed with much Wrath by Mr. *Allworthy*, who told him, he ſhould have to the next Morning to conſider of it, when he ſhould be queſtioned by another Perſon, and in another Manner.

Poor *Jones* ſpent a very melancholy Night, and the more ſo, as he was without his uſual Companion: for Maſter *Blifil* was gone abroad on a Viſit with his Mother. Fear of the Puniſhment he was to ſuffer, was on this Occaſion his leaſt Evil; his chief Anxiety being, leſt his Conſtancy ſhould fail him, and he ſhould be brought to betray the Game-keeper, whoſe Ruin he knew muſt now be the Conſequence.

Nor did the Game-keeper paſs his Time much better. He had the ſame Apprehenſions with the Youth; for whoſe Honour he had likewiſe a much tenderer Regard than for his Skin.

In the Morning, when *Tom* attended the Reverend Mr. *Thwackum*, the Perſon to whom Mr. *Allworthy* had committed the Inſtruction of the two Boys, he had the ſame Queſtions put to him by that Gentleman, which he had been aſked the Evening before, to which he returned the ſame Anſwers. The Conſequence of this was ſo ſevere a Whipping, that it poſſibly fell little ſhort of the Torture with which Confeſſions are in ſome Countries extorted from Criminals.

Tom bore his Puniſhment with great Reſolution; and tho' his Maſter aſked him between every Stroke, whether he would not confeſs, he

was

was contented to be flead rather than betray his Friend, or break the Promiſe he had made.

The Game-keeper was now relieved from his Anxiety, and Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf began to be concerned at *Tom*'s Sufferings: For, beſides that Mr. *Thwackum*, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the Boy ſay what he himſelf pleaſed, had carried his Severity much beyond the good Man's Intention, this latter began now to ſuſpect that the Squire had been miſtaken; which his extreme Eagerneſs and Anger ſeemed to make probable; and as for what the Servants had ſaid in Confirmation of their Maſter's Account, he laid no great Streſs upon that. Now, as Cruelty and Injuſtice were two Ideas, of which Mr. *Allworthy* could by no Means ſupport the Conſciouſneſs a ſingle Moment, he ſent for *Tom*, and after many kind and friendly Exhortations, ſaid, 'I 'am convinced, my dear Child, that my Suſ-'picions have wronged you; I am ſorry that you 'have been ſo ſeverely puniſhed on this Account.' --- And at laſt gave him a little Horſe to make him Amends; again repeating his Sorrow for what had paſt.

Tom's Guilt now flew in his Face more than any Severity could make it. He could more eaſily bear the Laſhes of *Thwackum*, than the Generoſity of *Allworthy*. The Tears burſt from his Eyes, and he fell upon his Knees, crying, 'Oh! 'Sir, you are too good to me. Indeed, you are. 'Indeed, I don't deſerve it.' And at that very Inſtant, from the Fulneſs of his Heart, had almoſt betrayed the Secret; but the good Genius of the Game-keeper ſuggeſted to him what might be the Conſequence to the poor Fellow, and this Conſideration ſealed his Lips.

Thwac-

Thwackum did all he could to diſſuade *Allworthy* from ſhewing any Compaſſion or Kindneſs to the Boy, ſaying, 'He had perſiſted in an 'Untruth;' and gave ſome Hints, that a ſecond Whipping might probably bring the Matter to Light.

But Mr. *Allworthy* abſolutely refuſed to conſent to the Experiment. He ſaid, the Boy had ſuffered enough already, for concealing the Truth, even if he was guilty, ſeeing that he could have no Motive but a miſtaken Point of Honour for ſo doing.

Honour! cry'd *Thwackum*, with ſome Warmth, mere Stubbornneſs and Obſtinacy! Can Honour teach any one to tell a Lie, or can any Honour exiſt independent of Religion?

This Diſcourſe happened at Table when Dinner was juſt ended; and there were preſent Mr. *Allworthy*, Mr. *Thwackum*, and a third Gentleman who now entered into the Debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we ſhall briefly introduce to our Reader's Acquaintance.

CHAP. III.

The Character of Mr. Square *the Philoſopher, and of Mr.* Thwackum *the Divine; with a Diſpute concerning* ——

THE Name of this Gentleman who had then reſided ſome time at Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe, was Mr. *Square*. His natural Parts were not of the firſt Rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned Education. He was deeply read in the Antients, and a profeſt Maſter of all the Works of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*. Upon which great Models

Models he had principally form'd himſelf, ſometimes according with the Opinion of the one, and ſometimes with that of the other. In Morals he was a profeſt *Platoniſt*, and in Religion he inclined to be an *Ariſtotelian*.

But tho' he had, as we have ſaid, formed his Morals on the *Platonic* Model, yet he perfectly agreed with the Opinion of *Ariſtotle*, in conſidering that great Man rather in the Quality of a Philoſopher or a Speculatiſt, than as a Legiſlator. This Sentiment he carried a great Way; indeed, ſo far, as to regard all Virtue as Matter of Theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the leaſt Attention to his Conduct, I cannot help thinking, it was his real Opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile ſome Contradictions, which might otherwiſe appear in his Character.

This Gentleman and Mr. *Thwackum* ſcarce ever met without a Diſputation; for their Tenets were, indeed, diametrically oppoſite to each other. *Square* held human Nature to be the Perfection of all Virtue, and that Vice was a Deviation from our Nature in the ſame Manner as Deformity of Body is. *Thwackum*, on the contrary, maintained that the human Mind, ſince the Fall, was nothing but a Sink of Iniquity, till purified and redeemed by Grace. In one Point only they agreed, which was, in all their Diſcourſes on Morality never to mention the Word *Goodneſs*. The favourite Phraſe of the former was *the natural Beauty of Virtue*; that of the latter was the *divine Power of Grace*. The former meaſured all Actions by the *unalterable Rule of Right*, and the *eternal Fitneſs of Things*; the latter decided all Matters by Authority: but, in

doing

doing this, he always uſed the Scriptures and their Commentators, as the Lawyer doth his *Coke upon Lyttleton*, where the Comment is of equal Authority with the Text.

After this ſhort Introduction, the Reader will be pleaſed to remember, that the Parſon had concluded his Speech with a triumphant Queſtion, to which he had apprehended no Anſwer; *viz.* Can any Honour exiſt independent on Religion?

To this *Square* anſwered, that it was impoſſible to diſcourſe philoſophically concerning Words, till their Meaning was firſt eſtabliſhed; that there were ſcarce any two Words of a more vague and uncertain Signification, than the two he had mentioned: For that there were almoſt as many different Opinions concerning Honour, as concerning Religion. 'But, ſays he, if by Honour you 'mean the true natural Beauty of Virtue, I will 'maintain it may exiſt independent of any Reli-'gion whatever. Nay, (added he) you yourſelf 'will allow it may exiſt independent of all but 'one; ſo will a *Mahometan*, a *Jew*, and all the 'Maintainers of all the different Sects in the 'World.'

Thwackum replied, This was arguing with the uſual Malice of all the Enemies to the true Church. He ſaid, he doubted not but that all the Infidels and Hereticks in the World would, if they could, confine Honour to their own abſurd Errors, and damnable Deceptions: 'But 'Honour, ſays he, is not therefore manifold, be-'cauſe there are many abſurd Opinions about it; 'nor is Religion manifold, becauſe there are va-'rious Sects and Hereſies in the World. When 'I mention Religion, I mean the Chriſtian Re-'ligion; and not only the Chriſtian Religion,

'but

'but the Proteſtant Religion; and not only the 'Proteſtant Religion, but the Church of *England*. And, when I mention Honour, I mean 'that Mode of Divine Grace which is not only 'conſiſtent with, but dependent upon, this Re-'ligion; and is conſiſtent with, and dependent 'upon, no other. Now to ſay that the Honour 'I here mean, and which was, I thought, all 'the Honour I could be ſuppoſed to mean, will 'uphold, much leſs dictate, an Untruth, is to 'aſſert an Abſurdity too ſhocking to be con-'ceived.'

'I purpoſely avoided,' ſays *Square*, 'drawing 'a Concluſion which I thought evident from 'what I have ſaid; but if you perceived it, I 'am ſure you have not attempted to anſwer it. 'However, to drop the Article of Religion, I 'think it is plain, from what you have ſaid, that 'we have different Ideas of Honour; or why do 'we not agree in the ſame Terms of its Expla-'nation? I have aſſerted, that true Honour and 'true Virtue are almoſt ſynonymous Terms, and 'they are both founded on the unalterable Rule 'of Right, and the eternal Fitneſs of Things; 'to which an Untruth being abſolutely repug-'nant and contrary, it is certain that true Ho-'nour cannot ſupport an Untruth. In this, 'therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this 'Honour can be ſaid to be founded on Religion, 'to which it is antecedent, if by Religion be 'meant any poſitive Law——'

'I agree,' anſwered *Thwackum*, with great Warmth, 'with a Man who aſſerts Honour to 'be antecedent to Religion!--- Mr. *Allworthy*, 'did I agree——?'

He

He was proceeding, when Mr. *Allworthy* interposed, telling them very coldly, they had both mistaken his Meaning; for that he had said nothing of true Honour.---It is possible, however, he would not have easily quieted the Disputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another Matter now fallen out, which put a final End to the Conversation at present.

CHAP. IV.

Containing a necessary Apology for the Author; and a childish Incident, which perhaps requires an Apology likewise.

BEFORE I proceed farther, I shall beg Leave to obviate some Misconstructions, into which the Zeal of some few Readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give Offence to any, especially to Men who are warm in the Cause of Virtue or Religion.

I hope, therefore, no Man will, by the grossest Misunderstanding, or Perversion, of my Meaning, misrepresent me, as endeavouring to cast any Ridicule on the greatest Perfections of Human Nature; and which do, indeed, alone purify and enoble the Heart of Man, and raise him above the Brute Creation. This, Reader, I will venture to say, (and by how much the better Man you are yourself, by so much the more will you be inclined to believe me) that I would rather have buried the Sentiments of these two Persons in eternal Oblivion, than have done any Injury to either of these glorious Causes.

On the contrary, it is with a View to their Service that I have taken upon me to record the

Lives and Actions of two of their falſe and pretended Champions. A treacherous Friend is the moſt dangerous Enemy; and I will ſay boldly, that both Religion and Virtue have received more real Diſcredit from Hypocrites, than the wittieſt Profligates or Infidels could ever caſt upon them: Nay farther, as theſe two, in their Purity, are rightly called the Bands of civil Society, and are indeed the greateſt of Bleſſings; ſo when poiſoned and corrupted with Fraud, Pretence and Affectation, they have become the worſt of civil Curſes, and have enabled Men to perpetrate the moſt cruel Miſchiefs on their own Species.

Indeed, I doubt not but this Ridicule will in general be allowed; my chief Apprehenſion is, as many true and juſt Sentiments often came from the Mouths of theſe Perſons, leſt the whole ſhould be taken together, and I ſhould be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the Reader will be pleaſed to conſider, that as neither of theſe Men were Fools, they could not be ſuppoſed to have holden none but wrong Principles, and to have uttered nothing but Abſurdities; what Injuſtice, therefore, muſt I have done to their Characters, had I ſelected only what was bad, and how horridly wretched and maimed muſt their Arguments have appeared!

Upon the whole, it is not Religion or Virtue, but the Want of them, which is here expoſed. Had not *Thwackum* too much neglected Virtue, and *Square* Religion, in the Compoſition of their ſeveral Syſtems; and had not both utterly diſcarded all natural Goodneſs of Heart, they had never been repreſented as the Objects of Deriſion in this Hiſtory; in which we will now proceed.

This

This Matter, then, which put an End to the Debate mentioned in the laſt Chapter, was no other than a Quarrel between Maſter *Blifil* and *Tom Jones*, the Conſequence of which had been a bloody Noſe to the former; for though Maſter *Blifil*, notwithſtanding he was the younger, was in Size above the other's Match, yet *Tom* was much his Superior at the noble Art of Boxing.

Tom, however, cautiouſly avoided all Engagements with that Youth: For, beſides that *Tommy Jones* was an inoffenſive Lad amidſt all his Roguery, and really loved *Blifil*, Mr. *Thwackum* being always the Second of the latter, would have been ſufficient to deter him.

But well ſays a certain Author, No Man is wiſe at all Hours; it is therefore no Wonder that a Boy is not ſo. A Difference ariſing at Play between the two Lads, Maſter *Blifil* called *Tom* a *Beggarly Baſtard*. Upon which the latter, who was ſomewhat paſſionate in his Diſpoſition, immediately cauſed that Phænomenon in the Face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Maſter *Blifil* now, with his Blood running from his Noſe, and the Tears galloping after from his Eyes, appeared before his Uncle, and the tremendous *Thwackum*: in which Court an Indictment of Aſſault, Battery, and Wounding, was inſtantly preferred againſt *Tom*; who in his Excuſe only pleaded the Provocation, which was indeed all the Matter that Maſter *Blifil* had omitted.

It is indeed poſſible, that this Circumſtance might have eſcaped his Memory; for, in his Reply, he poſitively inſiſted, that he had made Uſe of no ſuch Appellation; adding, 'Heaven forbid

'such naughty Words should ever come out of 'his Mouth.'

Tom, though againſt all Form of Law, rejoined in Affirmance of the Words. Upon which Maſter *Blifil* ſaid, 'It is no Wonder. Thoſe who will 'tell one Fib, will hardly ſtick at another. If 'I had told my Maſter ſuch a wicked Fib as you 'have done, I ſhould be aſhamed to ſhew my 'Face.'

'What Fib, Child?' cries *Thwackum* pretty eagerly.

'Why, he told you that Nobody was with 'him a ſhooting when he killed the Partridge; 'but he knows, (here he burſt into a Flood of 'Tears) yes, he knows; for he confeſſed it to 'me, that *Black Jack* the Game-keeper was 'there. Nay, he ſaid,---Yes you did,---deny it 'if you can, That you would not have confeſt 'the Truth, though Maſter had cut you to 'Pieces.'

At this the Fire flaſhed from *Thwackum*'s Eyes; and he cried out in Triumph: 'Oh ho! This is 'your miſtaken Notion of Honour! This is the 'Boy who was not to be whipped again!' But Mr. *Allworthy*, with a more gentle Aſpect, turned towards the Lad, and ſaid, 'Is this true, Child? 'How came you to perſiſt ſo obſtinately in a 'Falſhood?'

Tom ſaid, He ſcorned a Lie as much as any 'one; but he thought his Honour engaged him 'to act as he did: for he had promiſed the poor 'Fellow to conceal him; which,' he ſaid, 'he 'thought himſelf farther obliged to, as the Game-'keeper had begged him not to go into the Gen-'tleman's Manor, and had at laſt gone himſelf 'in Compliance with his Perſuaſions.' He ſaid,

'this

'this was the whole Truth of the Matter, and 'he would take his Oath of it;' and concluded with very paſſionately begging Mr. *Allworthy*, 'to have Compaſſion on the poor Fellow's Fa-'mily, eſpecially as he himſelf had been only 'guilty, and the other had been very difficultly 'prevailed on to do what he did.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid he, 'it could hardly be called a Lie that I 'told; for the poor Fellow was entirely inno-'cent of the whole Matter.' 'I ſhould have gone 'alone after the Birds; nay, I did go at firſt, 'and he only followed me to prevent more Miſ-'chief. Do, pray Sir, let me be puniſhed; take 'my little Horſe away again; but pray, Sir, for-'give poor *George*.'

Mr. *Allworthy* heſitated a few Moments, and then diſmiſſed the Boys, adviſing them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

CHAP. V.

The Opinions of the Divine and the Philoſopher concerning the two Boys; with ſome Reaſons for their Opinions, and other Matters.

IT is probable, that by diſcloſing this Secret, which had been communicated in the utmoſt Confidence to him, young *Bliſil* preſerved his Companion from a good Laſhing: For the Offence of the bloody Noſe would have been of itſelf ſufficient Cauſe for *Thwackum* to have proceeded to Correction; but now this was totally abſorbed, in the Conſideration of the other Matter; and with Regard to this, Mr. *Allworthy* declared privately, he thought the Boy deſerved

Reward rather than Puniſhment; ſo that *Thwackum*'s Hand was withheld by a general Pardon.

Thwackum, whoſe Meditations were full of Birch, exclaimed againſt this weak, and, as he ſaid he would venture to call it, wicked Lenity. To remit the Puniſhment of ſuch Crimes, was, he ſaid, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the Correction of Children, and quoted many Texts from *Solomon*, and others; which being to be found in ſo many other Books, ſhall not be found here. He then applied himſelf to the Vice of Lying, on which Head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square ſaid, He had been endeavouring to reconcile the Behaviour of *Tom* with his Idea of perfect Virtue; but could not. He owned there was ſomething which at firſt Sight appeared like Fortitude in the Action; but as Fortitude was a Virtue, and Falſhood a Vice, they could by no Means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in ſome meaſure to confound Virtue and Vice, it might be worth Mr. *Thwackum*'s Conſideration, whether a larger Caſtigation might not be laid on upon that Account.

As both theſe learned Men concurred in cenſuring *Jones*, ſo were they no leſs unanimous in applauding Maſter *Bliſil*. To bring Truth to Light, was by the Parſon aſſerted to be the Duty of every religious Man; and by the Philoſopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the Rule of Right, and the eternal and unalterable Fitneſs of Things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr. *Allworthy*. He could not be prevailed on to ſign the Warrant for the Execution of *Jones*. There was ſomething within his own Breaſt with which

which the invincible Fidelity which that Youth had preſerved, correſponded much better than it had done with the Religion of *Thwackum*, or with the Virtue of *Square*. He therefore ſtrictly ordered the former of theſe Gentlemen to abſtain from laying violent Hands on *Tom* for what had paſt. The Pedagogue was obliged to obey thoſe Orders; but not without great Reluctance, and frequent Mutterings, that the Boy would be certainly ſpoiled.

Towards the Game-keeper the good Man behaved with more Severity. He preſently ſummoned that poor Fellow before him, and after many bitter Remonſtrances, paid him his Wages, and diſmiſſed him from his Service; for Mr. *Allworthy* rightly obſerved, that there was a great Difference between being guilty of a Falſhood to excuſe yourſelf, and to excuſe another. He likewiſe urged, as the principal Motive to his inflexible Severity againſt this Man, that he had baſely ſuffered *Tom Jones* to undergo ſo heavy a Puniſhment for his Sake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the Diſcovery himſelf.

When this Story became public, many People differed from *Square* and *Thwackum*, in judging the Conduct of the two Lads on the Occaſion. Maſter *Bliſil* was generally called a ſneaking Raſcal, a poor-ſpirited Wretch, with other Epithets of the like Kind; whilſt *Tom* was honoured with the Appellations of a brave Lad, a jolly Dog, and an honeſt Fellow. Indeed his Behaviour to *Black George* much ingratiated him with all the Servants; for though that Fellow was before univerſally diſliked, yet he was no ſooner turned away than he was as univerſally pitied; and the

Friendſhip and Gallantry of *Tom Jones* was celebrated by them all with the higheſt Applauſe; and they condemned Maſter *Bliſil*, as openly as they durſt, without incurring the Danger of offending his Mother. For all this, however, poor *Tom* ſmarted in the Fleſh; for though *Thwackum* had been inhibited to exerciſe his Arm on the foregoing Account, yet, as the Proverb ſays, *It is eaſy to find a Stick*, &c. ſo was it eaſy to find a Rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only Thing which could have kept *Thwackum* any long Time from chaſtiſing poor *Jones*.

Had the bare Delight in the Sport been the only Inducement to the Pedagogue, it is probable, Maſter *Bliſil* would likewiſe have had his Share; but though Mr. *Allworthy* had given him frequent Orders to make no Difference between the Lads, yet was *Thwackum* altogether as kind and gentle to this Youth, as he was harſh, nay even barbarous, to the other. To ſay the Truth, *Bliſil* had greatly gained his Maſter's Affections, partly by the profound Reſpect he always ſhewed his Perſon, but much more by the decent Reverence with which he received his Doctrine; for he had got by Heart, and frequently repeated his Phraſes, and maintained all his Maſter's religious Principles with a Zeal which was ſurpriſing in one ſo young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy Preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward Tokens of Reſpect, often forgetting to pull off his Hat, or to bow at his Maſter's Approach; but was altogether as unmindful both of his Maſter's Precepts and Example. He was indeed a thoughtleſs, giddy

Youth,

Youth, with little Sobriety in his Manners, and leſs in his Countenance; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his Companion for his ſerious Behaviour.

Mr. *Square* had the ſame Reaſon for his Preference of the former Lad; for *Tom Jones* ſhewed no more Regard to the learned Diſcourſes which this Gentleman would ſometimes throw away upon him, than to thoſe of *Thwackum*. He once ventured to make a Jeſt of the Rule of Right; and at another Time ſaid, He believed there was no Rule in the World capable of making ſuch a Man as his Father, (for ſo Mr. *Allworthy* ſuffered himſelf to be called.)

Maſter *Bliſil*, on the contrary, had Addreſs enough at Sixteen to recommend himſelf at one and the ſame Time to both theſe Oppoſites. With one he was all Religion, with the other he was all Virtue. And when both were preſent, he was profoundly ſilent, which both interpreted in his Favour and their own.

Nor was *Bliſil* contented with flattering both theſe Gentlemen to their Faces: he took frequent Occaſions of praiſing them behind their Backs to *Allworthy*; before whom, when they were alone together, and when his Uncle commended any religious or virtuous Sentiment, (for many ſuch came conſtantly from him) he ſeldom failed to aſcribe it to the good Inſtructions he had received from either *Thwackum* or *Square*: For he knew his Uncle repeated all ſuch Compliments to the Perſons for whoſe Uſe they were meant; and he found by Experience the great Impreſſions which they made on the Philoſopher, as well as on the Divine: For, to ſay the Truth, there is no Kind

of Flattery ſo irreſiſtible as this, at ſecond Hand.

The young Gentleman, moreover, ſoon perceived how extremely grateful all thoſe Panegyricks on his Inſtructors were to Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf, as they ſo loudly reſounded the Praiſe of that ſingular Plan of Education which he had laid down: For this worthy Man having obſerved the imperfect Inſtitution of our public Schools, and the many Vices which Boys were there liable to learn, had reſolved to educate his Nephew, as well as the other Lad, whom he had in a Manner adopted, in his own Houſe; where he thought their Morals would eſcape all that Danger of being corrupted, to which they would be unavoidably expoſed in any public School or Univerſity.

Having therefore determined to commit theſe Boys to the Tuition of a private Tutor, Mr. *Thwackum* was recommended to him for that Office, by a very particular Friend, of whoſe Underſtanding Mr. *Allworthy* had a great Opinion, and in whoſe Integrity he placed much Confidence. This *Thwackum* was Fellow of a College, where he had almoſt entirely reſided; and had a great Reputation for Learning, Religion, and Sobriety of Manners. And theſe were doubtleſs the Qualifications by which Mr. *Allworthy*'s Friend had been induced to recommend him; tho' indeed this Friend had ſome Obligations to *Thwackum*'s Family, who were the moſt conſiderable Perſons in a Borough which that Gentleman repreſented in Parliament.

Thwackum, at his firſt Arrival, was extremely agreeable to *Allworthy*; and indeed he perfectly anſwered the Character which had been given of him.

him. Upon longer Acquaintance, however, and more intimate Converſation, this worthy Man ſaw Infirmities in the Tutor, which he could have wiſhed him to have been without; tho' as thoſe ſeemed greatly over-balanced by his good Qualities, they did not incline Mr. *Allworthy* to part with him; nor would they indeed have juſtified ſuch a Proceeding: For the Reader is greatly miſtaken, if he conceives that *Thwackum* appeared to Mr. *Allworthy* in the ſame Light as he doth to him in this Hiſtory; and he is as much deceived, if he imagines, that the moſt intimate Acquaintance which he himſelf could have had with that Divine, would have informed him of thoſe Things, which we, from our Inſpiration, are enabled to open and diſcover. Of Readers who from ſuch Conceits as theſe, condemn the Wiſdom or Penetration of Mr. *Allworthy*, I ſhall not ſcruple to ſay, that they make a very bad and ungrateful Uſe of that Knowledge which we have communicated to them.

Theſe apparent Errors in the Doctrine of *Thwackum* ſerved greatly to palliate the contrary Errors in that of *Square*, which our good Man no leſs ſaw and condemned. He thought indeed that the different Exuberancies of theſe Gentlemen would correct their different Imperfections; and that from both, eſpecially with his Aſſiſtance, the two Lads would derive ſufficient Precepts of true Religion and Virtue. If the Event happened contrary to his Expectations, this poſſibly proceeded from ſome Fault in the Plan itſelf; which the Reader hath my Leave to diſcover, if he can: For we do not pretend to introduce any infallible Characters into this Hiſtory; where we hope no-

thing will be found which hath never yet been ſeen in human Nature.

To return therefore; the Reader will not, I think, wonder that the different Behaviour of the two Lads above commemorated, produced the different Effects, of which he hath already ſeen ſome Inſtance; and beſides this, there was another Reaſon for the Conduct of the Philoſopher and the Pedagogue: but this being Matter of great Importance, we ſhall reveal it in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a better Reaſon ſtill for the before-mentioned Opinions.

IT is to be known then, that thoſe two learned Perſonages, who have lately made a conſiderable Figure on the Theatre of this Hiſtory, had from their firſt Arrival at Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe, taken ſo great an Affection, the one to his Virtue, the other to his Religion, that they had meditated the cloſeſt Alliance with him.

For this Purpoſe they had caſt their Eyes on that fair Widow, whom, tho' we have not for ſome Time made any Mention of her, the Reader, we truſt, hath not forgot. Mrs. *Bliſil* was indeed the Object to which they both aſpired.

It may ſeem remarkable, that of four Perſons whom we have commemorated at Mr. *Allworthy*'s Houſe, three of them ſhould fix their Inclinations on a Lady who was never greatly celebrated for her Beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little deſcended into the Vale of Years; but in reality Boſom-Friends, and intimate Acquaint-

ance, have a Kind of natural Propenſity to particular Females at the Houſe of a Friend, *viz.* to his Grand-mother, Mother, Siſter, Daughter, Aunt, Niece, and Couſin, when they are rich; and to his Wife, Siſter, Daughter, Niece, Couſin, Miſtreſs, or Servant-Maid, if they ſhould be handſome.

We would not, however, have our Reader imagine, that Perſons of ſuch Characters as were ſupported by *Thwackum* and *Square*, would undertake a Matter of this Kind, which hath been a little cenſured by ſome rigid Moraliſts, before they had thoroughly examined it, and conſidered whether it was (as *Shakeſpear* phraſes it) 'Stuff 'o' th' Conſcience' or no. *Thwackum* was encouraged to the Undertaking, by reflecting, that to covet your Neighbour's Siſter is no where forbidden; and he knew it was a Rule in the Conſtruction of all Laws, that '*Expreſſum facit ceſſare Tacitum.*' The Senſe of which is, 'When 'a Law-giver ſets down plainly his whole Meaning, we are prevented from making him mean 'what we pleaſe ourſelves.' As ſome Inſtances of Women, therefore, are mentioned in the Divine Law, which forbids us to covet our Neighbour's Goods, and that of a Siſter omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And as to *Square*, who was in his Perſon what is called a jolly Fellow, or a Widow's Man, he eaſily reconciled his Choice to the eternal Fitneſs of Things.

Now, as both theſe Gentlemen were induſtrious in taking every Opportunity of recommending themſelves to the Widow, they apprehended one certain Method was, by giving her Son the conſtant Preference to the other Lad; and, as they conceived the Kindneſs and Affection which

Mr.

Mr. *Allworthy* ſhewed the latter, muſt be highly diſagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all Occaſions to degrade and vilify him, would be highly pleaſing to her; who, as ſhe hated the Boy, muſt love all thoſe who did him any Hurt. In this *Thwackum* had the Advantage; for while *Square* could only ſcarify the poor Lad's Reputation, he could flea his Skin; and, indeed, he conſidered every Laſh he gave him, as a Compliment paid to his Miſtreſs; ſo that he could, with the utmoſt Propriety, repeat this old flogging Line, '*Caſtigo te non quod odio* '*habeam, ſed quod* AMEM; I chaſtiſe thee not 'out of Hatred, but out of Love.' And this, indeed, he often had in his Mouth, or rather, according to the old Phraſe, never more properly applied, at his Fingers Ends.

For this Reaſon principally, the two Gentlemen concurred, as we have ſeen above, in their Opinion concerning the two Lads; this being, indeed, almoſt the only Inſtance of their concurring on any Point: For, beſides the Difference of their Principles, they had both long ago ſtrongly ſuſpected each other's Deſign, and hated one another with no little Degree of Inveteracy.

This mutual Animoſity was a good deal encreaſed by their alternate Succeſſes: For Mrs. *Bliſil* knew what they would be at long before they imagined it; or indeed intended ſhe ſhould: For they proceeded with great Caution, leſt ſhe ſhould be offended, and acquaint Mr. *Allworthy*. But they had no Reaſon for any ſuch Fear; ſhe was well enough pleaſed with a Paſſion, of which ſhe intended none ſhould have any Fruits but herſelf. And the only Fruits ſhe deſigned for herſelf, were Flattery and Courtſhip; for which

Purpoſe,

Purpoſe, ſhe ſoothed them by Turns, and a long Time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the Parſon's Principles; but *Square*'s Perſon was more agreeable to her Eye, for he was a comely Man; whereas the Pedagogue did in Countenance very nearly reſemble that Gentleman, who, in the Harlot's Progreſs, is ſeen correcting the Ladies in *Bridewell*.

Whether Mrs. *Blifil* had been ſurfeited with the Sweets of Marriage, or diſguſted by its Bitters, or from what other Cauſe it proceeded, I will not determine; but ſhe could never be brought to liſten to any ſecond Propoſals. However, ſhe at laſt converſed with *Square* with ſuch a Degree of Intimacy, that malicious Tongues began to whiſper Things of her, to which, as well for the Sake of the Lady, as that they were highly diſagreeable to the Rule of Right, and the Fitneſs of Things, we will give no Credit, and therefore ſhall not blot our Paper with them. The Pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipt on, without getting a Step nearer to his Journey's End.

Indeed, he had committed a great Error, and that *Square* diſcovered much ſooner than himſelf. Mrs. *Blifil* (as, perhaps, the Reader may have formerly gueſſed) was not over and above pleaſed with the Behaviour of her Huſband; nay, to be honeſt, ſhe abſolutely hated him, till his Death, at laſt, a little reconciled him to her Affections. It will not be therefore greatly wondered at, if ſhe had not the moſt violent Regard to the Offſpring ſhe had by him. And, in Fact, ſhe had ſo little of this Regard, that in his Infancy ſhe ſeldom ſaw her Son, or took any Notice of him; and hence ſhe acquieſced, after a little Reluctance, in all the Favours which Mr. *Allworthy* ſhowered

on

on the Foundling; whom the good Man called his own Boy, and in all Things put on an entire Equality with Maſter *Bliſil*. The Acquieſcence in Mrs. *Bliſil* was conſidered by the Neighbours, and by the Family, as a Mark of her Condeſcenſion to her Brother's Humour, and ſhe was imagined by all others, as well as *Thwackum* and *Square*, to hate the Foundling in her Heart; nay, the more Civility ſhe ſhewed him, the more they conceived ſhe deteſted him, and the ſurer Schemes ſhe was laying for his Ruin: For as they thought it her Intereſt to hate him, it was very difficult for her to perſuade them ſhe did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his Opinion, as ſhe had more than once ſlily cauſed him to whip *Tom Jones*, when Mr. *Allworthy*, who was an Enemy to this Exerciſe, was abroad; whereas ſhe had never given any ſuch Orders concerning young *Bliſil*. And this had likewiſe impoſed upon *Square*. In reality, tho' ſhe certainly hated her own Son, of which, however monſtrous it appears, I am aſſured, ſhe is not a ſingular Inſtance, ſhe appeared, notwithſtanding all her outward Compliance, to be in her Heart ſufficiently diſpleaſed with all the Favour ſhewn by Mr. *Allworthy* to the Foundling. She frequently complained of this behind her Brother's Back, and very ſharply cenſured him for it, both to *Thwackum* and *Square*; nay, ſhe would throw it in the Teeth of *Allworthy* himſelf, when a little Quarrel, or Miff, as it is vulgarly called, aroſe between them.

However, when *Tom* grew up, and gave Tokens of that Gallantry of Temper which greatly recommends Men to Women, this Diſinclination which ſhe had diſcovered to him when a Child,

by

by Degrees abated, and at laſt ſhe ſo evidently demonſtrated her Affection to him to be much ſtronger than what ſhe bore her own Son, that it was impoſſible to miſtake her any longer. She was ſo deſirous of often ſeeing him, and diſcovered ſuch Satisfaction and Delight in his Company, that before he was eighteen Years old, he was become a Rival to both *Square* and *Thwackum*; and what is worſe, the whole Country began to talk as loudly of her Inclination to *Tom*, as they had before done of that which ſhe had ſhewn to *Square*; on which Account the Philoſopher conceived the moſt implacable Hatred for our poor Hero.

CHAP. VII.

In which the Author himſelf makes his Appearance on the Stage.

THO' Mr. *Allworthy* was not of himſelf haſty to ſee Things in a diſadvantageous Light, and was a Stranger to the public Voice, which ſeldom reaches to a Brother or a Huſband, tho' it rings in the Ears of all the Neighbourhood; yet was this Affection of Mr. *Blifil* to *Tom*, and the Preference which ſhe too viſibly gave him to her own Son, of the utmoſt Diſadvantage to that Youth.

For ſuch was the Compaſſion which inhabited Mr. *Allworthy*'s Mind, that nothing but the Steel of Juſtice could ever ſubdue it. To be unfortunate in any Reſpect was ſufficient, if there was no Demerit to counterpoiſe it, to turn the Scale of that good Man's Pity, and to engage his Friendſhip, and his Benefaction.

When

When therefore he plainly ſaw Maſter *Bliſil* was abſolutely deteſted (for that he was) by his own Mother, he began, on that Account only, to look with an Eye of Compaſſion upon him; and what the Effects of Compaſſion are in good and benevolent Minds, I need not here explain to moſt of my Readers.

Henceforward, he ſaw every Appearance of Virtue in the Youth through the magnifying End, and viewed all his Faults with the Glaſs inverted, ſo that they became ſcarce perceptible. And this perhaps the amiable Temper of Pity may make commendable; but the next Step the Weakneſs of human Nature alone muſt excuſe: For he no ſooner perceived that Preference which Mrs. *Bliſil* gave to *Tom*, than that poor Youth (however innocent) began to ſink in his Affections as he roſe in hers. This, it is true, would of itſelf alone never have been able to eradicate *Jones* from his Boſom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr. *Allworthy*'s Mind for thoſe Impreſſions, which afterwards produced the mighty Events that will be contained hereafter in this Hiſtory; and to which, it muſt be confeſt, the unfortunate Lad, by his own Wantonneſs, Wildneſs, and Want of Caution, too much contributed.

In recording ſome Inſtances of theſe, we ſhall, if rightly underſtood, afford a very uſeful Leſſon to thoſe well-diſpoſed Youths, who ſhall hereafter be our Readers: For they may here find that Goodneſs of Heart, and Openneſs of Temper, tho' theſe may give them great Comfort within, and adminiſter to an honeſt Pride in their own Minds, will by no Means, alas! do their Buſineſs in the World. Prudence and Circumſpection are

neceſſary

neceſſary even to the beſt of Men. They are indeed, as it were, a Guard to Virtue, without which ſhe can never be ſafe. It is not enough, that your Deſigns, nay that your Actions are intrinſically good; you muſt take Care they ſhall appear ſo. If your Inſide be never ſo beautiful, you muſt preſerve a fair Outſide alſo. This muſt be conſtantly looked to, or Malice and Envy will take Care to blacken it ſo, that the Sagacity and Goodneſs of an *Allworthy* will not be able to ſee thro' it, and to diſcern the Beauties within. Let this, my young Readers, be your conſtant Maxim, That no Man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the Rules of Prudence; nor will Virtue herſelf look beautiful, unleſs ſhe be bedecked with the outward Ornaments of Decency and Decorum. And this Precept, my worthy Diſciples, if you read with due Attention, you will, I hope, find ſufficiently enforced by Examples in the following Pages.

I aſk Pardon for this ſhort Appearance, by Way of Chorus, on the Stage. It is in reality for my own Sake, that while I am diſcovering the Rocks on which Innocence and Goodneſs often ſplit, I may not be miſunderſtood to recommend the very Means to my worthy Readers, by which I intend to ſhew them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my Actors to ſpeak, I was obliged to declare myſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A childish Incident, in which, however, is seen a good-natured Disposition in Tom Jones.

THE Reader may remember, that Mr. *Allworthy* gave *Tom Jones* a little Horse, as a Kind of Smart-money for the Punishment, which he imagined he had suffered innocently.

This Horse *Tom* kept above half a Year, and then rode him to a neighbouring Fair, and sold him.

At his Return, being questioned by *Thwackum*, what he had done with the Money for which the Horse was sold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

'Oho!' says *Thwackum*, 'you will not! then 'I will have it out of your Br---h;' that being the Place to which he always applied for Information, on every doubtful Occasion.

Tom was now mounted on the Back of a Footman, and every Thing prepared for Execution, when Mr. *Allworthy* entering the Room, gave the Criminal a Reprieve, and took him with him into another Apartment; where being alone with *Tom*, he put the same Question to him which *Thwackum* had before asked him.

Tom answered, He could in Duty refuse him nothing; but as for that tyrannical Rascal, he would never make him any other Answer than with a Cudgel, with which he hoped soon to be able to pay him for all his Barbarities.

Mr. *Allworthy* very severely reprimanded the Lad, for his indecent and disrespectful Expressions

ſions concerning his Maſter; but much more for his avowing an Intention of Revenge. He threatened him with the entire Loſs of his Favour, if he ever heard ſuch another Word from his Mouth; for he ſaid, he would never ſupport or befriend a Reprobate. By theſe and the like Declarations, he extorted ſome Compunction from *Tom*, in which that Youth was not over ſincere: For he really meditated ſome Return for all the ſmarting Favours he had received at the Hands of the Pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr. *Allworthy* to expreſs a Concern for his Reſentment againſt *Thwackum*; and then the good Man, after ſome wholeſome Admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did, as follows:

'Indeed, my dear Sir, I love and honour you 'more than all the World: I know the great 'Obligations I have to you, and ſhould deteſt 'myſelf, if I thought my Heart was capable of 'Ingratitude. Could the little Horſe you gave 'me ſpeak, I am ſure he could tell you how fond 'I was of your Preſent: For I had more Plea-'ſure in feeding him, than in riding him. In-'deed, Sir, it went to my Heart to part with 'him; nor would I have ſold him upon any 'other Account in the World than what I did. 'You yourſelf, Sir, I am convinced, in my Caſe, 'would have done the ſame: For none ever ſo 'ſenſibly felt the Misfortunes of others. What 'would you feel, dear Sir, if you thought your-'ſelf the Occaſion of them?---Indeed, Sir, there 'never was any Miſery like theirs.'——'Like 'whoſe, Child?' ſays *Allworthy*: 'What do you 'mean?' 'Oh, Sir,' anſwered *Tom*, 'your 'poor Game-keeper, with all his large Family,

'ever

'ever since your discarding him, have been perish-
'ing with all the Miseries of Cold and Hunger.
'I could not bear to see these poor Wretches
'naked and starving, and at the same Time know
'myself to have been the Occasion of all their
'Sufferings. --- I could not bear it, Sir, upon my
'Soul, I could not.' [Here the Tears run down his Cheeks, and he thus proceeded] 'It was to
'save them from absolute Destruction, I parted
'with your dear Present, notwithstanding all the
'Value I had for it. --- I sold the Horse for them,
'and they have every Farthing of the Money.'

Mr. *Allworthy* now stood silent for some Moments, and before he spoke, the Tears started from his Eyes. He at length dismissed *Tom* with a gentle Rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in Cases of Distress, rather than to use extraordinary Means of relieving them himself.

This Affair was afterwards the Subject of much Debate between *Thwackum* and *Square*. *Thwackum* held, that this was flying in Mr. *Allworthy*'s Face, who had intended to punish the Fellow for his Disobedience. He said, in some Instances, what the World called *Charity* appeared to him to be opposing the Will of the Almighty, which had marked some particular Persons for Destruction; and that this was in like manner acting in Opposition to Mr. *Allworthy*; concluding, as usual, with a hearty Recommendation of Birch.

Square argued strongly, on the other Side, in Opposition perhaps to *Thwackum*, or in Compliance with Mr. *Allworthy*, who seemed very much to approve what *Jones* had done. As to what he urged on this Occasion, as I am convinced most of my Readers will be much abler Advocates for

poor

poor *Jones*, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the *Rule of Right*, an Action which it would have been impoſſible to deduce from the *Rule of Wrong*.

CHAP. IX.

Containing an Incident of a more heinous Kind, with the Comments of Thwackum *and* Square.

IT hath been obſerved by ſome Men of much greater Reputation for Wiſdom than myſelf, that Misfortunes ſeldom come ſingle. An Inſtance of this may, I believe, be ſeen in thoſe Gentlemen who have the Misfortune to have any of their Rogueries detected: For here Diſcovery ſeldom ſtops till the Whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor *Tom*; who was no ſooner pardoned for ſelling the Horſe, than he was diſcovered to have ſome Time before ſold a fine Bible which Mr. *Allworthy* gave him, the Money ariſing from which Sale he had diſpoſed of in the ſame Manner. This Bible Maſter *Blifil* had purchaſed, tho' he had already ſuch another of his own, partly out of Reſpect for the Book, and partly out of Friendſhip to *Tom*, being unwilling that the Bible ſhould be ſold out of the Family at half Price. He therefore diſburſed the ſaid half Price himſelf; for he was a very prudent Lad, and ſo careful of his Money, that he had laid up almoſt every Penny which he had received from Mr. *Allworthy*.

Some People have been noted to be able to read in no Book but their own. On the contrary, from the Time when Maſter *Blifil* was firſt poſſeſſed of this Bible, he never uſed any other. Nay, he was ſeen reading in it much oftener than he had before

before been in his own. Now, as he frequently asked *Thwackum* to explain difficult Paſſages to him, that Gentleman unfortunately took Notice of *Tom*'s Name, which was written in many Parts of the Book. This brought on an Enquiry, which obliged Maſter *Bliſil* to diſcover the whole Matter.

Thwackum was reſolved, a Crime of this Kind, which he called Sacrilege, ſhould not go unpuniſhed. He therefore proceeded immediately to Caſtigation; and not contented with that, he acquainted Mr. *Allworthy*, at their next Meeting, with this monſtrous Crime, as it appeared to him; inveighing againſt *Tom* in the moſt bitter Terms, and likening him to the Buyers and Sellers who were driven out of the Temple.

Square ſaw this Matter in a very different Light. He ſaid, He could not perceive any higher Crime in ſelling one Book, than in ſelling another; that to ſell Bibles was ſtrictly lawful by all Laws both Divine and Human, and conſequently there was no Unfitneſs in it. He told *Thwackum*, that his great Concern on this Occaſion brought to his Mind the Story of a very devout Woman, who out of pure Regard to Religion, ſtole *Tillotſon*'s Sermons from a Lady of her Acquaintance.

This Story cauſed a vaſt Quantity of Blood to ruſh into the Parſon's Face, which of itſelf was none of the paleſt; and he was going to reply with great Warmth and Anger, had not Mrs. *Bliſil*, who was preſent at this Debate, interpoſed. That Lady declared herſelf abſolutely of Mr. *Square*'s Side. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in Support of his Opinion; and concluded with ſaying, If *Tom* had been guilty of any Fault, ſhe muſt confeſs her own Son appeared to be

equally

equally culpable; for that she could see no Difference between the Buyer and the Seller; both of whom were alike to be driven out of the Temple.

Mrs. *Blifil* having declared her Opinion, put an End to the Debate. *Square*'s Triumph would almost have stopt his Words, had he needed them; and *Thwackum*, besides that, for Reasons before-mentioned, he durst not venture at disobliging the Lady, was almost choaked with Indignation. As to Mr. *Allworthy*, he said, Since the Boy had been already punished, he would not deliver his Sentiments on the Occasion; and whether he was, or was not angry with the Lad, I must leave to the Reader's own Conjecture.

Soon after this, an Action was brought against the Game-keeper by 'Squire *Western*, (the Gentleman in whose Manor the Partridge was killed) for Depredations of the like Kind. This was a most unfortunate Circumstance for the Fellow, as it not only of itself threatened his Ruin, but actually prevented Mr. *Allworthy* from restoring him to his Favour: For as that Gentleman was walking out one Evening with Master *Blifil* and young *Jones*, the latter slily drew him to the Habitation of *Black George*; where the Family of that poor Wretch, namely, his Wife and Children, were found in all the Misery with which Cold, Hunger, and Nakedness, can affect human Creatures: For as to the Money they had received from *Jones*, former Debts had consumed almost the whole.

Such a Scene as this could not fail of affecting the Heart of Mr. *Allworthy*. He immediately gave the Mother a couple of Guineas, with which he bid her cloath her Children. The poor Woman burst into Tears at this Goodness, and while she

was thanking him, could not refrain from expreſſing her Gratitude to *Tom*; who had, ſhe ſaid, long preſerved both her and hers from ſtarving. 'We have not,' ſays ſhe, 'had a Morſel to eat, 'nor have theſe poor Children had a Rag to put on, 'but what his Goodneſs hath beſtowed on us.' For indeed, beſides the Horſe and the Bible, *Tom* had ſacrificed a Night-gown and other Things to the Uſe of this diſtreſſed Family.

On their Return home, *Tom* made uſe of all his Eloquence to diſplay the Wretchedneſs of theſe People, and the Penitence of *Black George* himſelf; and in this he ſucceeded ſo well, that Mr. *Allworthy* ſaid, He thought the Man had ſuffered enough for what was paſt; that he would forgive him, and think of ſome Means of providing for him and his Family.

Jones was ſo delighted with this News, that tho' it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a Mile, in a Shower of Rain, to acquaint the poor Woman with the glad Tidings; but, like other haſty Divulgers of News, he only brought on himſelf the Trouble of contradicting it: For the Ill-fortune of *Black George* made uſe of the very Opportunity of his Friend's Abſence to overturn all again.

CHAP. X.

In which Maſter Blifil *and* Jones *appear in different Lights.*

MASTER *Blifil* fell very ſhort of his Companion in the amiable Quality of Mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher Kind, namely, in Juſtice: In which he followed

followed both the Precepts and Example of *Thwackum* and *Square*; for tho' they would both make frequent Uſe of the Word *Mercy*, yet it was plain, that in reality *Square* held it to be inconſiſtent with the Rule of Right; and *Thwackum* was for doing Juſtice, and leaving Mercy to Heaven. The two Gentlemen did indeed ſomewhat differ in Opinion concerning the Objects of this ſublime Virtue; by which *Thwackum* would probably have deſtroyed one half of Mankind, and *Square* the other half.

Maſter *Blifil* then, though he had kept Silence in the Preſence of *Jones*, yet when he had better conſidered the Matter, could by no Means endure the Thought of ſuffering his Uncle to confer Favours on the Undeſerving. He therefore reſolved immediately to acquaint him with the Fact which we have above ſlightly hinted to the Readers. The Truth of which was as follows:

The Game-keeper, about a Year after he was diſmiſſed from Mr. *Allworthy*'s Service, and before *Tom*'s ſelling the Horſe, being in Want of Bread, either to fill his own Mouth, or thoſe of his Family, as he paſſed through a Field belonging to Mr. *Weſtern*, eſpied a Hare ſitting in her Form. This Hare he had baſely and barbarouſly knocked on the Head, againſt the Laws of the Land, and no leſs againſt the Laws of Sportſmen.

The Higler to whom the Hare was ſold, being unfortunately taken many Months after with a Quantity of Game upon him, was obliged to make his Peace with the 'Squire, by becoming Evidence againſt ſome Poacher. And now *Black George* was pitched upon by him, as being a Perſon already obnoxious to Mr. *Weſtern*, and one of no

good Fame in the Country. He was, beſides, the beſt Sacrifice the Higler could make, as he had ſupplied him with no Game ſince; and by this Means the Witneſs had an Opportunity of ſcreening his better Cuſtomers: For the 'Squire, being charmed with the Power of puniſhing *Black George*, whom a ſingle Tranſgreſſion was ſufficient to ruin, made no further Enquiry.

Had this Fact been truly laid before Mr. *Allworthy*, it might probably have done the Game-keeper very little Miſchief. But there is no Zeal blinder than that which is inſpired with the Love of Juſtice againſt Offenders. Maſter *Blifil* had forgot the Diſtance of the Time. He varied likewiſe in the Manner of the Fact; and, by the haſty Addition of the ſingle Letter S, he conſiderably altered the Story: for he ſaid that *George* had wired Hares. Theſe Alterations might probably have been ſet right, had not Maſter *Blifil* unluckily inſiſted on a Promiſe of Secrecy from Mr. *Allworthy*, before he revealed the Matter to him; but, by that Means, the poor Game-keeper was condemned, without having any Opportuni-
ty to defend himſelf: For as the Fact of killing the Hare, and of the Action brought, were certainly true, Mr. *Allworthy* had no Doubt concerning the reſt.

Short-lived then was the Joy of theſe poor People; for Mr. *Allworthy* the next Morning declared he had freſh Reaſon, without aſſigning it, for his Anger, and ſtrictly forbad *Tom* to mention *George* any more; though as for his Family, he ſaid, he would endeavour to keep them from ſtarving: but as to the Fellow himſelf, he would leave him to the Laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom

Tom could by no Means divine what had incenſed Mr. *Allworthy*: For of Maſter *Bliſil* he had not the leaſt Suſpicion. However, as his Friendſhip was to be tired out by no Diſappointments, he now determined to try another Method of preſerving the poor Game-keeper from Ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr. *Weſtern*. He had ſo greatly recommended himſelf to that Gentleman, by leaping over five-barred Gates, and by other Acts of Sportmanſhip, that the 'Squire had declared *Tom* would certainly make a great Man, if he had but ſufficient Encouragement. He often wiſhed he had himſelf a Son with ſuch Parts; and one Day very ſolemnly aſſerted at a drinking Bout, that *Tom* ſhould hunt a Pack of Hounds, for a thouſand Pound of his Money, with any Huntſman in the whole Country.

By ſuch Kind of Talents he had ſo ingratiated himſelf with the 'Squire, that he was a moſt welcome Gueſt at his Table, and a favourite Companion in his Sport: Every Thing which the 'Squire held moſt dear; to wit, his Guns, Dogs, and Horſes, were now as much at the Command of *Jones*, as if they had been his own. He reſolved therefore to make uſe of this Favour on Behalf of his Friend *Black George*, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. *Weſtern*'s Family, in the ſame Capacity in which he had before ſerved Mr. *Allworthy*.

The Reader, if he conſiders that this Fellow was already obnoxious to Mr. *Weſtern*, and if he conſiders farther the weighty Buſineſs by which that Gentleman's Diſpleaſure had been incurred, will perhaps condemn this as a fooliſh and deſpe-

rate Undertaking; but if he ſhould not totally condemn young *Jones* on that Account, he will greatly applaud him for ſtrengthening himſelf with all imaginable Intereſt on ſo arduous an Occaſion.

For this Purpoſe then *Tom* applied to Mr. *Weſtern*'s Daughter, a young Lady of about ſeventeen Years of Age, whom her Father, next after thoſe neceſſary Implements of Sport juſt before mentioned, loved and eſteemed above all the World. Now, as ſhe had ſome Influence on the Squire, ſo *Tom* had ſome little Influence on her. But this being the intended Heroine of this Work, a Lady with whom we ourſelves are greatly in Love, and with whom many of our Readers will probably be in Love too before we part, it is by no Means proper ſhe ſhould make her Appearance at the End of a Book.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK IV.

Containing the Time of a Year.

CHAP. I.

Containing five Pages of Paper.

AS Truth diſtinguiſhes our Writings from thoſe idle Romances which are filled with Monſters, the Productions, not of Nature, but of diſtempered Brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent Critic to the ſole Uſe of the Paſtry-cook: So, on the other hand, we would avoid any Reſemblance to that Kind of Hiſtory which a celebrated Poet ſeems to think is no leſs calculated for the Emolument of the Brewer, as the reading it

ſhould be always attended with a Tankard of good Ale.

While---Hiſtory with her Comrade Ale,
Sooths the ſad Series of her ſerious Tale.

For as this is the Liquor of modern Hiſtorians, nay, perhaps their Muſe, if we may believe the Opinion of *Butler*, who attributes Inſpiration to Ale, it ought likewiſe to be the Potation of their Readers; ſince every Book ought to be read with the ſame Spirit, and in the ſame Manner, as it is writ. Thus the famous Author of *Hurlothrumbo* told a learned Biſhop, that the Reaſon his Lordſhip could not taſte the Excellency of his Piece, was, that he did not read it with a Fiddle in his Hand; which Inſtrument he himſelf had always had in his own, when he compoſed it.

That our Work, therefore, might be in no Danger of being likened to the Labours of theſe Hiſtorians, we have taken every Occaſion of interſperſing through the whole ſundry Similes, Deſcriptions, and other kind of poetical Embelliſhments. Theſe are, indeed, deſigned to ſupply the Place of the ſaid Ale, and to refreſh the Mind, whenever thoſe Slumbers which in a long Work are apt to invade the Reader as well as the Writer, ſhall begin to creep upon him. Without Interruptions of this Kind, the beſt Narrative of plain Matter of Fact muſt over-power every Reader; for nothing but the everlaſting Watchfulneſs, which *Homer* hath aſcribed to *Jove* himſelf, can be Proof againſt a News-Paper of many Volumes.

We ſhall leave to the Reader to determine with what Judgment we have choſen the ſeveral Occaſions

Occaſions for inſerting theſe ornamental Parts of our Work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the preſent; where we are about to introduce a conſiderable Character on the Scene; no leſs, indeed, than the Heroine of this Heroic, Hiſtorical, Proſaic Poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the Mind of the Reader for her Reception, by filling it with every pleaſing Image, which we can draw from the Face of Nature. And for this Method we plead many Precedents. Firſt, this is an Art well known to, and much practiſed by, our Tragic Poets; who ſeldom fail to prepare their Audience for the Reception of their principal Characters.

Thus the Hero is always introduced with a Flouriſh of Drums and Trumpets, in order to rouſe a martial Spirit in the Audience, and to accommodate their Ears to Bombaſt and Fuſtian, which Mr. *Locke*'s blind Man would not have groſsly erred in likening to the Sound of a Trumpet. Again, when Lovers are coming forth, ſoft Muſic often conducts them on the Stage, either to ſooth the Audience with all the Softneſs of the tender Paſſion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle Slumber in which they will moſt probably be compoſed by the enſuing Scene.

And not only the Poets, but the Maſters of theſe Poets, the Managers of Playhouſes, ſeem to be in this Secret; for, beſides the aforeſaid Kettle-Drums, *&c.* which denote the Hero's Approach, he is generally uſhered on the Stage by a large Troop of half a dozen Scene-ſhifters; and how neceſſary theſe are imagined to his Appearance, may be concluded from the following Theatrical Story.

King *Pyrrhus* was at Dinner at an Alehouſe bordering on the Theatre, when he was ſummoned to go on the Stage. The Hero, being unwilling to quit his Shoulder of Mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himſelf the Indignation of Mr. *Wilks*, (his Brother Manager) for making the Audience wait, had bribed theſe his Harbingers to be out of the Way. While Mr. *Wilks*, therefore, was thundering out, 'Where 'are the Carpenters to walk on before King *Pyr*-'*rhus*,' that Monarch very quietly eat his Mutton, and the Audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themſelves with Muſic in his Abſence.

To be plain, I much queſtion whether the Politician, who hath generally a good Noſe, hath not ſcented out ſomewhat of the Utility of this Practice. I am convinced, that awful Magiſtrate my Lord Mayor contracts a good deal of that Reverence which attends him through the Year, by the ſeveral Pageants which precede his Pomp. Nay, I muſt confeſs, that even I myſelf, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with Show, have yielded not a little to the Impreſſions of much preceding State. When I have ſeen a Man ſtrutting in a Proceſſion, after others whoſe Buſineſs was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher Notion of his Dignity, than I have felt on ſeeing him in a common Situation. But there is one Inſtance which comes exactly up to my Purpoſe. This is the Cuſtom of ſending on a Baſket-woman, who is to precede the Pomp at a Coronation, and to ſtrew the Stage with Flowers, before the great Perſonages begin their Proceſſion. The Antients would certainly have invoked the Goddeſs *Flora* for this Purpoſe,

Purpoſe, and it would have been no Difficulty for their Prieſts or Politicians to have perſuaded the People of the real Preſence of the Deity, though a plain Mortal had perſonated her, and performed her Office. But we have no ſuch Deſign of impoſing on our Reader; and therefore thoſe who object to the Heathen Theology, may, if they pleaſe, change our Goddeſs into the above-mentioned Baſket-woman. Our Intention, in ſhort, is to introduce our Heroine with the utmoſt Solemnity in our Power, with an Elevation of Stile, and all other Circumſtances proper to raiſe the Veneration of our Reader. Indeed we would, for certain Cauſes, adviſe thoſe of our Male Readers who have any Hearts, to read no farther, were we not well aſſured, that how amiable ſoever the Picture of our Heroine will appear, as it is really a Copy from Nature, many of our fair Country-women will be found worthy to ſatisfy any Paſſion, and to anſwer any Idea of Female Perfection, which our Pencil will be able to raiſe.

And now, without any further Preface, we proceed to our next Chapter.

CHAP. II.

A ſhort Hint of what we can do in the Sublime, and a Deſcription of Miſs Sophia Weſtern.

HUſhed be every ruder Breath. May the Heathen Ruler of the Winds confine in iron Chains the boiſterous Limbs of noiſy *Boreas*, and the ſharp-pointed Noſe of bitter-biting *Eurus*. Do thou, ſweet *Zephyrus*, riſing from thy fragrant Bed, mount the weſtern Sky, and lead on thoſe

delicious Gales, the Charms of which call forth the lovely *Flora* from her Chamber, perfumed with pearly Dews, when on the firſt of *June*, her Birth-day, the blooming Maid, in looſe Attire, gently trips it over the verdant Mead, where every Flower riſes to do her Homage, 'till the whole Field becomes enamelled, and Colours contend with Sweets which ſhall raviſh her moſt.

So charming may ſhe now appear; and you the feather'd Choriſters of Nature, whoſe ſweeteſt Notes not even *Handel* can excel, tune your melodious Throats, to celebrate her Appearance. From Love proceeds your Muſic, and to Love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle Paſſion in every Swain: For lo! adorned with all the Charms in which Nature can array her; bedecked with Beauty, Youth, Sprightlineſs, Innocence, Modeſty, and Tenderneſs, breathing Sweetneſs from her roſy Lips, and darting Brightneſs from her ſparkling Eyes, the lovely *Sophia* comes.

Reader, perhaps thou haſt ſeen the Statue of the *Venus de Medicis*. Perhaps too, thou haſt ſeen the Gallery of Beauties at *Hampton-Court*. Thou may'ſt remember *each bright* Churchill *of the Galaxy*, and all the Toaſts of the *Kit-Cat*. Or if their Reign was before thy Times, at leaſt thou haſt ſeen their Daughters, the no leſs dazzling Beauties of the preſent Age; whoſe Names, ſhould we here inſert, we apprehend they would fill the whole Volume.

Now if thou haſt ſeen all theſe, be not afraid of the rude Anſwer which Lord *Rocheſter* once gave to a Man, who had ſeen many Things. No. If thou haſt ſeen all theſe without knowing what Beauty is, thou haſt no Eyes; if without feeling its Power, thou haſt no Heart.

Yet

Yet is it poſſible, my Friend, that thou mayeſt have ſeen all theſe without being able to form an exact Idea of *Sophia*: for ſhe did not exactly reſemble any of them. She was moſt like the Picture of Lady *Ranelagh*; and I have heard more ſtill to the famous Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*: but moſt of all, ſhe reſembled one whoſe Image never can depart from my Breaſt, and whom, if thou doſt remember, thou haſt then, my Friend, an adequate Idea of *Sophia*.

But leſt this ſhould not have been thy Fortune, we will endeavour with our utmoſt Skill to deſcribe this Paragon, though we are ſenſible that our higheſt Abilities are very inadequate to the Taſk.

Sophia then, the only Daughter of Mr. *Weſtern*, was a middle-ſized Woman; but rather inclining to tall. Her Shape was not only exact, but extremely delicate; and the nice Proportion of her Arms promiſed the trueſt Symmetry in her Limbs. Her Hair, which was black, was ſo luxuriant, that it reached her Middle, before ſhe cut it, to comply with the modern Faſhion; and it was now curled ſo gracefully in her Neck, that few would believe it to be her own. If Envy could find any Part of her Face which demanded leſs Commendation than the reſt, it might poſſibly think her Forehead might have been higher without Prejudice to her. Her Eye-brows were full, even, and arched beyond the Power of Art to imitate. Her black Eyes had a Luſtre in them, which all her Softneſs could not extinguiſh. Her Noſe was exactly regular, and her Mouth, in which were two Rows of Ivory, exactly anſwered Sir *John Suckling*'s Deſcription in thoſe Lines:

Her

Her Lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin.
Some Bee had ſtung it newly.

Her Cheeks were of the oval Kind; and in her right ſhe had a Dimple, which the leaſt Smile diſcovered. Her Chin had certainly its Share in forming the Beauty of her Face; but it was difficult to ſay it was either large or ſmall, tho' perhaps it was rather of the former Kind. Her Complexion had rather more of the Lilly than of the Roſe; but when Exerciſe, or Modeſty, encreaſed her natural Colour, no Vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. *Donne*,

——*Her pure and eloquent Blood*
Spoke in her Cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay her Body thought.

Her Neck was long and finely turned; and here, if I was not afraid of offending her Delicacy, I might juſtly ſay, the higheſt Beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was Whiteneſs which no Lillies, Ivory, nor Alabaſter could match. The fineſt Cambric might indeed be ſuppoſed from Envy to cover that Boſom, which was much whiter than itſelf. —It was indeed,

Nitor ſplendens Pario marmore purius.

'A Gloſs ſhining beyond the pureſt Brightneſs
'of *Parian* Marble.'

Such

Such was the Outside of *Sophia*; nor was this beautiful Frame disgraced by an Inhabitant unworthy of it. Her Mind was every way equal to her Person; nay, the latter borrowed some Charms from the former: For when she smiled, the Sweetness of her Temper diffused that Glory over her Countenance, which no Regularity of Features can give. But as there are no Perfections of the Mind which do not discover themselves, in that perfect Intimacy, to which we intend to introduce our Reader, with this charming young Creature; so it is needless to mention them here: Nay, it is a Kind of tacit Affront to our Reader's Understanding, and may also rob him of that Pleasure which he will receive in forming his own Judgment of her Character.

It may, however, be proper to say, that whatever mental Accomplishments she had derived from Nature, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by Art: For she had been educated under the Care of an Aunt, who was a Lady of great Discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the World, having lived in her Youth about the Court, whence she had retired some Years since into the Country. By her Conversation and Instructions, *Sophia* was perfectly well-bred, though perhaps she wanted a little of that Ease in her Behaviour, which is to be acquired only by Habit, and living within what is called the polite Circle. But this, to say the Truth, is often too dearly purchased; and though it hath Charms so inexpressible, that the *French*, perhaps, among other Qualities, mean to express this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet its Absence

is

is well compenſated by Innocence; nor can good Senſe, and a natural Gentility ever ſtand in need of it.

CHAP. III.

Wherein the Hiſtory goes back to commemorate a trifling Incident that happened ſome Years ſince; but which, trifling as it was, had ſome future Conſequences.

THE amiable *Sophia* was now in her eighteenth Year, when ſhe is introduced into this Hiſtory. Her Father, as hath been ſaid, was fonder of her than of any other human Creature. To her, therefore, *Tom Jones* applied, in order to engage her Intereſt on the Behalf of his Friend the Game-keeper.

But before we proceed to this Buſineſs, a ſhort Recapitulation of ſome previous Matters may be neceſſary.

Though the different Tempers of Mr. *Allworthy*, and of Mr. *Weſtern*, did not admit of a very intimate Correſpondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent Footing together; by which Means the young People of both Families had been acquainted from their Infancy; and as they were all near of the ſame Age, had been frequent Play-mates together.

The Gaiety of *Tom*'s Temper ſuited better with *Sophia*, than the grave and ſober Diſpoſition of Maſter *Blifil*. And the Preference which ſhe gave the former of theſe, would often appear ſo plainly, that a Lad of a more paſſionate Turn than Maſter *Blifil* was, might have ſhewn ſome Diſpleaſure at it.

As

As he did not, however, outwardly expreſs any ſuch Diſguſt, it would be an ill Office in us to pay a Viſit to the inmoſt Receſſes of his Mind, as ſome ſcandalous People ſearch into the moſt ſecret Affairs of their Friends, and often pry into their Cloſets and Cupboards, only to diſcover their Property and Meanneſs to the World.

However, as Perſons who ſuſpect they have given others Cauſe of Offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; ſo *Sophia* imputed an Action of Maſter *Blifil*, to his Anger, which the ſuperior Sagacity of *Thwackum* and *Square* diſcerned to have ariſen from a much better Principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had preſented *Sophia* with a little Bird, which he had taken from the Neſt, had nurſed up, and taught to ſing.

Of this Bird, *Sophia*, then about thirteen Years old, was ſo extremely fond, that her chief Buſineſs was to feed and tend it, and her chief Pleaſure to play with it. By theſe Means little *Tommy*, for ſo the Bird was called, was become ſo tame, that it would feed out of the Hand of its Miſtreſs, would perch upon her Finger, and lie contented in her Boſom, where it ſeemed almoſt ſenſible of its own Happineſs; tho' ſhe always kept a ſmall String about its Leg, nor would ever truſt it with the Liberty of flying away.

One Day, when Mr. *Allworthy*, and his whole Family, dined at Mr. *Weſtern*'s, Maſter *Blifil*, being in the Garden with little *Sophia*, and obſerving the extreme Fondneſs that ſhe ſhewed for her little Bird, deſired her to truſt it for a Moment in his Hands. *Sophia* preſently complied with the young Gentleman's Requeſt, and after

ſome

ſome previous Caution, delivered him her Bird; of which he was no ſooner in Poſſeſſion, than he ſlipt the String from its Leg, and toſſed it into the Air.

The fooliſh Animal no ſooner perceived itſelf at Liberty, than forgetting all the Favours it had received from *Sophia*, it flew directly from her, and perched on a Bough at ſome Diſtance.

Sophia, ſeeing her Bird gone, ſcreamed out ſo loud, that *Tom Jones*, who was at a little Diſtance, immediately ran to her Aſſiſtance.

He was no ſooner informed of what had happened, than he curſed *Bliſil* for a pitiful, malicious Raſcal, and then immediately ſtripping off his Coat, he applied himſelf to climbing the Tree to which the Bird eſcaped.

Tom had almoſt recovered his little Name-ſake, when the Branch, on which it was perched, and that hung over a Canal, broke, and the poor Lad plumped over Head and Ears into the Water.

Sophia's Concern now changed its Object. And as ſhe apprehended the Boy's Life was in Danger, ſhe ſcreamed ten times louder than before; and indeed Maſter *Bliſil* himſelf now ſeconded her with all the Vociferation in his Power.

The Company, who were ſitting in a Room next the Garden, were inſtantly alarmed, and came all forth; but juſt as they reached the Canal, *Tom* (for the Water was luckily pretty ſhallow in that Part) arrived ſafely on Shore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor *Tom*, who ſtood dropping and ſhivering before him, when Mr. *Allworthy* deſired him to have Patience, and

turning

turning to Master *Blifil*, ſaid, Pray, Child, what is the Reaſon of all this Diſturbance?

Maſter *Blifil* anſwered, 'Indeed, Uncle, I 'am very ſorry for what I have done; I have 'been unhappily the Occaſion of it all. I had 'Miſs *Sophia*'s Bird in my Hand, and thinking 'the poor Creature languiſhed for Liberty, I 'own, I could not forbear giving it what it 'deſired: for I always thought there was ſome-'thing very cruel in confining any Thing. It 'ſeemed to me againſt the Law of Nature, by 'which every Thing hath a Right to Liberty; 'nay, it is even unchriſtian; for it is not doing 'what we would be done by: But if I had 'imagined Miſs *Sophia* would have been ſo much 'concerned at it, I am ſure I would never have 'done it; nay, if I had known what would have 'happened to the Bird itſelf: For when Maſter '*Jones*, who climbed up that Tree after it, fell 'into the Water, the Bird took a ſecond Flight, 'and preſently a naſty Hawk carried it away.'

Poor *Sophia*, who now firſt heard of her little *Tommy*'s Fate, (for her Concern for *Jones* had prevented her perceiving it when it happened) ſhed a Shower of Tears. Theſe Mr. *Allworthy* endeavoured to aſſuage, promiſing her a much finer Bird; but ſhe declared ſhe would never have another. Her Father chid her for crying ſo for a fooliſh Bird; but could not help telling young *Blifil*, if he was a Son of his, his Back-ſide ſhould be well flea'd.

Sophia now returned to her Chamber: the two young Gentlemen were ſent home, and the reſt of the Company returned to their Bottle; where

a Converſation enſued on the Subject of the Bird, ſo curious, that we think it deſerves a Chapter by itſelf.

CHAP. IV.

Containing ſuch very deep and grave Matters, that ſome Readers, perhaps, may not reliſh it.

SQUARE had no ſooner lighted his Pipe, than addreſſing himſelf to *Allworthy*, he thus began: 'Sir, I cannot help congratulating you on 'your Nephew; who, at an Age when few 'Lads have any Ideas but of ſenſible Objects, is 'arrived at a Capacity of diſtinguiſhing Right 'from Wrong. To confine any Thing, ſeems 'to me againſt the Law of Nature, by which 'every Thing hath a Right to Liberty. Theſe 'were his Words; and the Impreſſion they have 'made on me, is never to be eradicated. Can 'any Man have a higher Notion of the Rule of 'Right, and the Eternal Fitneſs of Things? I 'cannot help promiſing myſelf from ſuch a 'Dawn, that the Meridian of this Youth will 'be equal to that of either the elder or the 'younger *Brutus*.'

Here *Thwackum* haſtily interrupted, and ſpilling ſome of his Wine, and ſwallowing the reſt with great Eagerneſs, anſwered, 'From another 'Expreſſion he made uſe of, I hope he will re'ſemble much better Men. The Law of Na'ture is a Jargon of Words, which means no'thing. I know not of any ſuch Law, nor of 'any Right which can be derived from it. To 'do as we would be done by, is indeed a Chri'ſtian Motive, as the Boy well expreſſed him-

'ſelf,

'ſelf, and I am glad to find my Inſtructions have 'borne ſuch good Fruit.'

'If Vanity was a Thing fit, (ſays *Square*) I 'might indulge ſome on the ſame Occaſion; for 'whence he can only have learnt his Notions of 'Right or Wrong, I think is pretty apparent. If 'there be no Law of Nature, there is no Right 'nor Wrong.'

'How! (ſays the Parſon) do you then baniſh 'Revelation? Am I talking with a Deiſt or an 'Atheiſt?'

'Drink about, (ſays *Weſtern*) Pox of your 'Laws of Nature. I don't know what you mean 'either of you by Right and Wrong. To take 'away my Girl's Bird, was wrong in my Opini-'on; and my Neighbour *Allworthy* may do as 'he pleaſes; but to encourage Boys in ſuch Prac-'tices, is to breed them up to the Gallows.'

Allworthy anſwered, 'That he was ſorry for 'what his Nephew had done; but could not 'conſent to puniſh him, as he acted rather from 'a generous than unworthy Motive.' He ſaid, 'If the Boy had ſtolen the Bird, none would 'have been more ready to vote for a ſevere Cha-'ſtiſement than himſelf; but it was plain that 'was not his Deſign:' And, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that he could have no other View but what he had himſelf confeſſed. (For as to that malicious Purpoſe which *Sophia* ſuſpect-ed, it never once entered into the Head of Mr. *Allworthy*.) He, at length, concluded with again blaming the Action as inconſiderate, and which, he ſaid, was only pardonable in a Child.

Square had delivered his Opinion ſo openly, that if he was now ſilent, he muſt ſubmit to have his Judgment cenſured. He ſaid, therefore, with

ſome

ſome Warmth, 'That Mr. *Allworthy* had too 'much Reſpect to the dirty Conſideration of Pro-'perty; that in paſſing our Judgments on great 'and mighty Actions, all private Regards ſhould 'be laid aſide: for by adhering to thoſe narrow 'Rules, the younger *Brutus* had been condemned 'of Ingratitude, and the elder of Parricide.'

'And if they had been hanged too for thoſe 'Crimes,' cried *Thwackum*, 'they would have 'had no more than their Deſerts. A Couple of 'heatheniſh Villains! Heaven be praiſed, we 'have no *Brutus*'s now-a-days. I wiſh, Mr. '*Square*, you would deſiſt from filling the Minds 'of my Pupils with ſuch Antichriſtian Stuff: For 'the Conſequence muſt be, while they are under 'my Care, its being well ſcourged out of them 'again. There is your Diſciple *Tom* almoſt ſpoiled 'already. I overheard him the other Day diſ-'puting with Maſter *Bliſil*, that there was no 'Merit in Faith without Works. I know that 'is one of your Tenets, and I ſuppoſe he had it 'from you.'

'Don't accuſe me of ſpoiling him,' ſays *Square*, 'Who taught him to laugh at whatever is vir-'tuous and decent, and fit and right in the Na-'ture of Things? He is your own Scholar, and 'I diſclaim him. No, no, Maſter *Bliſil* is my 'Boy. Young as he is, that Lad's Notions of 'moral Rectitude I defy you ever to eradicate.'

Thwackum put on a contemptuous Sneer at this, and replied, 'Hy, ay, I will venture him with 'you. He is too well grounded for all your phi-'loſophical Cant to hurt. No, no, I have taken 'Care to inſtil ſuch Principles into him.'---

'And I have inſtilled Principles into him too,' cries *Square*, 'What but the ſublime Idea of

'Virtue

'Virtue could inſpire a human Mind with the 'generous Thought of giving Liberty? And I 'repeat to you again, if it was a fit Thing to be 'proud, I might claim the Honour of having in-'fuſed that Idea.'---

'And if Pride was not forbidden,' ſaid *Thwackum*, 'I might boaſt of having taught him that 'Duty which he himſelf aſſigned as his Motive.'

'So between you both,' ſays the Squire, 'the 'young Gentleman hath been taught to rob my 'Daughter of her Bird. I find I muſt take Care 'of my Partridge-Mew. I ſhall have ſome vir-'tuous, religious Man or other ſet all my Par-'tridges at Liberty.' Then ſlapping a Gentleman of the Law, who was preſent, on the Back, He cried out, 'What ſay you to this, Mr. Coun-'ſellor? Is not this againſt Law?'

The Lawyer, with great Gravity, delivered himſelf as follows:

'If the Caſe be put of a Partridge, there can 'be no Doubt but an Action would lie: For 'though this be *Feræ Naturæ*, yet being reclaim-'ed, Property veſts; but being the Caſe of a 'Singing Bird, though reclaimed, as it is a Thing 'of baſe Nature, it muſt be conſidered as *nullius* '*in Bonis*. In this Caſe, therefore, I conceive 'the Plaintiff muſt be nonſuited; and I ſhould 'diſadviſe the bringing any ſuch Action.'

'Well, (ſays the Squire) if it be *nullus Bonus*, 'let us drink about, and talk a little of the State 'of the Nation, or ſome ſuch Diſcourſe that we 'all underſtand; for I am ſure I don't underſtand 'a Word of this. It may be Learning and Senſe 'for aught I know; but you ſhall never per-'ſuade me into it. Pox! you have neither of 'you mentioned a Word of that poor Lad who

'deſerves

'deſerves to be commended. To venture break-
'ing his Neck to oblige my Girl, was a generous
'ſpirited Action: I have Learning enough to ſee
'that. D--n me, here's *Tom*'s Health. I ſhall
'love the Boy for it the longeſt Day I have to
'live.'

Thus was the Debate interrupted; but it would probably have been ſoon reſumed, had not Mr. *Allworthy* preſently called for his Coach, and carried off the two Combatants.

Such was the Concluſion of this Adventure of the Bird, and of the Dialogue occaſioned by it, which we could not help recounting to our Reader, though it happened ſome Years before that Stage, or Period of Time, at which our Hiſtory is now arrived.

CHAP. V.

Containing Matter accommodated to every Taſte.

PARVA leves capiunt Animos, 'Small Things affect light Minds,' was the Sentiment of a great Maſter of the Paſſion of Love. And certain it is, that from this Day *Sophia* began to have ſome little Kindneſs for *Tom Jones*, and no little Averſion for his Companion.

Many Accidents from Time to Time improved both theſe Paſſions in her Breaſt; which, without our recounting, the Reader may well conclude, from what we have before hinted of the different Tempers of theſe Lads, and how much the one ſuited with her own Inclinations more than the other. To ſay the Truth, *Sophia*, when very young, diſcerned that *Tom*, tho' an idle, thoughtleſs, rattling Raſcal, was no-body's Enemy but his

his own; and that Maſter *Blifil*, tho' a prudent, diſcreet, ſober, young Gentleman, was, at the ſame Time, ſtrongly attached to the Intereſt only of one ſingle Perſon; and who that ſingle Perſon was, the Reader will be able to divine without any Aſſiſtance of ours.

Theſe two Characters are not always received in the World with the different Regard which ſeems ſeverally due to either; and which one would imagine Mankind, from Self-intereſt, ſhould ſhew towards them. But perhaps there may be a political Reaſon for it: In finding one of a truly benevolent Diſpoſition, Men may very reaſonably ſuppoſe, they have found a Treaſure, and be deſirous of keeping it, like all other good Things, to themſelves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the Praiſes of ſuch a Perſon, would, in the vulgar Phraſe, be crying *Roaſt-meat*; and calling in Partakers of what they intend to apply ſolely to their own Uſe. If this Reaſon doth not ſatisfy the Reader, I know no other Means of accounting for the little Reſpect which I have commonly ſeen paid to a Character which really doth great Honour to Human Nature, and is productive of the higheſt Good to Society. But it was otherwiſe with *Sophia*. She honoured *Tom Jones*, and ſcorned Maſter *Blifil*, almoſt as ſoon as ſhe knew the Meaning of thoſe two Words.

Sophia had been abſent upwards of three Years with her Aunt; during all which Time ſhe had ſeldom ſeen either of theſe young Gentlemen. She dined, however, once, together with her Aunt, at Mr. *Allworthy*'s. This was a few Days after the Adventure of the Partridge, before commemorated. *Sophia* heard the whole Story at

Table, where she said nothing; nor indeed could her Aunt get many Words from her, as she returned home: but her Maid, when undressing her, happening to say, 'Well, Miss, I suppose 'you have seen young Master *Blifil* To-day;' she answered with much Passion, 'I hate the 'Name of Master *Blifil*, as I do whatever is base 'and treacherous; and I wonder Mr. *Allworthy* 'would suffer that old barbarous Schoolmaster to 'punish a poor Boy so cruelly, for what was only 'the Effect of his Good-nature.' She then recounted the Story to her Maid, and concluded with saying,---'Don't you think he is a Boy of 'a noble Spirit?'

This young Lady was now returned to her Father; who gave her the Command of his House, and placed her at the upper End of his Table, where *Tom* (who from his great Love of Hunting was become a great Favourite of the Squire) often dined. Young Men of open, generous Dispositions are naturally inclined to Gallantry, which, if they have good Understandings, as was in reality *Tom*'s Case, exerts itself in an obliging, complaisant Behaviour to all Women in general. This greatly distinguished *Tom* from the boisterous Brutality of mere Country-Squires on the one hand; and from the solemn, and somewhat sullen, Deportment of Master *Blifil* on the other: And he began now, at Twenty, to have the Name of a pretty Fellow, among all the Women in the Neighbourhood.

Tom behaved to *Sophia* with no Particularity, unless, perhaps, by shewing her a higher Respect than he paid to any other. This Distinction her Beauty, Fortune, Sense, and amiable Carriage, seemed to demand; but as to Design upon her Person,

Perſon, he had none: for which we ſhall at preſent ſuffer the Reader to condemn him of Stupidity; but perhaps we ſhall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

Sophia, with the higheſt Degree of Innocence and Modeſty, had a remarkable Sprightlineſs in her Temper. This was ſo greatly encreaſed whenever ſhe was in Company with *Tom*, that, had he not been very young and thoughtleſs, he muſt have obſerved it; or had not Mr. *Weſtern*'s Thoughts been generally either in the Field, the Stable, or the Dog-kennel, it might have, perhaps, created ſome Jealouſy in him: But ſo far was the good Gentleman from entertaining any ſuch Suſpicions, that he gave *Tom* every Opportunity with his Daughter which any Lover could have wiſhed. And this *Tom* innocently improved to better Advantage, by following only the Dictates of his natural Gallantry and Good-nature, than he might, perhaps, have done, had he had the deepeſt Deſigns on the young Lady.

But, indeed, it can occaſion little Wonder, that this Matter eſcaped the Obſervation of others, ſince poor *Sophia* herſelf never remarked it, and her Heart was irretrievably loſt before ſhe ſuſpected it was in Danger.

Matters were in this Situation, when *Tom* one Afternoon, finding *Sophia* alone, began, after a ſhort Apology, with a very ſerious Face, to acquaint her that he had a Favour to aſk of her, which he hoped her Goodneſs would comply with.

Though neither the young Man's Behaviour, nor indeed his Manner of opening this Buſineſs, were ſuch as could give her any juſt Cauſe of ſuſpecting he intended to make Love to her; yet,

whether Nature whiſpered ſomething into her Ear, or from what Cauſe it aroſe, I will not determine; certain it is, ſome Idea of that Kind muſt have intruded itſelf; for her Colour forſook her Cheeks, her Limbs trembled, and her Tongue would have faultered, had *Tom* ſtopped for an Anſwer: But he ſoon relieved her from her Perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his Requeſt, which was to ſolicit her Intereſt on Behalf of the Game-keeper, whoſe own Ruin, and that of a large Family, muſt be, he ſaid, the Conſequence of Mr. *Weſtern*'s purſuing his Action againſt him.

Sophia preſently recovered her Confuſion, and with a Smile full of Sweetneſs, ſaid, 'Is this the 'mighty Favour you aſked with ſo much Gra-'vity? I will do it with all my Heart. I really 'pity the poor Fellow, and no longer ago than 'Yeſterday ſent a ſmall Matter to his Wife.' This ſmall Matter was one of her Gowns, ſome Linnen, and ten Shillings in Money, of which *Tom* had heard, and it had, in reality, put this Solicitation into his Head.

Our Youth, now emboldened with his Succeſs, reſolved to puſh the Matter farther; and ventured even to beg her Recommendation of him to her Father's Service; proteſting that he thought him one of the honeſteſt Fellows in the Country, and extremely well qualified for the Place of a Game-keeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

Sophia anſwered; 'Well, I will undertake this 'too; but I cannot promiſe you as much Suc-'ceſs as in the former Part, which I aſſure you 'I will not quit my Father without obtaining. 'However, I will do what I can for the poor

'Fellow;

'Fellow; for I ſincerely look upon him and his 'Family as Objects of great Compaſſion.---And 'now, Mr. *Jones*, I muſt aſk you a Favour.'---

'A Favour! Madam, (cries *Tom*) if you knew 'the Pleaſure you have given me in the Hopes 'of receiving a Command from you, you would 'think by mentioning it you muſt confer the 'greateſt Favour on me; for by this dear Hand 'I would ſacrifice my Life to oblige you.'

He then ſnatched her Hand, and eagerly kiſſed it, which was the firſt Time his Lips had ever touched her. The Blood, which before had forſaken her Cheeks, now made her ſufficient Amends, by ruſhing all over her Face and Neck with ſuch Violence, that they became all of a ſcarlet Colour. She now firſt felt a Senſation to which ſhe had been before a Stranger, and which, when ſhe had Leiſure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with ſome Secrets, which the Reader, if he does not already gueſs them, will know in due Time.

Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, (which was not inſtantly) informed him, that the Favour ſhe had to deſire of him, was not to lead her Father through ſo many Dangers in Hunting; for that, from what ſhe had heard, ſhe was terribly frightened every Time they went out together, and expected ſome Day or other to ſee her Father brought home with broken Limbs. She therefore begged him, for her Sake, to be more cautious; and, as he well knew Mr. *Weſtern* would follow him, not to ride ſo madly, nor to take thoſe dangerous Leaps for the future.

Tom faithfully promiſed to obey her Commands; and, after thanking her for her kind

Compliance with his Requeſt, took his Leave, and departed highly charmed with his Succeſs.

Poor *Sophia* was charmed too; but in a very different Way. Her Senſations, however, the Reader's Heart (if he or ſhe have any) will better repreſent than I can, if I had as many Mouths as ever Poet wiſhed for, to eat, I ſuppoſe, thoſe many Dainties with which he was ſo plentifully provided.

It was Mr. *Weſtern*'s Cuſtom every Afternoon, as ſoon as he was drunk, to hear his Daughter play on the Harpſichord: for he was a great Lover of Muſic, and perhaps, had he lived in Town, might have paſſed for a Connoiſſeur; for he always excepted againſt the fineſt Compoſitions of Mr. *Handel*. He never reliſhed any Muſic but what was light and airy; and indeed his moſt favourite Tunes were *Old Sir* Simon *the King*, *St.* George *he was for* England, *Bobbing* Joan, and ſome others.

His Daughter, tho' ſhe was a perfect Miſtreſs of Muſic, and would never willingly have played any but *Handel*'s, was to devoted to her Father's Pleaſure, that ſhe learnt all thoſe Tunes to oblige him. However, ſhe would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own Taſte, and when he required the Repetition of his Ballads, would anſwer with a 'Nay, dear Sir,' and would often beg him to ſuffer her to play ſomething elſe.

This Evening, however, when the Gentleman was retired from his Bottle, ſhe played all his Favourites three times over, without any Solicitation. This ſo pleaſed the good Squire, that he ſtarted from his Couch, gave his Daughter a Kiſs, and ſwore her Hand was greatly improved. She took this Opportunity to execute her Promiſe to

Tom,

Tom, in which ſhe ſucceeded ſo well, that the Squire declared, if ſhe would give him t'other Bout of old Sir *Simon*, he would give the Game-keeper his Deputation the next Morning. Sir *Simon* was played again and again, till the Charms of the Muſic ſoothed Mr. *Weſtern* to ſleep. In the Morning *Sophia* did not fail to remind him of his Engagement; and his Attorney was immediately ſent for, and ordered to ſtop any further Proceedings in the Action, and to make out the Deputation.

Tom's Succeſs in this Affair ſoon began to ring over the Country, and various were the Cenſures paſt upon it: ſome greatly applauding it as an Act of Good-nature; others ſneering, and ſaying, 'No Wonder that one idle Fellow ſhould love 'another.' Young *Blifil* was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated *Black George* in the ſame Proportion as *Jones* delighted in him; not from any Offence which he had ever received, but from his great Love to Religion and Virtue: For *Black George* had the Reputation of a looſe Kind of a Fellow. *Blifil* therefore repreſented this as flying in Mr. *Allworthy*'s Face; and declared with great Concern, that it was impoſſible to find any other Motive for doing Good to ſuch a Wretch.

Thwackum and *Square* likewiſe ſung to the ſame Tune: They were now (eſpecially the latter) become greatly jealous of young *Jones* with the Widow; for he now approached the Age of Twenty, was really a fine young Fellow, and that Lady, by her Encouragements to him, ſeemed daily more and more to think him ſo.

Allworthy was not, however, moved with their Malice. He declared himſelf very well ſatisfied with what *Jones* had done. He ſaid, the Perſe-

verance and Integrity of his Friendſhip was highly commendable, and he wiſhed he could ſee more frequent Inſtances of that Virtue.

But Fortune, who ſeldom greatly reliſhes ſuch Sparks as my Friend *Tom*, perhaps, becauſe they do not pay more ardent Addreſſes to her, gave now a very different Turn to all his Actions, and ſhewed them to Mr. *Allworthy* in a Light far leſs agreeable than that Gentleman's Goodneſs had hitherto ſeen them in.

CHAP. VI.

An Apology for the Inſenſibility of Mr. Jones, *to all the Charms of the lovely* Sophia; *in which poſſibly we may, in a conſiderable Degree, lower his Character in the Eſtimation of thoſe Men of Wit and Gallantry, who approve the Heroes in moſt of our modern Comedies.*

THERE are two Sorts of People, who, I am afraid, have already conceived ſome Contempt for my Hero, on Account of his Behaviour to *Sophia*. The former of theſe will blame his Prudence in neglecting an Opportunity to poſſeſs himſelf of Mr. *Weſtern*'s Fortune; and the latter will no leſs deſpiſe him for his Backwardneſs to ſo fine a Girl, who ſeemed ready to fly into his Arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, tho' I ſhall not, perhaps, be able abſolutely to acquit him of either of theſe Charges: (for Want of Prudence admits of no Excuſe; and what I ſhall produce againſt the latter Charge, will, I apprehend, be ſcarce ſatisfactory) yet as Evidence may ſometimes be offered in Mitigation, I ſhall ſet forth the plain Matter of Fact,

and

and leave the whole to the Reader's Determination.

Mr. *Jones* had Somewhat about him, which, tho' I think Writers are not thoroughly agreed in its Name, doth certainly inhabit ſome inhuman Breaſts; whoſe Uſe is not ſo properly to diſtinguiſh Right from Wrong, as to prompt and incite them to the former, and to reſtrain and withhold them from the latter.

This Somewhat may be indeed reſembled to the famous Trunk-maker in the Play-houſe: for whenever the Perſon who is poſſeſſed of it, doth what is right, no raviſhed or friendly Spectator is ſo eager, or ſo loud in his Applauſe; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no Critic is ſo apt to hiſs and explode him.

To give a higher Idea of the Principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the preſent Age; it may be conſidered as ſitting on its Throne in the Mind, like the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of this Kingdom in his Court; where it preſides, governs, directs, judges, acquits and condemns according to Merit and Juſtice; with a Knowledge which nothing eſcapes, a Penetration which nothing can deceive, and an Integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active Principle may perhaps be ſaid to conſtitute the moſt eſſential Barrier between us, and our Neighbours the Brutes; for if there be ſome in the human Shape, who are not under any ſuch Dominion, I chuſe rather to conſider them as Deſerters from us to our Neighbours; among whom they will have the Fate of Deſerters, and not be placed in the firſt Rank.

Our Hero, whether he derived it from *Thwackum* or *Square*, I will not determine, was very

ſtrongly under the Guidance of this Principle: for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did otherwiſe without feeling and ſuffering for it. It was this which taught him, that to repay the Civilities and little Friendſhips of Hoſpitality by robbing the Houſe where you have received them, is to be the baſeſt and meaneſt of Thieves. He did not think the Baſeneſs of this Offence leſſened by the Height of the Injury committed; on the contrary, if to ſteal another's Plate deſerved Death and Infamy, it ſeemed to him difficult to aſſign a Puniſhment adequate to the robbing a Man of his whole Fortune, and of his Child into the Bargain.

This Principle therefore prevented him from any Thought of making his Fortune by ſuch Means, (for this, as I have ſaid, is an active Principle, and doth not content itſelf with Knowledge or Belief only.) Had he been greatly enamoured of *Sophia*, he poſſibly might have thought otherwiſe; but give me Leave to ſay, there is great Difference between running away with a Man's Daughter from the Motive of Love, and doing the ſame Thing from the Motive of Theft.

Now, though this young Gentleman was not inſenſible of the Charms of *Sophia*; tho' he greatly liked her Beauty, and eſteemed all her other Qualifications, ſhe had made, however, no deep Impreſſion on his Heart: For which, as it renders him liable to the Charge of Stupidity, or at leaſt of Want of Taſte, we ſhall now proceed to account.

The Truth then is, his Heart was in the Poſſeſſion of another Woman. Here I queſtion not, but the Reader will be ſurpriſed at our long Taciturnity as to this Matter; and at no leſs Loſs

to

to divine who this Woman was; ſince we have hitherto not dropt a Hint of any one likely to be a Rival to *Sophia*: For as to Mrs. *Blifil*, though we have been obliged to mention ſome Suſpicions of her Affection for *Tom*, we have not hitherto given the leaſt Latitude for imagining that he had any for her; and, indeed, I am ſorry to ſay it, but the Youth of both Sexes are too apt to be deficient in their Gratitude, for that Regard with which Perſons more advanced in Years are ſometimes ſo kind to honour them.

That the Reader may be no longer in Suſpence, he will be pleaſed to remember, that we have often mentioned the Family of *George Seagrim*, (commonly called *Black George*, the Gamekeeper) which conſiſted at preſent of a Wife and five Children.

The ſecond of theſe Children was a Daughter, whoſe Name was *Molly*, and who was eſteemed one of the handſomeſt Girls in the whole Country.

Congreve well ſays, *There is in true Beauty ſomething which vulgar Souls cannot admire*; ſo can no Dirt or Rags hide this Something from thoſe Souls which are not of the vulgar Stamp.

The Beauty of this Girl made, however, no Impreſſion on *Tom*, till ſhe grew towards the Age of Sixteen, when *Tom*, who was near three Years older, began firſt to caſt the Eyes of Affection upon her. And this Affection he had fixed on the Girl long before he could bring himſelf to attempt the Poſſeſſion of her Perſon: For tho' his Conſtitution urged him greatly to this, his Principles no leſs forcibly reſtrained him. To debauch a young Woman, however low her Condition was, appeared to him a very heinous

Crime; and the Good-will he bore the Father, with the Compaſſion he had for his Family, very ſtrongly corroborated all ſuch ſober Reflections; ſo that he once reſolved to get the better of his Inclinations, and he actually abſtained three whole Months without ever going to *Seagrim*'s Houſe, or ſeeing his Daughter.

Now, though *Molly* was, as we have ſaid, generally thought a very fine Girl, and in reality ſhe was ſo; yet her Beauty was not of the moſt amiable Kind. It had indeed very little of Feminine in it, and would have become a Man at leaſt as well as a Woman; for, to ſay the Truth, Youth and florid Health had a very conſiderable Share in the Compoſition.

Nor was her Mind more effeminate than her Perſon. As this was tall and robuſt, ſo was that bold and forward. So little had ſhe of Modeſty, that *Jones* had more Regard for her Virtue than ſhe herſelf. And as moſt probably ſhe liked *Tom* as well as he liked her, ſo when ſhe perceived his Backwardneſs, ſhe herſelf grew proportionably forward; and when ſhe ſaw he had entirely deſerted the Houſe, ſhe found Means of throwing herſelf in his Way, and behaved in ſuch a Manner, that the Youth muſt have had very much, or very little of the Hero, if her Endeavours had proved unſucceſsful. In a Word, ſhe ſoon triumphed over all the virtuous Reſolutions of *Jones*: For though ſhe behaved at laſt with all decent Reluctance, yet I rather chuſe to attribute the Triumph to her; ſince, in Fact, it was her Deſign which ſucceeded.

In the Conduct of this Matter, *Molly* ſo well played her Part, that *Jones* attributed the Conqueſt entirely to himſelf, and conſidered the young

Woman

Woman as one who had yielded to the violent Attacks of his Paſſion. He likewiſe imputed her yielding to the ungovernable Force of her Love towards him; and this the Reader will allow to have been a very natural and probable Suppoſition, as we have more than once mentioned the uncommon Comelineſs of his Perſon: And indeed, he was one of the handſomeſt young Fellows in the World.

As there are ſome Minds whoſe Affections, like Maſter *Blifil*'s, are ſolely placed on one ſingle Perſon, whoſe Intereſt and Indulgence alone they conſider, on every Occaſion; regarding the Good and Ill of all others as merely indifferent, any farther than as they contribute to the Pleaſure or Advantage of that Perſon: So there is a different Temper of Mind, which borrows a Degree of Virtue even from Self-love. Such can never receive any Kind of Satisfaction from another, without loving the Creature to whom that Satisfaction is owing, and without making its Well-being in ſome Sort neceſſary to their own Eaſe.

Of this latter Species was our Hero. He conſidered this poor Girl as one whoſe Happineſs or Miſery he had cauſed to be dependent on himſelf. Her Beauty was ſtill the Object of Deſire, though greater Beauty, or a freſher Object, might have been more ſo; but the little Abatement which Fruition had occaſioned to this, was highly overbalanced by the Conſiderations of the Affection which ſhe viſibly bore him, and of the Situation into which he had brought her. The former of theſe created Gratitude, the latter Compaſſion; and both together, with his Deſire for her Perſon, raiſed in him a Paſſion, which might, without

any

any great Violence to the Word, be called *Love*; though, perhaps, it was at firſt not very judiciouſly placed.

This then was the true Reaſon of that Inſenſibility which he had ſhewn to the Charms of *Sophia*, and to that Behaviour in her, which might have been reaſonably enough interpreted as an Encouragement to his Addreſſes: For as he could not think of abandoning his *Molly*, poor and deſtitute as ſhe was, ſo no more could he entertain a Notion of betraying ſuch a Creature as *Sophia*. And ſurely, had he given the leaſt Encouragement to any Paſſion for that young Lady, he muſt have been abſolutely guilty of one or other of thoſe Crimes; either of which would, in my Opinion, have very juſtly ſubjected him to that Fate, which, at his firſt Introduction into this Hiſtory, I mentioned to have been generally predicted as his certain Deſtiny.

CHAP. VII.

Being the ſhorteſt Chapter in this Book.

HER Mother firſt perceived the Alteration in the Shape of *Molly*; and in order to hide it from her Neighbours, ſhe fooliſhly cloathed her in that Sack which *Sophia* had ſent her: though indeed that young Lady had little Apprehenſion, that the poor Woman would have been weak enough to let any of her Daughters wear it in that Form.

Molly was charmed with the firſt Opportunity ſhe had ever had of ſhewing her Beauty to Advantage; for though ſhe could very well bear to contemplate herſelf in the Glaſs, even when dreſt

in

in Rags; and though she had in that Dress conquered the Heart of *Jones*, and perhaps of some others; yet she thought the Addition of Finery would much improve her Charms, and extend her Conquests.

Molly, therefore, having dressed herself out in this Sack, with a new laced Cap, and some other Ornaments which *Tom* had given her, repairs to Church, with her Fan in her Hand, the very next *Sunday*. The Great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated Ambition and Vanity to themselves. These noble Qualities flourish as notably in a Country-Church, and Church-yard, as in the Drawing-Room, or in the Closet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the Vestry, which would hardly disgrace the Conclave. Here is a Ministry, and here is an Opposition. Here are Plots and Circumventions, Parties and Factions, equal to those which are to be found in Courts.

Nor are the Women here less practised in the highest Feminine Arts than their fair Superiors in Quality and Fortune. Here are Prudes and Coquettes. Here are Dressing and Ogling, Falshood, Envy, Malice, Scandal; in short, every Thing which is common to the most splendid Assembly, or politest Circle. Let those of high Life, therefore, no longer despise the Ignorance of their Inferiors; nor the Vulgar any longer rail at the Vices of their Betters.

Molly had seated herself some Time before she was known by her Neighbours; and a Whisper ran through the whole Congregation, 'Who is 'she?' But when she was discovered, such sneering, gigling, tittering, and laughing, ensued among the

the Women, that Mr. *Allworthy* was obliged to exert his Authority to preſerve any Decency among them.

CHAP. VIII.

A Battle ſung by the Muſe in the Homerican *Stile, and which none but the claſſical Reader can taſte.*

MR. *Weſtern* had an Eſtate in this Pariſh; and as his Houſe ſtood at little greater Diſtance from this Church than from his own, he very often came to divine Service here; and both he and the charming *Sophia* happened to be preſent at this Time.

Sophia was much pleaſed with the Beauty of the Girl, whom ſhe pitied for her Simplicity, in having dreſſed herſelf in that Manner, as ſhe ſaw the Envy which it had occaſioned among her Equals. She no ſooner came home, than ſhe ſent for the Game-keeper, and ordered him to bring his Daughter to her; ſaying, She would provide for her in the Family, and might poſſibly place the Girl about her own Perſon, when her own Maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor *Seagrim* was thunderſtruck at this; for he was no Stranger to the Fault in the Shape of his Daughter. He anſwered, in a ſtammering Voice, 'That he was afraid *Molly* would be too 'aukward to wait on her Ladyſhip, as ſhe had 'never been at Service.' 'No Matter for that,' ſays *Sophia*, 'ſhe will ſoon improve. I am 'pleaſed with the Girl, and am reſolved to try 'her.'

Black George now repaired to his Wife, on whoſe prudent Counſel he depended to extricate him

him out of this Dilemma; but when he came thither, he found his Houſe in ſome Confuſion. So great Envy had this Sack occaſioned, that when Mr. *Allworthy* and the other Gentry were gone from Church, the Rage, which had hitherto been confined, burſt into an Uproar; and, having vented itſelf at firſt in opprobrious Words, Laughs, Hiſſes, and Geſtures, betook itſelf at laſt to certain miſſile Weapons; which, though, from their plaſtic Nature, they threatened neither the Loſs of Life or of Limb, were however ſufficiently dreadful to a well-dreſſed Lady. *Molly* had too much Spirit to bear this Treatment tamely. Having therefore--But hold, as we are diffident of our own Abilities, let us here invite a ſuperior Power to our Aſſiſtance.

Ye Muſes then, whoever ye are, who love to ſing Battles, and principally thou, who whilom didſt recount the Slaughter in thoſe Fields where *Hudibras* and *Trulla* fought, if thou wert not ſtarved with thy Friend *Butler*, aſſiſt me on this great Occaſion. All Things are not in the Power of all.

As a vaſt Herd of Cows in a rich Farmer's Yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their Calves at a Diſtance, lamenting the Robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow; ſo roared forth the *Somerſetſhire* Mob an Hallaloo, made up of almoſt as many Squawls, Screams, and other different Sounds, as there were Perſons, or indeed Paſſions, among them: Some were inſpired by Rage, others alarmed by Fear, and others had nothing in their Heads but the Love of Fun; but chiefly Envy, the Siſter of *Satan*, and his conſtant Companion, ruſhed among the Crowd, and blew up the Fury of the Women; who no

ſooner

ſooner came up to *Molly*, than they pelted her with Dirt and Rubbiſh.

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handſome Retreat, faced about; and laying hold of ragged *Beſs*, who advanced in the Front of the Enemy, ſhe at one Blow felled her to the Ground. The whole Army of the Enemy (though near a hundred in Number) ſeeing the Fate of their General, gave back many Paces, and retired behind a new-dug Grave; for the Church-Yard was the Field of Battle, where there was to be a Funeral that very Evening. *Molly* purſued her Victory, and catching up a Skull which lay on the Side of the Grave, diſcharged it with ſuch Fury, that having hit a Taylor on the Head, the two Skulls ſent equally forth a hollow Sound at their Meeting, and the Taylor took preſently Meaſure of his Length on the Ground, where the Skulls lay Side by Side, and it was doubtful which was the moſt valuable of the two. *Molly* then taking a Thigh-bone in her Hand, fell in among the flying Ranks, and dealing her Blows with great Liberality on either Side, overthrew the Carcaſs of many a mighty Hero and Heroine.

Recount, O Muſe, the Names of thoſe who fell on this fatal Day. Firſt *Jemmy Tweedle* felt on his hinder Head the direful Bone. Him the pleaſant Banks of ſweetly winding *Stower* had nouriſhed, where he firſt learnt the vocal Art, with which, wandering up and down at Wakes and Fairs, he cheared the rural Nymphs and Swains, when upon the Green they interweaved the ſprightly Dance; while he himſelf ſtood fiddling and jumping to his own Muſic. How little now avails his Fiddle? He thumps the verdant Floor

Floor with his Carcaſs. Next old *Echepole*, the Sow-gelder, received a Blow in his Forehead from our Amazonian Heroine, and immediately fell to the Ground. He was a ſwinging fat Fellow, and fell with almoſt as much Noiſe as a Houſe. His Tobacco-box dropt at the ſame Time from his Pocket, which *Molly* took up as lawful Spoils. Then *Kate* of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a Tomb-ſtone, which catching hold of her ungartered Stocking, inverted the Order of Nature, and gave her Heels the Superiority to her Head. *Betty Pippin*, with young *Roger* her Lover, fell both to the Ground; where, O perverſe Fate! ſhe ſalutes the Earth, and he the Sky. *Tom Freckle*, the Smith's Son, was the next Victim to her Rage. He was an ingenious Workman, and made excellent Pattins; nay, the very Pattin with which he was knocked down, was his own Workmanſhip. Had he been at that Time ſinging Pſalms in the Church, he would have avoided a broken Head. Miſs *Crow*, the Daughter of a Farmer; *John Giddiſh*, himſelf a Farmer; *Nan Slouch*, *Eſther Codling*, *Will Spray*, *Tom Bennet*; the three Miſſes *Potter*, whoſe Father keeps the Sign of the *Red Lion*; *Betty Chambermaid*; *Jack Oſtler*, and many others of inferior Note, lay rolling among the Graves.

Not that the ſtrenuous Arm of *Molly* reached all theſe; for many of them in their Flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing ſhe had acted out of Character, and had inclined too long to the ſame Side, eſpecially as it was the right Side, haſtily turned about: For now Goody *Brown*, whom *Zekiel Brown* careſſed in his Arms; nor he alone, but half the Pariſh beſides: ſo famous was ſhe

in

in the Fields of *Venus*, nor indeed leſs in thoſe of *Mars*. The Trophies of both theſe, her Huſband always bore about on his Head and Face; for if ever human Head did by its Horns diſplay the amorous Glories of a Wife, *Zekiel*'s did; nor did his well-ſcratched Face leſs denote her Talents (or rather Talons) of a different Kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the ſhameful Flight of her Party. She ſtopt ſhort, and calling aloud to all who fled, ſpoke as follows: 'Ye *Somerſetſhire* Men, or rather ye *Somerſetſhire* Women, are ye not aſhamed, thus to fly from a ſingle Woman? But if no other will oppoſe her, I myſelf and *Joan Top* here will have the Honour of the Victory.' Having thus ſaid, ſhe flew at *Molly Seagrim*, and eaſily wrenched the Thigh-bone from her Hand, at the ſame Time clawing off her Cap from her Head. Then laying hold of the Hair of *Molly*, with her Left-Hand, ſhe attacked her ſo furiouſly in the Face with the Right, that the Blood ſoon began to trickle from her Noſe. *Molly* was not idle this while. She ſoon removed the Clout from the Head of Goody *Brown*, and then faſtening on her Hair with one Hand, with the other ſhe cauſed another bloody Stream to iſſue forth from the Noſtrils of the Enemy.

When each of the Combatants had bore off ſufficient Spoils of Hair from the Head of her Antagoniſt, the next Rage was againſt their Garments. In this Attack they exerted ſo much Violence, that in a very few Minutes, they were both naked to the Middle.

It is lucky for the Women, that the Seat of Fiſtycuff-War is not the ſame with them as among

among Men; but tho' they may ſeem a little to deviate from their Sex, when they go forth to Battle, yet I have obſerved they never ſo far forget it, as to aſſail the Boſoms of each other; where a few Blows would be fatal to moſt of them. This, I know, ſome derive from their being of a more bloody Inclination than the Males. On which Account they apply to the Noſe, as to the Part whence Blood may moſt eaſily be drawn; but this ſeems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured Suppoſition.

Goody *Brown* had great Advantage of *Molly* in this Particular; for the former had indeed no Breaſts, her Boſom (if it may be ſo called) as well in Colour as in many other Properties, exactly reſembling an antient Piece of Parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a conſiderable while, without doing her any great Damage.

Molly, beſides her preſent unhappy Condition, was differently formed in thoſe Parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the Envy of *Brown* to give her a fatal Blow, had not the lucky Arrival of *Tom Jones* at this Inſtant put an immediate End to the bloody Scene.

This Accident was luckily owing to Mr. *Square*; for he, Maſter *Bliſil*, and *Jones*, had mounted their Horſes, after Church, to take the Air, and had ridden about a Quarter of a Mile, when *Square*, changing his Mind, (not idly, but for a Reaſon which we ſhall unfold as ſoon as we have Leiſure) deſired the young Gentlemen to ride with him another Way than they had at firſt purpoſed. This Motion being complied with, brought them of Neceſſity back again to the Church-yard.

Maſter

Maſter *Bliſil*, who rode firſt, ſeeing ſuch a Mob aſſembled, and two Women in the Poſture in which we left the Combatants, ſtopt his Horſe to enquire what was the Matter. A Country-Fellow, ſcratching his Head, anſwered him; 'I 'don't know Meaſter un't I; an't pleaſe your 'Honour, here hath been a Vight, I think, be-'tween Goody *Brown* and *Mol Seagrim*.' 'Who, 'who?' cries *Tom*; but without waiting for an Anſwer, having diſcovered the Features of his *Molly* through all the Diſcompoſure in which they now were, he haſtily alighted, turned his Horſe looſe, and leaping over the Wall, ran to her. She now, firſt burſting into Tears, told him how barbarouſly ſhe had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the Sex of Goody *Brown*, or perhaps not knowing it, in his Rage; for, in reality, ſhe had no feminine Appearance, but a Petticoat, which he might not obſerve, he gave her a Laſh or two with his Horſe-whip; and then flying at the Mob, who were all accuſed by *Moll*, he dealt his Blows ſo profuſely on all Sides, that, unleſs I would again invoke the Muſe, (which the good-natured Reader may think a little too hard upon her, as ſhe hath ſo lately been violently ſweated) it would be impoſſible for me to recount the Horſe-whipping of that Day.

Having ſcoured the whole Coaſt of the Enemy, as well as any of *Homer*'s Heroes ever did, or as *Don Quixotte*, or any Knight-Errant in the World could have done, he returned to *Molly*, whom he found in a Condition, which muſt give both me and my Reader Pain, was it to be deſcribed here. *Tom* raved like a Madman, beat his Breaſt, tore his Hair, ſtamped on the Ground,

and

and vowed the utmoſt Vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his Coat, and buttoned it round her, put his Hat upon her Head, wiped the Blood from her Face as well as he could with his Handkerchief, and called out to the Servant to ride as faſt as poſſible for a Side-ſaddle, or a Pillion, that he might carry her ſafe home.

Maſter *Blifil* objected to the ſending away the Servant, as they had only one with them; but as *Square* ſeconded the Order of *Jones*, he was obliged to comply.

The Servant returned in a very ſhort Time with the Pillion, and *Molly*, having collected her Rags as well as ſhe could, was placed behind him. In which Manner ſhe was carried home, *Square*, *Blifil*, and *Jones* attending.

Here *Jones*, having received his Coat, given her a ſly Kiſs, and whiſpered her, that he would return in the Evening, quitted his *Molly*, and rode on after his Companions.

CHAP. IX.

Containing Matter of no very peaceable Colour.

MOLLY had no ſooner apparelled herſelf in her accuſtomed Rags, than her Siſters began to fall violently upon her; particularly her eldeſt Siſter, who told her ſhe was well enough ſerved. 'How had ſhe the Aſſurance to wear a 'Gown which young Madam *Weſtern* had given 'to Mother! If one of us was to wear it, I 'think,' ſays ſhe, 'I myſelf have the beſt Right; 'but I warrant you think it belongs to your Beau-'ty. I ſuppoſe you think yourſelf more hand-

'ſome

'ſome than any of us.' 'Hand her down the 'Bit of Glaſs from over the Cupboard,' cries another; 'I'd waſh the Blood from my Face be- 'fore I tauked of my Beauty.' 'You'd better 'have minded what the Parſon ſays,' cries the eldeſt, 'and a not hearkened after Men Voke.' 'Indeed, Child, and ſo ſhe had,' ſays the Mother ſobbing, 'ſhe hath brought a Diſgrace upon 'us all. She's the vurſt of the Vamily that ever 'was a Whore.' 'You need not upbraid me 'with that, Mother,' cries *Molly*; 'you your- 'ſelf was brought to-bed of Siſter there, within 'a Week after you was married.' 'Yes, Huſ- 'ſy,' anſwered the enraged Mother, 'ſo I was, 'and what was the mighty Matter of that? I 'was made an honeſt Woman then; and if you 'was to be made an honeſt Woman, I ſhould 'not be angry; but you muſt have to doing with 'a Gentleman, you naſty Slut, you will have a 'Baſtard, Huſſy, you will; and that I defy any 'one to ſay of me.'

In this Situation *Black George* found his Family, when he came home for the Purpoſe before-mentioned. As his Wife and three Daughters were all of them talking together, and moſt of them crying, it was ſome Time before he could get an Opportunity of being heard; but as ſoon as ſuch an Interval occurred, he acquainted the Company with what *Sophia* had ſaid to him.

Goody *Seagrim* then began to revile her Daughter afreſh. 'Here,' ſays ſhe, 'you have brought 'us into a fine Quandary indeed. What will 'Madam ſay to that big Belly? Oh that ever I 'ſhould live to ſee this Day!'

Molly anſwered with great Spirit, 'And what 'is this mighty Place which you have got for me, 'Father?'

'Father?' (for he had not well underſtood the Phraſe uſed by *Sophia* of being about her Perſon) 'I ſuppoſe it is to be under the Cook; but I 'ſhan't waſh Diſhes for any body. My Gentle-'man will provide better for me. See what he 'hath given me this Afternoon: He hath pro-'miſed I ſhall never want Money; and you ſhan't 'want Money neither, Mother, if you will hold 'your Tongue, and know when you are well.' And ſo ſaying, ſhe pulled out ſeveral Guineas, and gave her Mother one of them.

The good Woman no ſooner felt the Gold within her Palm, than her Temper began (ſuch is the Efficacy of that *Panacea*) to be mollified. 'Why, Huſband,' ſays ſhe, 'would any but ſuch 'a Blockhead as you not have enquired what 'Place this was before he had accepted it? Per-'haps, as *Molly* ſays, it may be in the Kitchen, 'and truly I don't care my Daughter ſhould be 'a Scullion-Wench: For poor as I am, I am a 'Gentlewoman. And thof I was obliged, as 'my Father, who was a Clergyman, died worſe 'than Nothing, and ſo could not give me a Shil-'ling of *Potion*, to undervalue myſelf, by marry-'ing a poor Man; yet I would have you to know, 'I have a Spirit above all *them* Things. Marry 'come up! it would better become Madam *Weſ-'tern* to look at home, and remember who her 'own Grandfather was. Some of my Family, 'for ought I know, might ride in their Coaches, 'when the Grandfathers of ſome Voke walked 'a-voot. I warrant ſhe fancies ſhe did a mighty 'Matter, when ſhe ſent us that old *Gownd*; ſome 'of my Family would not have picked up ſuch 'Rags in the Street: but poor People are always 'trampled upon.---The Pariſh need not have been

'in ſuch a Fluſter with *Molly*.—You might have 'told them, Child, your Grandmother wore 'better Things new out of the Shop.'

'Well, but conſider,' cried *George*, 'What 'Anſwer ſhall I make to Madam?' 'I don't 'know what Anſwer,' ſays ſhe, 'You are al- 'ways bringing your Family into one Quandary 'or other. Do you remember when you ſhot 'the Partridge, the Occaſion of all our Misfor- 'tunes? Did not I adviſe you never to go into 'Squire *Weſtern*'s Manor? Did not I tell you 'many a good Year ago what would come of it? 'But you would have your own headſtrong Ways; 'yes, you would, you Villain'---

Black George was, in the main, a peaceable Kind of Fellow, and nothing *choleric*, *nor raſh*, yet did he bear about him ſomething of what the Antients called the *Iraſcible*, and which his Wife, if ſhe had been endowed with much *Wiſdom*, *would have feared*. He had long experienced, that when the Storm grew very high, Arguments were but Wind, which ſerved rather to encreaſe than to abate it. He was therefore ſeldom unprovided with a ſmall Switch, a Remedy of wonderful Force, as he had often eſſayed, and which the Word Villain ſerved as a Hint for his applying.

No ſooner, therefore, had this Symptom appeared, than he had immediate Recourſe to the ſaid Remedy, which, though, as it is uſual in all very efficacious Medicines, it at firſt ſeemed to heighten and inflame the Diſeaſe, ſoon produced a total Calm, and reſtored the Patient to perfect Eaſe and Tranquility.

This is, however, a Kind of Horſe-medicine, which requires a very robuſt Conſtitution to digeſt, and is therefore only proper for the Vulgar, unleſs

unleſs in one ſingle Inſtance, *viz.* where Superiority of Birth breaks out; in which Caſe, we ſhould not think it very improperly applied by any Huſband whatever, if the Application was not in itſelf ſo baſe, that, like certain Applications of the phyſical Kind which need not be mentioned, it ſo much degrades and contaminates the Hand employed in it, that no Gentleman ſhould endure the Thought of any Thing ſo low and deteſtable.

The whole Family were ſoon reduced to a State of perfect Quiet: For the Virtue of this Medicine, like that of Electricity, is often communicated through one Perſon to many others, who are not touched by the Inſtrument. To ſay the Truth, as they both operate by Friction, it may be doubted whether there is not ſomething analogous between them, of which Mr. *Freke* would do well to enquire, before he publiſhes the next Edition of his Book.

A Council was now called, in which, after many Debates, *Molly* ſtill perſiſting that ſhe would not go to Service, it was at length reſolved, that Goody *Seagrim* herſelf ſhould wait on Miſs *Weſtern*, and endeavour to procure the Place for her elder Daughter, who declared great Readineſs to accept it: But Fortune, who ſeems to have been an Enemy of this little Family, afterwards put a Stop to her Promotion.

CHAP. X.

A Story told by Mr. Supple, *the Curate. The Penetration of Squire* Weſtern. *His great Love for his Daughter, and the Return to it made by her.*

THE next Morning *Tom Jones* hunted with Mr. *Weſtern*, and was at his Return invited by that Gentleman to Dinner.

The lovely *Sophia* ſhone forth that Day with more Gaiety and Sprightlineſs than uſual. Her Battery was certainly levelled at our Hero; tho', I believe, ſhe herſelf ſcarce yet knew her own Intention: but if ſhe had any Deſign of charming him, ſhe now ſucceeded.

Mr. *Supple*, the Curate of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Pariſh, made one of the Company. He was a good-natured worthy Man; but chiefly remarkable for his great Taciturnity at Table, tho' his Mouth was never ſhut at it. In ſhort, he had one of the beſt Appetites in the World. However, the Cloth was no ſooner taken away, than he always made ſufficient Amends for his Silence: For he was a very hearty Fellow; and his Converſation was often entertaining, never offenſive.

At his firſt Arrival, which was immediately before the Entrance of the Roaſt-beef, he had given an Intimation, that he had brought ſome News with him, and was beginning to tell, that he came that Moment from Mr. *Allworthy*'s, when the Sight of the Roaſt-beef ſtruck him dumb, permitting him only to ſay Grace, and to declare, he muſt pay his Reſpect to the Baronet: for ſo he called the Sirloin.

When

When Dinner was over, being reminded by *Sophia* of his News, he began as follows: 'I be-
'lieve, Lady, your Ladyſhip obſerved a young
'Woman at Church yeſterday at Even-ſong,
'who was dreſt in one of your outlandiſh Gar-
'ments; I think I have ſeen your Ladyſhip in
'ſuch a one. However, in the Country, ſuch
'Dreſſes are

'*Rara avis in Terris, nigroque ſimillima Cycno,*

'That is, Madam, as much as to ſay,

'A rare Bird upon the Earth, and very like a
'black Swan.

'The Verſe is in *Juvenal:* But to return to
'what I was relating. I was ſaying ſuch Gar-
'ments are rare Sights in the Country; and per-
'chance too, it was thought the more rare, Re-
'ſpect being had to the Perſon who wore it, who,
'they tell me, is the Daughter of *Black George*,
'your Worſhip's Game-keeper, whoſe Sufferings
'I ſhould have opined, might have taught him
'more Wit, than to dreſs forth his Wenches in
'ſuch gaudy Apparel. She created ſo much Con-
'fuſion in the Congregation, that if Squire *All-*
'*worthy* had not ſilenced it, it would have inter-
'rupted the Service: For I was once about to
'ſtop in the Middle of the firſt Leſſon. How-
'beit, nevertheleſs, after Prayer was over, and I
'was departed home, this occaſioned a Battle in
'the Church-yard, where, amongſt other Miſ-
'chief, the Head of a travelling Fidler was very
'much broken. This Morning the Fidler came
'to Squire *Allworthy* for a Warrant, and the

'Wench was brought before him. The Squire 'was inclined to have compounded Matters; 'when, lo! on a ſudden, the Wench appeared '(I aſk your Ladyſhip Pardon) to be, as it were, 'at the Eve of bringing forth a Baſtard. The 'Squire demanded of her who was the Father? 'But ſhe pertinacioufly refuſed to make any Re-'ſponſe: ſo that he was about to make her 'Mittimus to *Bridewell*, when I departed.'

'And is a Wench having a Baſtard all your 'News, Doctor?' cries *Weſtern*. 'I thought it 'might have been ſome public Matter, ſome-'thing about the Nation.'

'I am afraid it is too common, indeed,' anſwered the Parſon, 'but I thought the whole 'Story altogether deſerved commemorating. As 'to national Matters, your Worſhip knows them 'beſt. My Concerns extend no farther than my 'own Pariſh.'

'Why, ay,' ſays the Squire, 'I believe I do 'know a little of that Matter, as you ſay; but 'come, *Tommy*, drink about, the Bottle ſtands 'with you.'

Tom begged to be excuſed, for that he had particular Buſineſs; and getting up from Table, eſcapes the Clutches of the Squire, who was riſing to ſtop him, and went off with very little Ceremony.

The Squire gave him a good Curſe at his Departure; and then turning to the Parſon, he cried out, 'I ſmoke it, I ſmoke it: *Tom* is certainly 'the Father of this Baſtard. Zooks, Parſon, 'you remember how he recommended the Vea-'ther o'her to me.---D--n un, what a ſly B--ch 'tis. Ay, ay, as ſure as Two-pence, *Tom* is 'the Veather of the Baſtard.'

'I

'I ſhould be very ſorry for that,' ſays the 'Parſon.' 'Why ſorry,' cries the Squire, 'Where 'is the mighty Matter o't? What, I ſuppoſe, 'doſt pretend that thee haſt never got a Baſtard? 'Pox! more good Luck's thine: For I warrant 'haſt a done *therefore* many's the good Time 'and often.' 'Your Worſhip is pleaſed to be 'jocular,' anſwered the Parſon, 'but I do not 'only animadvert on the Sinfulneſs of the Action, 'though that ſurely is to be greatly deprecated; 'but I fear his Unrighteouſneſs may injure him 'with Mr. *Allworthy*. And truly I muſt ſay, 'though he hath the Character of being a little 'wild, I never ſaw any Harm in the young Man; 'nor can I ſay I have heard any, ſave what your 'Worſhip now mentions. I wiſh, indeed, he 'was a little more regular in his Reſponſes at 'Church; but altogether he ſeems

'*Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris.*

'That is a claſſical Line, young Lady, and be-'ing rendered into *Engliſh*, is, 'A Lad of an 'ingenuous Countenance, and of an ingenuous 'Modeſty:' For this was a Virtue in great Re-'pute both among the *Latins* and *Greeks*. I muſt 'ſay the young Gentleman (for ſo I think I may 'call him, notwithſtanding his Birth) appears to 'me a very modeſt, civil Lad, and I ſhould be 'ſorry that he ſhould do himſelf any Injury in 'Squire *Allworthy*'s Opinion.'

'Poogh!' ſays the Squire, 'Injury with *All-'worthy!* Why *Allworthy* loves a Wench him-'ſelf. Doth not all the Country know whoſe 'Son *Tom* is? You muſt talk to another Perſon

'in that Manner. I remember *Allworthy* at 'College.'

'I thought,' ſaid the Parſon, 'he had never 'been at the Univerſity.'

'Yes, yes, he was,' ſays the Squire, 'and 'many a Wench have we two had together. 'As arrant a Whoremaſter as any within five 'Miles o'un. No, no. It will do'n no Harm 'with he, aſſure yourſelf; nor with any body 'elſe. Aſk *Sophy* there---You have not the worſe 'Opinion of a young Fellow for getting a Baſ-'tard, have you, Girl? No, no, the Women 'will like un the better for't.'

This was a cruel Queſtion to poor *Sophia*. She had obſerved *Tom*'s Colour change at the Parſon's Story; and that, with his haſty and abrupt Departure, gave her ſufficient Reaſon to think her Father's Suſpicion not groundleſs. Her Heart now, at once, diſcovered the great Secret to her, which it had been ſo long diſcloſing by little and little; and ſhe found herſelf highly intereſted in this Matter. In ſuch a Situation, her Father's malapert Queſtion ruſhing ſuddenly upon her, produced ſome Symptoms which might have alarmed a ſuſpicious Heart; but to do the Squire Juſtice, that was not his Fault. When ſhe roſe therefore from her Chair, and told him, a Hint from him was always ſufficient to make her withdraw, he ſuffered her to leave the Room; and then with great Gravity of Countenance remarked, 'That 'it was better to ſee a Daughter over-modeſt, 'than over-forward;' a Sentiment which was highly applauded by the Parſon.

There now enſued between the Squire and the Parſon, a moſt excellent political Diſcourſe, framed out of News-papers, and political Pamphlets; in which

which they made a Libation of four Bottles of Wine to the Good of their Country; and then, the Squire being fast asleep, the Parson lighted his Pipe, mounted his Horse, and rode home.

When the Squire had finished his Half-hour's Nap, he summoned his Daughter to her Harpsichord; but she begged to be excused that Evening, on Account of a violent Head-ach. This Remission was presently granted: For indeed she seldom had Occasion to ask him twice, as he loved her with such ardent Affection, that by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the highest Gratification to himself. She was really what he frequently called her, his little Darling; and she well deserved to be so: for she returned all his Affection in the most ample Manner. She had preserved the most inviolable Duty to him in all Things; and this her Love made not only easy, but so delightful, that when one of her Companions laughed at her, for placing so much Merit in such scrupulous Obedience, as that young Lady called it, *Sophia* answered, 'You mistake me, 'Madam, if you think I value myself upon this 'Account: For besides that I am barely discharg-'ing my Duty, I am likewise pleasing myself. I 'can truly say, I have no Delight equal to that 'of contributing to my Father's Happiness; and 'if I value myself, my Dear, it is on having this 'Power, and not on executing it.'

This was a Satisfaction, however, which poor *Sophia* was incapable of tasting this Evening. She therefore not only desired to be excused from her Attendance at the Harpsichord, but likewise begged that he would suffer her to absent herself from Supper. To this Request likewise the Squire agreed, though not without some Reluctance:

for he ſcarce ever permitted her to be out of his Sight, unleſs when he was engaged with his Horſes, Dogs, or Bottle. Nevertheleſs he yielded to the Deſire of his Daughter, though the poor Man was, at the ſame Time, obliged to avoid his own Company, (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) by ſending for a neighbouring Farmer to ſit with him.

CHAP. XI.

The narrow Eſcape of Molly Seagrim, *with ſome Obſervations for which we have been forced to dive pretty deep into Nature.*

TOM JONES had ridden one of Mr. *Weſtern*'s Horſes that Morning in the Chace; ſo that having no Horſe of his own in the Squire's Stable, he was obliged to go home on Foot. This he did ſo expeditiouſly, than he ran upwards of three Miles within the half Hour.

Juſt as he arrived at Mr. *Allworthy*'s outward Gate, he met the Conſtable and Company, with *Molly* in their Poſſeſſion, whom they were conducting to that Houſe where the inferior Sort of People may learn one good Leſſon, *viz.* Reſpect and Deference to their Superiors: ſince it muſt ſhew them the wide Diſtinction Fortune intends between thoſe Perſons who are to be corrected for their Faults, and thoſe who are not; which Leſſon, if they do not learn, I am afraid, they very rarely learn any other good Leſſon, or improve their Morals, at the Houſe of Correction.

A Lawyer may, perhaps, think Mr. *Allworthy* exceeded his Authority a little in this Inſtance. And, to ſay the Truth, I queſtion, as here was

no

no regular Information before him, whether his Conduct was ſtrictly regular. However, as his Intention was truly upright, he ought to be excuſed in *Foro Conſcientiæ*; ſince ſo many arbitrary Acts are daily committed by Magiſtrates, who have not this Excuſe to plead for themſelves.

Tom was no ſooner informed by the Conſtable, whither they were proceeding, (indeed he pretty well gueſſed it of himſelf) than he caught *Molly* in his Arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, ſwore he would murder the firſt Man who offered to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her Eyes, and be comforted; for wherever ſhe went, he would accompany her. Then turning to the Conſtable, who ſtood trembling with his Hat off, he deſired him, in a very mild Voice, to return with him for a Moment only to his Father; (ſo he now called *Allworthy*) for he durſt, he ſaid, be aſſured, that when he had alledged what he had to ſay in her Favour, the Girl would be diſcharged.

The Conſtable, who, I make no Doubt, would have ſurrendered his Priſoner, had *Tom* demanded her, very readily conſented to this Requeſt. So back they all went into Mr. *Allworthy*'s Hall; where *Tom* deſired them to ſtay till his Return, and then went himſelf in Purſuit of the good Man. As ſoon as he was found, *Tom* threw himſelf at his Feet, and having begged a patient Hearing, confeſſed himſelf to be the Father of the Child, of which *Molly* was then big. He entreated him to have Compaſſion on the poor Girl, and to conſider, if there was any Guilt in the Caſe, it lay principally at his Door.

'If there is any Guilt in the Caſe!' anſwered *Allworthy* warmly, 'are you then ſo profligate

'and abandoned a Libertine, to doubt whether 'the breaking the Laws of God and Man, the 'corrupting and ruining a poor Girl, be Guilt? 'I own, indeed, it doth lie principally upon you, 'and ſo heavy it is, that you ought to expect it 'ſhould cruſh you.'

'Whatever may be my Fate,' ſays *Tom*, 'let 'me ſucceed in my Interceſſions for the poor 'Girl. I confeſs I have corrupted her; but whe-'ther ſhe ſhall be ruined, depends on you. For 'Heaven's Sake, Sir, revoke your Warrant, and 'do not ſend her to a Place which muſt unavoid-'ably prove her Deſtruction.'

Allworthy bid him immediately call a Servant. *Tom* anſwered, there was no Occaſion; for he had luckily met them at the Gate, and relying upon his Goodneſs, had brought them all back into his Hall, where they now waited his final Reſolution, which, upon his Knees, he beſought him might be in favour of the Girl; that ſhe might be permitted to go home to her Parents, and not be expoſed to a greater Degree of Shame and Scorn than muſt neceſſarily fall upon her. 'I 'know,' ſaid he, 'that is too much. I know 'I am the wicked Occaſion of it. I will endea-'vour to make Amends, if poſſible; and if you 'ſhall have hereafter the Goodneſs to forgive me, 'I hope I ſhall deſerve it.'

Allworthy heſitated ſome Time, and at laſt ſaid, 'Well, I will diſcharge my Mittimus---You 'may ſend the Conſtable to me.' He was inſtantly called, diſcharged, and ſo was the Girl.

It will be believed, that Mr. *Allworthy* failed not to read *Tom* a very ſevere Lecture on this Occaſion; but it is unneceſſary to inſert it here, as we have faithfully tranſcribed what he ſaid to

Jenny

Jenny Jones in the firſt Book, moſt of which may be applied to the Men, equally with the Women. So ſenſible an Effect had theſe Reproofs on the young Man, who was no hardened Sinner, that he retired to his own Room, where he paſſed the Evening alone, in much melancholy Contemplation.

Allworthy was ſufficiently offended by this Tranſgreſſion of *Jones*; for, notwithſtanding the Aſſertion of Mr. *Weſtern*, it is certain, this worthy Man had never indulged himſelf in any looſe Pleaſures with Women, and greatly condemned the Vice of Incontinence in others. Indeed, there is much Reaſon to imagine, that there was not the leaſt Truth in what Mr. *Weſtern* affirmed, eſpecially as he laid the Scene of thoſe Impurities at the Univerſity, where Mr. *Allworthy* had never been. In Fact, the good Squire was a little too apt to indulge that Kind of Pleaſantry which is generally called *Rhodomontade*; but which may, with as much Propriety, be expreſſed by a much ſhorter Word; and, perhaps, we too often ſupply the Uſe of this little Monoſyllable by others; ſince very much of what frequently paſſes in the World for Wit and Humour, ſhould, in the ſtricteſt Purity of Language, receive that ſhort Appellation, which, in Conformity to the well-bred Laws of Cuſtom, I here ſuppreſs.

But whatever Deteſtation Mr. *Allworthy* had to this or any other Vice, he was not ſo blinded by it, but that he could diſcern any Virtue in the guilty Perſon, as clearly, indeed, as if there had been no Mixture of Vice in the ſame Character. While he was angry, therefore, with the Incontinence of *Jones*, he was no leſs pleaſed with the Honour and Honeſty of his Self-accuſation.

He

He began now to form in his Mind the ſame Opinion of this young Fellow, which, we hope, our Reader may have conceived. And in balancing the Faults with his Perfections, the latter ſeemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no Purpoſe, therefore, that *Thwackum*, who was immediately charged by Mr. *Blifil* with the Story, unbended all his Rancour againſt poor *Tom*. *Allworthy* gave a patient Hearing to their Invectives, and then anſwered coldly; 'That young Men of *Tom*'s Complexion were 'too generally addicted to this Vice: but he be-'lieved that Youth was ſincerely affected with 'what he had ſaid to him on the Occaſion, and 'he hoped he would not tranſgreſs again.' So that, as the Days of Whipping were at an End, the Tutor had no other Vent but his own Mouth for his Gall, the uſual poor Reſource of impotent Revenge.

But *Square*, who was a leſs violent, was a much more artful Man; and as he hated *Jones* more, perhaps, than *Thwackum* himſelf did, ſo he contrived to do him more Miſchief in the Mind of Mr. *Allworthy*.

The Reader muſt remember the ſeveral little Incidents of the Partridge, the Horſe, and the Bible, which were recounted in the ſecond Book; by all which *Jones* had rather improved than injured the Affection which Mr. *Allworthy* was inclined to entertain for him. The ſame, I believe, muſt have happened to him with every other Perſon who hath any Idea of Friendſhip, Generoſity, and Greatneſs of Spirit; that is to ſay, who hath any Traces of Goodneſs in his Mind.

Square

Square himſelf was not unacquainted with the true Impreſſion which thoſe ſeveral Inſtances of Goodneſs had made on the excellent Heart of *Allworthy*; for the Philoſopher very well knew what Virtue was, though he was not always, perhaps, ſteady in its Purſuit: But as for *Thwackum*, from what Reaſon I will not determine, no ſuch Thoughts ever entered into his Head. He ſaw *Jones* in a bad Light, and he imagined *Allworthy* ſaw him in the ſame, but that he was reſolved, from Pride and Stubbornneſs of Spirit, not to give up the Boy whom he had once cheriſhed; ſince, by ſo doing, he muſt tacitly acknowledge, that his former Opinion of him had been wrong.

Square therefore embraced this Opportunity of injuring *Jones* in the tendereſt Part, by giving a very bad Turn to all theſe before-mentioned Occurrences. 'I am ſorry, Sir,' ſaid he, 'to own 'I have been deceived as well as yourſelf. I 'could not, I confeſs, help being pleaſed with 'what I aſcribed to the Motive of Friendſhip, 'though it was carried to an Exceſs, and all 'Exceſs is faulty and vicious; but in this I made 'Allowance for Youth. Little did I ſuſpect that 'the Sacrifice of Truth, which we both imagined to have been made to Friendſhip, was, 'in reality, a Proſtitution of it to a depraved and 'debauched Appetite. You now plainly ſee, 'whence all the ſeeming Generoſity of this young 'Man to the Family of the Game-keeper proceeded. He ſupported the Father, in order to 'corrupt the Daughter, and preſerved the Family from ſtarving, to bring one of them to Shame 'and Ruin. This is Friendſhip! this is Generoſity! As Sir *Richard Steele* ſays, "Gluttons

"who

" who give high Prices for Delicacies, are very " worthy to be called generous." ' In ſhort, I am ' reſolved, from this Inſtance, never to give ' Way to the Weakneſs of Human Nature more, ' nor to think any thing Virtue which doth not ' exactly quadrate with the unerring Rule of ' Right.'

The Goodneſs of *Allworthy* had prevented thoſe Conſiderations from occurring to himſelf; yet were they too plauſible to be abſolutely and haſtily rejected, when laid before his Eyes by another. Indeed what *Square* had ſaid, ſunk very deeply into his Mind, and the Uneaſineſs which it there created, was very viſible to the other; though the good Man would not acknowledge this, but made a very ſlight Anſwer, and forcibly drove off the Diſcourſe to ſome other Subject. It was well, perhaps, for poor *Tom*, that no ſuch Suggeſtions had been made before he was pardoned; for they certainly ſtamped in the Mind of *Allworthy* the firſt bad Impreſſion concerning *Jones*.

CHAP. XII.

Containing much clearer Matters; but which flow from the ſame Fountain with thoſe in the preceding Chapter.

THE Reader will be pleaſed, I believe, to return with me to *Sophia*. She paſſed the Night, after we ſaw her laſt, in no very agreeable Manner. Sleep befriended her but little, and Dreams leſs. In the Morning, when Mrs. *Honour* her Maid attended her, at the uſual Hour, ſhe was found already up and dreſt.

Perſons

Perſons who live two or three Miles Diſtance in the Country, are conſidered as next Door Neighbours, and Tranſactions at the one Houſe fly with incredible Celerity to the other. Mrs. *Honour*, therefore, had heard the whole Story of *Molly*'s Shame; which ſhe, being of a very communicative Temper, had no ſooner entered the Apartment of her Miſtreſs, than ſhe began to relate in the following Manner:

'La Ma'am, what doth your La'ſhip think? 'the Girl that your La'ſhip ſaw at Church on 'Sunday, whom you thought ſo handſome; 'though you would not have thought her ſo 'handſome neither, if you had ſeen her nearer; 'but to be ſure ſhe hath been carried before the 'Juſtice for being big with Child. She ſeemed 'to me to look like a confident Slut; and to 'be ſure ſhe hath laid the Child to young Mr. '*Jones*. And all the Pariſh ſays Mr. *Allworthy* 'is ſo angry with young Mr. *Jones*, that he won't 'ſee him. To be ſure, one can't help pitying 'the poor young Man, and yet he doth not de'ſerve much Pity neither, for demeaning himſelf 'with ſuch Kind of Trumpery. Yet he is ſo 'pretty a Gentleman, I ſhould be ſorry to have 'him turned out of Doors. I dares to ſwear the 'Wench was as willing as he; for ſhe was al'ways a forward Kind of Body. And when 'Wenches are ſo coming, young Men are not 'ſo much to be blamed neither; for to be ſure 'they do no more than what is natural. Indeed 'it is beneath them to meddle with ſuch dirty 'Draggle-tails; and whatever happens to them, 'it is good enough for them. And yet to be 'ſure the vile Baggages are moſt in Fault. I 'wiſhes, with all my Heart, they were well to

'be

'be whipped at the Cart's Tail; for it is Pity
'they ſhould be the Ruin of a pretty young Gen-
'tleman; and no body can deny but that Mr.
'*Jones* is one of the moſt handſomeſt young Men
'that ever——

She was running on thus, when *Sophia*, with a more peeviſh Voice than ſhe had ever ſpoken to her in before, cried, 'Prithee why do'ſt thou 'trouble me with all this Stuff? What Concern 'have I in what Mr. *Jones* doth? I ſuppoſe you 'are all alike. And you ſeem to me to be angry 'it was not your own Caſe.'

'I, Ma'am!' anſwered Mrs. *Honour*, 'I am 'ſorry your Ladyſhip ſhould have ſuch an Opi-'nion of me. I am ſure no body can ſay any ſuch 'Thing of me. All the young Fellows in the 'World may go to the *Devil*, for me. Becauſe 'I ſaid he was a handſome Man! Every body ſays 'it as well as I---To be ſure, I never thought as 'it was any Harm to ſay a young Man was hand-'ſome; but to be ſure I ſhall never think him ſo 'any more now; for handſome is that handſome 'does. A Beggar Wench!'——

'Stop thy Torrent of Impertinence,' cries *Sophia*, 'and ſee whether my Father wants me at 'Breakfaſt.'

Mrs. *Honour* then flung out of the Room, muttering much to herſelf——of which--- 'Marry 'come up, I aſſure you,' was all that could be plainly diſtinguiſhed.

Whether Mrs. *Honour* really deſerved that Suſpicion, of which her Miſtreſs gave her a Hint, is a Matter which we cannot indulge our Reader's Curioſity by reſolving. We will however make him Amends, in diſcloſing what paſſed in the Mind of *Sophia*.

The

The Reader will be pleaſed to recollect, that a ſecret Affection for Mr. *Jones* had inſenſibly ſtolen into the Boſom of this young Lady; that it had there grown to a pretty great Height before ſhe herſelf had diſcovered it. When ſhe firſt began to perceive its Symptoms, the Senſations were ſo ſweet and pleaſing, that ſhe had not Reſolution ſufficient to check or repel them; and thus ſhe went on cheriſhing a Paſſion of which ſhe never once conſidered the Conſequences.

This Incident relating to *Molly*, firſt opened her Eyes. She now firſt perceived the Weakneſs of which ſhe had been guilty; and though it cauſed the utmoſt Perturbation in her Mind, yet it had the Effect of other nauſeous Phyſic, and for the Time expelled her Diſtemper. Its Operation indeed was moſt wonderfully quick; and in the ſhort Interval, while her Maid was abſent, ſo entirely removed all Symptoms, that when Mrs. *Honour* returned with a Summons from her Father, ſhe was become perfectly eaſy, and had brought herſelf to a thorough Indifference for Mr. *Jones*.

The Diſeaſes of the Mind do in almoſt every Particular imitate thoſe of the Body. For which Reaſon, we hope, that learned Faculty, for whom we have ſo profound a Reſpect, will pardon us the violent Hands we have been neceſſitated to lay on ſeveral Words and Phraſes, which of Right belong to them, and without which our Deſcriptions muſt have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one Circumſtance in which the Diſtempers of the Mind bear a more exact Analogy to thoſe which are called Bodily, than that Aptneſs which both have to a Relapſe. This is plain, in the violent Diſeaſes of Ambition and Ava-

Avarice. I have known Ambition, when cured at Court by frequent Diſappointments, (which are the only Phyſic for it,) to break out again in a Conteſt for Foreman of the Grand Jury at an Aſſizes; and have heard of a Man who had ſo far conquered Avarice, as to give away many a Six-pence, that comforted himſelf, at laſt, on his Death-bed, by making a crafty and advantage-ous Bargain concerning his enſuing Funeral, with an Undertaker who had married his only Child.

In the Affair of Love, which out of ſtrict Conformity with the Stoic Philoſophy, we ſhall here treat as a Diſeaſe, this Proneneſs to relapſe, is no leſs conſpicuous. Thus it happened to poor *Sophia*; upon whom, the very next Time ſhe ſaw young *Jones*, all the former Symptoms re-turned, and from that Time cold and hot Fits alternately ſeized her Heart.

The Situation of this young Lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That Paſſion, which had formerly been ſo ex-quiſitely delicious, became now a Scorpion in her Boſom. She reſiſted it therefore with her utmoſt Force, and ſummoned every Argument her Rea-ſon (which was ſurpriſingly ſtrong for her Age) could ſuggeſt, to ſubdue and expel it. In this ſhe ſo far ſucceeded, that ſhe began to hope from Time and Abſence a perfect Cure. She reſolved therefore to avoid *Tom Jones* as much as poſſible; for which Purpoſe ſhe began to conceive a Deſign of viſiting her Aunt, to which ſhe made no Doubt of obtaining her Father's Conſent.

But Fortune, who had other Deſigns in her Head, put an immediate Stop to any ſuch Pro-

ceeding,

ceeding, by introducing an Accident, which will be related in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

A dreadful Accident which befell Sophia. *The gallant Behaviour of* Jones, *and the more dreadful Conſequence of that Behaviour to the young Lady; with a ſhort Digreſſion in Favour of the Female Sex.*

MR. *Weſtern* grew every Day fonder and fonder of *Sophia*, inſomuch that his beloved Dogs themſelves almoſt gave Place to her in his Affections; but as he could not prevail on himſelf to abandon theſe, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their Company, together with that of his Daughter, by inſiſting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her Father's Word was a Law, readily complied with his Deſires, though ſhe had not the leaſt Delight in a Sport, which was of too rough and maſculine a Nature to ſuit with her Diſpoſition. She had, however, another Motive, beſide her Obedience, to accompany the old Gentleman in the Chace; for by her Preſence ſhe hoped in ſome Meaſure to reſtrain his Impetuoſity, and to prevent him from ſo frequently expoſing his Neck to the utmoſt Hazard.

The ſtrongeſt Objection was that which would have formerly been an Inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young *Jones*, whom ſhe had determined to avoid; but as the End of the hunting Seaſon now approached, ſhe

hoped,

hoped, by a ſhort Abſence with her Aunt, to reaſon herſelf entirely out of her unfortunate Paſſion; and had not any Doubt of being able to meet him in the Field the ſubſequent Seaſon, without the leaſt Danger.

On the ſecond Day of her Hunting, as ſhe was returning from the Chace, and was arrived within a little Diſtance from Mr. *Weſtern*'s Houſe, her Horſe, whoſe mettleſome Spirit required a better Rider, fell ſuddenly to prancing and capering, in ſuch a Manner, that ſhe was in the moſt imminent Peril of falling. *Tom Jones*, who was at a little Diſtance behind, ſaw this, and immediately galloped up to her Aſſiſtance. As ſoon as he came up, he immediately leapt from his own Horſe, and caught hold of her's by the Bridle. The unruly Beaſt preſently reared himſelf an End on his hind Legs, and threw his lovely Burthen from his Back, and *Jones* caught her in his Arms.

She was ſo affected with the Fright, that ſhe was not immediately able to ſatisfy *Jones*, who was very ſolicitous to know whether ſhe had received any Hurt. She ſoon after, however, recovered her Spirits, aſſured him ſhe was ſafe, and thanked him for the Care he had taken of her. *Jones* anſwered, 'If I have preſerved you, Ma-
'dam, I am ſufficiently repaid; for I promiſe
'you, I would have ſecured you from the leaſt
'Harm, at the Expence of a much greater Miſ-
'fortune to myſelf, than I have ſuffered on this
'Occaſion.'

'What Misfortune,' replied *Sophia*, eagerly,
'I hope you have come to no Miſchief?'

'Be not concerned, Madam,' anſwered *Jones*,
'Heaven be praiſed, you have eſcaped ſo well,

'con-

'conſidering the Danger you was in. If I have 'broke my Arm, I conſider it as a Trifle, in 'Compariſon of what I feared upon your Ac-'count.'

Sophia then ſcreamed out, 'Broke your Arm! 'Heaven forbid.'

'I am afraid I have, Madam,' ſays *Jones*, 'but I beg you will ſuffer me firſt to take Care 'of you. I have a Right-hand yet at your Ser-'vice, to help you into the next Field, whence 'we have but a very little Walk to your Father's 'Houſe.'

Sophia ſeeing his left Arm dangling by his Side, while he was uſing the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the Truth. She now grew much paler than her Fears for herſelf had made her before. All her Limbs were ſeized with a Trembling, inſomuch that *Jones* could ſcarce ſupport her; and as her Thoughts were in no leſs Agitation, ſhe could not refrain from giving *Jones* a Look ſo full of Tenderneſs, that it almoſt argued a ſtronger Senſation in her Mind, than even Gratitude and Pity united can raiſe in the gentleſt female Boſom, without the Aſſiſtance of a third more powerful Paſſion.

Mr. *Weſtern*, who was advanced at ſome Diſtance when this Accident happened, was now returned, as were the reſt of the Horſe-men. *Sophia* immediately acquainted them with what had befallen *Jones*, and begged them to take Care of him. Upon which, *Weſtern*, who had been much alarmed, by meeting his Daughter's Horſe without its Rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, 'I am glad it is no worſe, 'if *Tom* hath broken his Arm, we will get a Joiner 'to mend un again.'

The

The Squire alighted from his Horſe, and proceeded to his Houſe on Foot, with his Daughter and *Jones*. An impartial Spectator, who had met them on the Way, would, on viewing their ſeveral Countenances, have concluded *Sophia* alone to have been the Object of Compaſſion: For as to *Jones*, he exulted in having probably ſaved the Life of the young Lady, at the Price only of a broken Bone; and Mr. *Weſtern*, though he was not unconcerned at the Accident which had befallen *Jones*, was, however, delighted in a much higher Degree with the fortunate Eſcape of his Daughter.

The Generoſity of *Sophia*'s Temper conſtrued this Behaviour of *Jones* into great Bravery; and it made a deep Impreſſion on her Heart: For certain it is, that there is no one Quality which ſo generally recommends Men to Women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common Opinion, from that natural Timidity of the Sex; which is, ſays Mr. *Oſborne*, ſo great, that a Woman is 'the moſt cowardly of all the Creatures God 'ever made.' A Sentiment more remarkable for its Bluntneſs, than for its Truth. *Ariſtotle*, in his Politicks, doth them, I believe, more Juſtice, when he ſays, 'The Modeſty and Fortitude of 'Men differ from thoſe Virtues in Women; for 'the Fortitude which becomes a Woman, would 'be Cowardice in a Man; and the Modeſty 'which becomes a Man, would be Pertneſs 'in a Woman.' Nor is there, perhaps, more of Truth in the Opinion of thoſe who derive the Partiality which Women are inclined to ſhew to the Brave, from this Exceſs of their Fear. Mr. *Bayle* (I think, in his Article of *Helen*) imputes this, and with greater Probability,

to

to their violent Love of Glory: for the Truth of which, we have the Authority of him, who, of all others, ſaw fartheſt into human Nature; and who introduces the Heroine of his Odyſſey, the great Pattern of matrimonial Love and Conſtancy, aſſigning the Glory of her Huſband as the only Source of her Affection towards him *.

However this be, certain it is that the Accident operated very ſtrongly on *Sophia*; and, indeed, after much Enquiry into the Matter, I am inclined to believe, that at this very Time, the charming *Sophia* made no leſs Impreſſion on the Heart of *Jones*: to ſay Truth, he had for ſome Time become ſenſible of the irreſiſtible Power of her Charms.

CHAP. XIV.

The Arrival of a Surgeon. His Operations, and a long Dialogue between Sophia *and her Maid.*

WHEN they arrived in Mr. *Weſtern*'s Hall, *Sophia*, who had totter'd along with much Difficulty, ſunk down in a Chair; but by the Aſſiſtance of Hartſhorn and Water, ſhe was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her Spirits, when the Surgeon, who was ſent for to *Jones*, appeared. Mr. *Weſtern*, who imputed theſe Symptoms in his Daughter to her Fall, adviſed her to be preſently blooded by way of Prevention. In this Opinion he was ſeconded by the Surgeon, who gave ſo many Reaſons for bleeding, and quoted ſo many Caſes

* The *Engliſh* Reader will not find this in the Poem: For the Sentiment is entirely left out in the Tranſlation.

where Perſons had miſcarried for want of it, that the Squire became very importunate, and indeed inſiſted peremptorily that his Daughter ſhould be blooded.

Sophia ſoon yielded to the Commands of her Father, though entirely contrary to her own Inclinations: For ſhe ſuſpected, I believe, leſs Danger from the Fright, than either the Squire or the Surgeon. She then ſtretched out her beautiful Arm, and the Operator began to prepare for his Work.

While the Servants were buſied in providing Materials, the Surgeon, who imputed the Backwardneſs which had appeared in *Sophia*, to her Fears, began to comfort her with Aſſurances that there was not the leaſt Danger; for no Accident, he ſaid, could ever happen in Bleeding, but from the monſtrous Ignorance of Pretenders to Surgery, which he pretty plainly inſinuated was not at preſent to be apprehended. *Sophia* declared ſhe was not under the leaſt Apprehenſion; adding, if you open an Artery, I promiſe you I'll forgive you. 'Will you?' cries *Weſtern*. 'D--n 'me, if I will; if he does thee the leaſt Miſ-'chief, d--n me, if I don't ha' the Heart's 'Blood o'un out.' The Surgeon aſſented to bleed her upon theſe Conditions, and then proceeded to his Operation, which he performed with as much Dexterity as he had promiſed, and with as much Quickneſs: For he took but little Blood from her, ſaying, it was much ſafer to bleed again and again, than to take away too much at once.

Sophia, when her Arm was bound up, retired: For ſhe was not willing (nor was it, perhaps, ſtrictly decent) to be preſent at the Operation on

Jones.

Jones. Indeed one Objection which she had to Bleeding, (tho' she did not make it) was the Delay which it would occasion to dressing the broken Bone. For *Western*, when *Sophia* was concerned, had no Consideration, but for her; and as for *Jones* himself, he 'sat like Patience on a 'Monument smiling at Grief.' To say the Truth, when he saw the Blood springing from the lovely Arm of *Sophia*, he scarce thought of what had happened to himself.

The Surgeon now ordered his Patient to be stript to his Shirt, and then entirely baring the Arm, he began to stretch and examine it, in such a Manner, that the Tortures he put him to, caused *Jones* to make several wry Faces; which the Surgeon observing, greatly wondered at, crying, 'What is the Matter, Sir? I am sure it is 'impossible I should hurt you.' And then holding forth the broken Arm, he began a long and very learned Lecture of Anatomy, in which simple and double Fractures were most accurately considered; and the several Ways in which *Jones* might have broken his Arm, were discussed, with proper Annotations, shewing how many of these would have been better, and how many worse than the present Case.

Having at length finished his laboured Harangue, with which the Audience, tho' it had greatly raised their Attention and Admiration, were not much edified, as they really understood not a single Syllable of all he had said, he proceeded to Business, which he was more expeditious in finishing, than he had been in beginning.

Jones was then ordered into a Bed, which Mr. *Western* compelled him to accept at his own

Houſe, and Sentence of Water-Gruel was paſſed upon him.

Among the good Company which had attended in the Hall during the Bone-ſetting, Mrs. *Honour* was one; who being ſummoned to her Miſtreſs as ſoon as it was over, and aſked by her how the young Gentleman did, preſently launched into extravagant Praiſes on the *Magnimity*, as ſhe called it, of his Behaviour, which, ſhe ſaid, 'was ſo charming in ſo pretty a Creature.' She then burſt forth into much warmer Encomiums on the Beauty of his Perſon; enumerating many Particulars, and ending with the Whiteneſs of his Skin.

This Diſcourſe had an Effect on *Sophia*'s Countenance, which would not perhaps have eſcaped the Obſervance of the ſagacious Waiting-woman, had ſhe once looked her Miſtreſs in the Face, all the Time ſhe was ſpeaking; but as a Looking-glaſs, which was moſt commodiouſly placed oppoſite to her, gave her an Opportunity of ſurveying thoſe Features, in which, of all others, ſhe took moſt Delight: ſo ſhe had not once removed her Eyes from that amiable Object during her whole Speech.

Mrs. *Honour* was ſo entirely wrapped up in the Subject on which ſhe exerciſed her Tongue, and the Object before her Eyes, that ſhe gave her Miſtreſs Time to conquer her Confuſion; which having done, ſhe ſmiled on her Maid, and told her, 'She was certainly in Love with this 'young Fellow.' 'I in Love, Madam!' anſwers ſhe, 'upon my Word, Ma'am, I aſſure 'you, Ma'am, upon my Soul, Ma'am, I am 'not.' 'Why if you was?' cries her Miſtreſs. 'I ſee no Reaſon that you ſhould be aſhamed of

'it;

'it; for he is certainly a pretty Fellow'---'Yes,
'Ma'am,' anſwered the other, 'that he is, the
'moſt handſomeſt Man I ever ſaw in my Life.
'Yes, to be ſure, that he is, and, as your Lady-
'ſhip ſays, I don't know why I ſhould be a-
'ſhamed of loving him, though he is my Betters.
'To be ſure, gentle Folks are but Fleſh and
'Blood no more than us Servants. Beſides, as
'for Mr. *Jones*, thof Squire *Allworthy* hath made a
'Gentleman of him, he was not ſo good as my-
'ſelf by Birth: For thof I am a poor Body, I
'am an honeſt Perſon's Child, and my Father
'and Mother were married, which is more t
'ſome People can ſay, as high as they
'Heads. Marry come up! I
'dirty Couſin! thof his S
'to be ſure, it is the m
'ſeen, I am a Chriſt
'body can ſay th
'father was a
'been very a
'any of his
'*Molly Sea*
Perhaps
to run on
Spirits
may pr
For, (
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recorde
be hop
is mad
than t

'I wonder,' ſays ſhe, 'at your Aſſurance in 'daring to talk thus of one of my Father's 'Friends. As to the Wench, I order you never 'to mention her Name to me. And, with Re-'gard to the young Gentleman's Birth, thoſe 'who can ſay nothing more to his Diſadvantage, 'may as well be ſilent on that Head, as I deſire 'you will be for the future.'

'I am ſorry, I have offended your Ladyſhip,' anſwered Mrs. *Honour*, 'I am ſure I hate *Molly* '*Seagrim* as much as your Ladyſhip can, and as 'for abuſing 'Squire *Jones*, I can call all the Ser-nts in the Houſe to witneſs, that whenever ll- hath been about Baſtards, I have al-Part: For which of you,' ſays would not be a Baſtard, if Gentleman of? And, ery fine Gentleman; eſt Hands in the th; and,' ſays eſt, beſt-na- and ſays I, round the , I could at I am t could 'Nay, by it; ſhip be *bia*,--- 'am,' oom, and 'hair, that fter- day.

'day. La,' says I, 'Mr. *Jones*, you will stretch 'my Lady's Muff and spoil it; but he still kept 'his Hands in it, and then he kissed it --- to be 'sure, I hardly ever saw such a Kiss in my Life 'as he gave it.'---'I suppose he did not know 'it was mine,' replied *Sophia*. 'Your Lady-'ship shall hear, Ma'am. He kissed it again and 'again, and said it was the prettiest Muff in the 'World.' 'La! Sir,' says I, 'you have seen 'it a hundred Times.'---'Yes, Mrs. *Honour*,' cry'd he; 'but who can see any thing beautiful 'in the Presence of your Lady but herself? Nay, 'that's not all neither; but I hope your Lady-'ship won't be offended, for to be sure he meant 'nothing: One Day as your Ladyship was play-'ing on the Harpsichord to my Master, Mr. *Jones* 'was sitting in the next Room, and methought 'he looked melancholy. La!' says I, 'Mr. '*Jones*, what's the Matter? A Penny for your 'Thoughts,' says I. 'Why, Hussy,' says he, start-ing up from a Dream, 'what can I be think-'ing of, when that Angel your Mistress is play-'ing?' And then squeezing me by the Hand--- 'Oh! Mrs. *Honour*,' says he, 'how happy 'will that Man be!'-- and then he sighed; 'upon 'my Troth, his Breath is as sweet as a Nose-'gay---but to be sure he meant no Harm by it. 'So I hope your Ladyship will not mention a 'Word: For he gave me a Crown never to 'mention it, and made me swear upon a Book; 'but I believe, indeed, it was not the Bible.'

Till something of a more beautiful Red than Vermilion be found out, I shall say nothing of *Sophia*'s Colour on this Occasion. '*Ho--nour*,' says she, 'I--- if you will not mention this any 'more to me,---nor to any body else, I will not

'betray you---I mean I will not be angry; but I 'am afraid of your Tongue. Why, my Girl, 'will you give it ſuch Liberties?' 'Nay, Ma'am,' anſwered ſhe, 'to be ſure, I would ſooner cut 'out my Tongue than offend your Ladyſhip--- 'to be ſure, I ſhall never mention a Word that 'your Ladyſhip will not have me.' '--- Why, 'I would not have you mention this any more,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'for it may come to my Father's Ears, 'and he would be angry with Mr. *Jones*, tho' 'I really believe, as you ſay, he meant nothing. 'I ſhould be very angry myſelf if I imagined'--- 'Nay, Ma'am,' ſays *Honour*, 'I proteſt I be- 'lieve he meant nothing. I thought he talked 'as if he was out of his Senſes; nay, he ſaid he 'believed he was beſide himſelf when he had 'ſpoken the Words. Ay, Sir,' ſays I, 'I be- 'lieve ſo too.' 'Yes,' ſays he, *Honour*,---but 'I aſk your Ladyſhip's Pardon; I could tear my 'Tongue out for offending you.' 'Go on,' ſays *Sophia*, 'you may mention any thing you 'have not told me before.' 'Yes, *Honour*,' ſays he, (this was ſome Time afterwards when he gave me the Crown) 'I am neither ſuch a Coxcomb, 'or ſuch a Villain as to think of her, in any 'other *Delight*, but as my Goddeſs; as ſuch I 'will always worſhip and adore her while I have 'Breath. This was all, Ma'am, I will be ſworn, 'to the beſt of my Remembrance: I was in a 'Paſſion with him myſelf, till I found he meant 'no Harm.' 'Indeed, *Honour*,' ſays *Sophia*, 'I believe you have a real Affection for me; I 'was provoked the other Day when I gave you 'Warning; but if you have a Deſire to ſtay 'with me, you ſhall.' 'To be ſure, Ma'am,' anſwered Mrs. *Honour*, 'I ſhall never deſire to

'part

'part with your Ladyſhip. To be ſure, I al-
'moſt cried my Eyes out when you gave me
'Warning. It would be very ungrateful in me,
'to deſire to leave your Ladyſhip; becauſe as
'why, I ſhould never get ſo good a Place again.
'I am ſure I would live and die with your Lady-
'ſhip---for, as poor Mr. *Jones* ſaid, happy is the
'Man———

Here the Dinner-bell interrupted a Converſation which had wrought ſuch an Effect on *Sophia*, that ſhe was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the Morning, than ſhe, at the Time, had apprehended ſhe ſhould be. As to the preſent Situation of her Mind, I ſhall adhere to a Rule of *Horace*, by not attempting to deſcribe it, from Deſpair of Succeſs. Moſt of my Readers will ſuggeſt it eaſily to themſelves; and the few who cannot, would not underſtand the Picture, or at leaſt would deny it to be natural, if ever ſo well drawn.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK V.

Containing a Portion of Time, ſomewhat longer than Half a Year.

CHAP. I.

Of THE SERIOUS *in Writing; and for what Purpoſe it is introduced.*

PEradventure there may be no Parts in this prodigious Work which will give the Reader leſs Pleaſure in the peruſing, than thoſe which have given the Author the greateſt Pains in compoſing. Among theſe, probably, may be reckoned thoſe initial Eſſays which we have prefixed to the hiſtorical Matter contained in every Book; and which we have determined to be eſſentially neceſſary to this Kind of Writing, of which we have ſet ourſelves at the Head.

For

For this our Determination we do not hold ourſelves ſtrictly bound to aſſign any Reaſon; it being abundantly ſufficient that we have laid it down as a Rule neceſſary to be obſerved in all proſai-comi-epic Writing. Who ever demanded the Reaſons of that nice Unity of Time or Place which is now eſtabliſhed to be ſo eſſential to dramatic Poetry? What Critic hath been ever aſked, Why a Play may not contain two Days as well as one? Or why the Audience (provided they travel, like Electors, without any Expence) may not be wafted Fifty Miles as well as Five? Hath any Commentator well accounted for the Limitation which an antient Critic hath ſet to the Drama, which he will have contain neither more nor leſs than five Acts? Or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern Judges of our Theatres mean by that Word *low*; by which they have happily ſucceeded in baniſhing all Humour from the Stage, and have made the Theatre as dull as a Drawing-room? Upon all theſe Occaſions, the World ſeems to have embraced a Maxim of our Law, *viz. Cuicunque in Arte ſua perito credendum eſt*: For it ſeems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that any one ſhould have had enough of Impudence, to lay down dogmatical Rules in any Art or Science without the leaſt Foundation. In ſuch Caſes, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are ſound and good Reaſons at the Bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to ſee ſo far.

Now, in reality, the World have paid too great a Compliment to Critics, and have imagined them Men of much greater Profundity than they really are. From this Complaiſance, the Critics have been emboldened to aſſume a Dictatorial

torial Power, and have ſo far ſucceeded, that they are now become the Maſters, and have the Aſſurance to give Laws to thoſe Authors, from whoſe Predeceſſors they originally received them.

The Critic, rightly conſidered, is no more than the Clerk, whoſe Office it is to tranſcribe the Rules and Laws laid down by thoſe great Judges, whoſe vaſt Strength of Genius hath placed them in the Light of Legiſlators, in the ſeveral Sciences over which they preſided. This Office was all which the Critics of old aſpired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a Sentence, without ſupporting it by the Authority of the Judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in Proceſs of Time, and in Ages of Ignorance, the Clerk began to invade the Power, and aſſume the Dignity of his Maſter. The Laws of Writing were no longer founded on the Practice of the Author, but on the Dictates of the Critic. The Clerk became the Legiſlator, and thoſe very peremptorily gave Laws, whoſe Buſineſs it was, at firſt, only to tranſcribe them.

Hence aroſe an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable Error: For theſe Critics being Men of ſhallow Capacities, very eaſily miſtook mere Form for Subſtance. They acted as a Judge would, who ſhould adhere to the lifeleſs Letter of Law, and reject the Spirit. Little Circumſtances which were, perhaps, accidental in a great Author, were, by theſe Critics, conſidered to conſtitute his chief Merit, and tranſmitted as Eſſentials to be obſerved by all his Succeſſors. To theſe Encroachments, Time and Ignorance, the two great Supporters of Impoſture, gave Authority; and thus, many Rules for good Writing have been eſtabliſhed, which have not the leaſt Foundation

dation in Truth or Nature; and which commonly ſerve for no other Purpoſe than to curb and reſtrain Genius, in the ſame Manner, as it would have reſtrained the Dancing-maſter, had the many excellent Treatiſes on that Art laid it down as an eſſential Rule, that every Man muſt dance in Chains.

To avoid, therefore, all Imputation of laying down a Rule for Poſterity, founded only on the Authority of *ipſe dixit*; for which, to ſay the Truth, we have not the profoundeſt Veneration; we ſhall here wave the Privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the Reader the Reaſons which have induced us to interſperſe theſe ſeveral digreſſive Eſſays, in the Courſe of this Work.

And here we ſhall of Neceſſity be led to open a new Vein of Knowledge, which, if it hath been diſcovered, hath not, to our Remembrance, been wrought on by any antient or modern Writer. This Vein is no other than that of Contraſt, which runs through all the Works of the Creation, and may, probably, have a large Share in conſtituting in us the Idea of all Beauty, as well natural as artificial: For what demonſtrates the Beauty and Excellence of any thing, but its Reverſe? Thus the Beauty of Day, and that of Summer, is ſet off by the Horrors of Night and Winter. And, I believe, if it was poſſible for a Man to have ſeen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect Idea of their Beauty.

But to avoid too ſerious an Air: Can it be doubted, but that the fineſt Woman in the World would loſe all Benefit of her Charms, in the Eye of a Man who had never ſeen one of another Caſt? The Ladies themſelves ſeem ſo ſenſible of

this,

this, that they are all induſtrious to procure Foils; nay, they will become Foils to themſelves: For I have obſerved, (at *Bath* particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as poſſible in the Morning, in order to ſet off that Beauty which they intend to ſhew you in the Evening.

Moſt Artiſts have this Secret in Practice, tho' ſome, perhaps, have not much ſtudied the Theory. The Jeweller knows that the fineſt Brilliant requires a Foil; and the Painter, by the Contraſt of his Figures, often acquires great Applauſe.

A great Genius among us will illuſtrate this Matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general Head of common Artiſts, as he hath a Title to be placed among thoſe

Inventas qui vitam excoluere per Artes.

Who by invented Arts have Life improv'd.

I mean here the Inventor of that moſt exquiſite Entertainment, called the *Engliſh* Pantomime.

This Entertainment conſiſted of two Parts, which the Inventor diſtinguiſhed by the Names of *the Serious* and *the Comic*. The Serious exhibited a certain Number of Heathen Gods and Heroes, who were certainly the worſt and dulleſt Company into which an Audience was ever introduced; and (which was a Secret known to few) were actually intended ſo to be, in order to contraſt the *Comic* Part of the Entertainment, and to diſplay the Tricks of Harlequin to the better Advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil Uſe of ſuch Perſonages; but the Contrivance was, nevertheleſs,

leſs, ingenious enough, and had its Effect. And this will now plainly appear, if inſtead of *Serious* and *Comic*, we ſupply the Words *Duller* and *Dulleſt*; for the *Comic* was certainly duller than any thing before ſhewn on the Stage, and could only be ſet off by that ſuperlative Degree of Dulneſs, which compoſed the Serious. So intolerably ſerious, indeed, were theſe Gods and Heroes, that Harlequin (though the *Engliſh* Gentleman of that Name is not at all related to the *French* Family, for he is of a much more ſerious Diſpoſition) was always welcome on the Stage, as he relieved the Audience from worſe Company.

Judicious Writers have always practiſed this Art of Contraſt, with great Succeſs. I have been ſurprized that *Horace* ſhould cavil at this Art in *Homer*; but indeed he contradicts himſelf in the very next Line.

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,
Verum Operi longo fas eſt obripere Somnum.

I grieve if e'er great *Homer* chance to ſleep,
Yet Slumbers on long Works have right to creep.

For we are not here to underſtand, as, perhaps, ſome have, that an Author actually falls aſleep while he is writing. It is true that Readers are too apt to be ſo overtaken; but if the Work was as long as any of *Oldmixon*, the Author himſelf is too well entertained to be ſubject to the leaſt Drowſineſs. He is, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves,

Sleepleſs himſelf, to give his Readers Sleep.

To

To ſay the Truth, theſe ſoporific Parts are ſo many Scenes of *Serious* artfully interwoven, in order to contraſt and ſet off the reſt; and this is the true Meaning of a late facetious Writer, who told the Public, that whenever he was dull, they might be aſſured there was a Deſign in it.

In this Light then, or rather in this Darkneſs, I would have the Reader to conſider theſe initial Eſſays. And after this Warning, if he ſhall be of Opinion, that he can find enough of Serious in other Parts of this Hiſtory, he may paſs over theſe, in which we profeſs to be laborioufly dull, and begin the following Books, at the ſecond Chapter.

CHAP. II.

In which Mr. Jones *receives many friendly Viſits during his Confinement; with ſome fine Touches of the Paſſion of Love, ſcarce viſible to the naked Eye.*

TOM JONES had many Viſitors during his Confinement, though ſome, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. *Allworthy* ſaw him almoſt every Day; but though he pitied *Tom*'s Sufferings, and greatly approved the gallant Behaviour which had occaſioned them, yet he thought this was a favourable Opportunity to bring him to a ſober Senſe of his indiſcreet Conduct; and that wholeſome Advice for that Purpoſe, could never be applied at a more proper Seaſon than at the preſent; when the Mind was ſoftened by Pain and Sickneſs, and alarmed by Danger; and when its Attention was unembarraſſed with thoſe turbulent Paſſions,

Paſſions, which engage us in the Purſuit of Pleaſure.

At all Seaſons, therefore, when the good Man was alone with the Youth, eſpecially when the latter was totally at Eaſe, he took Occaſion to remind him of his former Miſcarriages, but in the mildeſt and tendereſt Manner, and only in order to introduce the Caution, which he preſcribed for his future Behaviour; 'on which a-lone,' he aſſured him, 'would depend his own 'Felicity, and the Kindneſs which he might yet 'promiſe himſelf to receive at the Hands of his 'Father by Adoption, unleſs he ſhould hereafter 'forfeit his good Opinion: For as to what had 'paſt,' he ſaid, 'it ſhould be all forgiven and 'forgotten. He, therefore, adviſed him to make 'a good Uſe of this Accident, that ſo in the 'End it might prove a Viſitation for his own 'Good.'

Thwackum was likewiſe pretty aſſiduous in his Viſits; and he too conſidered a Sick-bed to be a convenient Scene for Lectures. His Stile, however, was more ſevere than Mr. *Allworthy*'s: He told his Pupil, 'that he ought to look on his 'broken Limb as a Judgment from Heaven on 'his Sins; that it would become him to be 'daily on his Knees, pouring forth Thankſgivings 'that he had broken his Arm only, and not his 'Neck; which latter,' he ſaid, 'was very pro-'bably reſerved for ſome future Occaſion, and 'that, perhaps, not very remote. For his Part,' he ſaid, 'he had often wondered ſome Judgment 'had not overtaken him before; but it might be 'perceived by this, that Divine Puniſhments, 'though ſlow, are always ſure.' Hence likewiſe he adviſed him, 'to foreſee, with equal Certain-

'ty,

'ty, the greater Evils which were yet behind, 'and which were as ſure as this, of overtaking 'him in his State of Reprobacy. Theſe are, ſaid he, 'to be averted only by ſuch a thorough 'and ſincere Repentance, as is not to be expect-'ed or hoped for, from one ſo abandoned in his 'Youth, and whoſe Mind, I am afraid, is to-'tally corrupted. It is my Duty, however, to 'exhort you to this Repentance, though I too 'well know all Exhortations will be vain and 'fruitleſs. But *liberavi Animam meam*. I can 'accuſe my own Conſcience of no Neglect; tho' 'it is, at the ſame Time, with the utmoſt Con-'cern, I ſee you travelling on to certain Miſery 'in this World, and to as certain Damnation in 'the next.'

Square talked in a very different Strain: he ſaid, 'ſuch Accidents as a broken Bone, were below 'the Conſideration of a wiſe Man; that it 'was abundantly ſufficient to reconcile the Mind 'to any of theſe Miſchances, to reflect that they 'are liable to befall the wiſeſt of Mankind, and 'are undoubtedly for the Good of the Whole.' He ſaid, 'it was a mere Abuſe of Words, to 'call thoſe Things Evils, in which there was no 'moral Unfitneſs: That Pain, which was the 'worſt Conſequence of ſuch Accidents, was the 'moſt contemptible Thing in the World;' with more of the like Sentences, extracted out of the Second Book of *Tully*'s Tuſculan *Queſtions*, and from the great Lord *Shafteſbury*. In pronouncing theſe, he was one Day ſo eager, that he unfortunately bit his Tongue; and in ſuch a Manner, that it not only put an End to his Diſcourſe, but created much Emotion in him, and cauſed him to mutter an Oath or two: But what was

worſt

worſt of all, this Accident gave *Thwackum*, who was preſent, and who held all ſuch Doctrine to be heatheniſh and atheiſtical, an Opportunity to clap a Judgment on his Back. Now this was done with ſo malicious a Sneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may ſo ſay) the Temper of the Philoſopher, which the Bite of his Tongue had ſomewhat ruffled; and as he was diſabled from venting his Wrath at his Lips, he had poſſibly found a more violent Method of revenging himſelf, had not the Surgeon, who was then luckily in the Room, contrary to his own Intereſt, interpoſed, and preſerved the Peace.

Mr. *Blifil* viſited his Friend *Jones* but ſeldom, and never alone. This worthy young Man, however, profeſſed much Regard for him, and as great Concern at his Misfortune; but cautiouſly avoided any Intimacy, leſt, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the Sobriety of his own Character: For which Purpoſe, he had conſtantly in his Mouth that Proverb in which *Solomon* ſpeaks againſt evil Communication. Not that he was ſo bitter as *Thwackum:* for he always expreſſed ſome Hopes of *Tom*'s Reformation; 'which,' he ſaid, 'the unparallelled Goodneſs ſhewn by 'his Uncle on this Occaſion, muſt certainly ef-'fect, in one not abſolutely abandoned:' but concluded, 'If Mr. *Jones* ever offends hereafter, 'I ſhall not be able to ſay a Syllable in his Fa-'vour.'

As to Squire *Weſtern*, he was ſeldom out of the Sick-Room; unleſs when he was engaged either in the Field, or over his Bottle. Nay, he would ſometimes retire hither to take his Beer, and it was not without Difficulty, that he was prevented from forcing *Jones* to take his Beer too:

For

For no Quack ever held his Noſtrum to be a more general *Panacea*, than he did this; which, he ſaid, had more Virtues in it than was in all the Phyſic in an Apothecary's Shop. He was, however, by much Entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the Application of this Medicine; but from ſerenading his Patient every Hunting-Morning with the Horn under his Window, it was impoſſible to withhold him; nor did he ever lay aſide that Hallow, with which he entered into all Companies, when he viſited *Jones*, without any Regard to the ſick Perſon's being at that Time either awake or aſleep.

This boiſterous Behaviour, as it meant no Harm, ſo happily it effected none, and was abundantly compenſated to *Jones*, as ſoon as he was able to ſit up, by the Company of *Sophia*, whom the Squire then brought to viſit him; nor was it, indeed, long before *Jones* was able to attend her to the Harpſichord, where ſhe would kindly condeſcend, for Hours together, to charm him with the moſt delicious Muſic, unleſs when the Squire thought proper to interrupt her, by inſiſting on *Old Sir* Simon, or ſome other of his favourite Pieces.

Notwithſtanding the niceſt Guard which *Sophia* endeavoured to ſet on her Behaviour, ſhe could not avoid letting ſome Appearances now and then ſlip forth: For Love may again be likened to a Diſeaſe in this, that when it is denied a Vent in one Part, it will certainly break out in another. What her Lips therefore concealed, her Eyes, her Bluſhes, and many little involuntary Actions, betrayed.

One Day when *Sophia* was playing on the Harpſichord, and *Jones* was attending, the Squire came

came into the Room, crying, 'There, *Tom*, I 'have had a Battle for thee below Stairs with 'thick Parſon *Thwackum*.--- He hath been a tell- 'ing *Allworthy*, before my Face, that the broken 'Bone was a Judgment upon thee. D---n it, 'ſays I, how can that be? Did not he come by 'it in Defence of a young Woman? A Judg- 'ment indeed! Pox, if he never doth any thing 'worſe, he will go to Heaven ſooner than all the 'Parſons in the Country. He hath more Reaſon 'to glory in it, than to be aſhamed of it.' 'In- 'deed, Sir,' ſays *Jones*, 'I have no Reaſon for 'either; but if it preſerved Miſs *Weſtern*, I ſhall 'always think it the happieſt Accident of my 'Life.'---'And to gu,' ſaid the Squire, 'to zet '*Allworthy* againſt thee vor it.--- D--n 'un, if 'the Parſon had unt had his Petticuoats on, I 'ſhould ha lent un a Flick; for I love thee dear- 'ly, my Boy, and d---n me if there is any 'thing in my Power which I won't do for thee. 'Sha't take thy Choice of all the Horſes in my 'Stable to-morrow Morning, except only the '*Chevalier* and Miſs *Slouch*.' *Jones* thanked him, but declined accepting the Offer.---'Nay,' added the Squire, 'ſhat ha the ſorrel-Mare that '*Sophy* rode. She coſt me fifty Guineas, and 'comes ſix Years old this Graſs.' 'If ſhe had 'coſt me a thouſand,' cries *Jones* paſſionately, 'I would have given her to the Dogs.' 'Pooh! 'pooh!' anſwered *Weſtern*, 'What becauſe ſhe 'broke thy Arm? Shouldſt forget and forgive. 'I thought hadſt been more a Man than to bear 'Malice againſt a dumb Creature.'---Here *So- phia* interpoſed, and put an End to the Conver- ſation, by deſiring her Father's Leave to play to him; a Requeſt which he never refuſed.

The

The Countenance of *Sophia* had undergone more than one Change during the foregoing Speeches; and probably ſhe imputed the paſſionate Reſentment, which *Jones* had expreſſed againſt the Mare, to a different Motive from that from which her Father had derived it. Her Spirits were at this Time in a viſible Flutter; and ſhe played ſo intolerably ill, that had not *Weſtern* ſoon fallen aſleep, he muſt have remarked it. *Jones*, however, who was ſufficiently awake, and was not without an Ear, any more than without Eyes, made ſome Obſervations; which being joined to all which the Reader may remember to have paſſed formerly, gave him pretty ſtrong Aſſurances, when he came to reflect on the Whole, that all was not well in the tender Boſom of *Sophia*. An Opinion which many young Gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confeſs the Truth, he had rather too much Diffidence in himſelf, and was not forward enough in ſeeing the Advances of a young Lady; a Misfortune which can only be cured by that early Town-Education, which is at preſent ſo generally in Faſhion.

When theſe Thoughts had fully taken Poſſeſſion of *Jones*, they occaſioned a Perturbation in his Mind, which, in a Conſtitution leſs pure and firm than his, might have been, at ſuch a Seaſon, attended with very dangerous Conſequences. He was truly ſenſible of the great Worth of *Sophia*. He extremely liked her Perſon, no leſs admired her Accompliſhments, and tenderly loved her Goodneſs. In reality, as he had never once entertained any Thought of poſſeſſing her, nor had ever given the leaſt voluntary Indulgence to

his

his Inclinations, he had a much ſtronger Paſſion for her than he himſelf was acquainted with. His Heart now brought forth the full Secret, at the ſame Time that it aſſured him the adorable Object returned his Affection.

CHAP. III.

Which all who have no Heart, will think to contain much ado about nothing.

THE Reader will perhaps imagine, the Senſations which now aroſe in *Jones*, to have been ſo ſweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a chearful Serenity in the Mind, than any of thoſe dangerous Effects which we have mentioned; but in Fact, Senſations of this Kind, however delicious, are, at their firſt Recognition, of a very tumultuous Nature, and have very little of the Opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the preſent Caſe, embittered with certain Circumſtances, which being mixed with ſweeter Ingredients, tended altogether to compoſe a Draught that might be termed *bitter-ſweet*; than which, as nothing can be more diſagreeable to the Palate, ſo nothing, in the metaphorical Senſe, can be ſo injurious to the Mind.

For firſt, though he had ſufficient Foundation to flatter himſelf on what he had obſerved in *Sophia*, he was not yet free from Doubt of miſconſtruing Compaſſion, or, at beſt, Eſteem, into a warmer Regard. He was far from a ſanguine Aſſurance that *Sophia* had any ſuch Affection towards him, as might promiſe his Inclinations that Harveſt, which, if they were encouraged and nurſed, they would finally grow up to require.

Beſides,

Beſides, if he could hope to find no Bar to his Happineſs from the Daughter, he thought himſelf certain of meeting an effectual Bar in the Father; who, though he was a Country-Squire in his Diverſions, was perfectly a Man of the World in whatever regarded his Fortune; had the moſt violent Affection for his only Daughter, and had often ſignified, in his Cups, the Pleaſure he propoſed in ſeeing her married to one of the richeſt Men in the County. *Jones* was not ſo vain and ſenſeleſs a Coxcomb as to expect, from any Regard which *Weſtern* had profeſſed for him, that he would ever be induced to lay aſide theſe Views of advancing his Daughter. He well knew, that Fortune is generally the principal, if not the ſole Conſideration, which operates on the beſt of Parents in theſe Matters: For Friendſhip makes us warmly eſpouſe the Intereſt of others, but is very cold to the Gratification of their Paſſions. Indeed, to feel the Happineſs which may reſult from this, it is neceſſary we ſhould poſſeſs the Paſſion ourſelves. As he had therefore no Hopes of obtaining her Father's Conſent, ſo he thought to endeavour to ſucceed without it; and by ſuch Means to fruſtrate the great Point of Mr. *Weſtern*'s Life, was to make a very ill Uſe of his Hoſpitality, and a very ungrateful Return to the many little Favours received (however roughly) at his Hands. If he ſaw ſuch a Conſequence with Horror and Diſdain, how much more was he ſhocked with what regarded Mr. *Allworthy!* to whom, as he had more than filial Obligations, ſo had he for him more than filial Piety. He knew the Nature of that good Man to be ſo averſe to any Baſeneſs or Treachery, that the leaſt Attempt of ſuch a Kind would make the guilty

Perſon

Perſon for ever odious to his Eyes, and the Name of that Perſon a deteſtable Sound in his Ears. The Appearance of ſuch unſurmountable Difficulties was ſufficient to have inſpired him with Deſpair, however ardent his Wiſhes had been; but even theſe were controlled by Compaſſion for another Woman. The Idea of lovely *Molly* now intruded itſelf before him. He had ſworn eternal Conſtancy in her Arms, and ſhe had as often vowed never to outlive his deſerting her. He now ſaw her in all the moſt ſhocking Poſtures of Death; nay, he conſidered all the Miſeries of Proſtitution to which ſhe would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the Occaſion; firſt by ſeducing, and then by deſerting her: for he well knew the Hatred which all her Neighbours, and even her own Siſters, bore her, and how ready they would all be to tear her to Pieces. Indeed he had expoſed her to more Envy than Shame, or rather to the latter by Means of the former: For many Women abuſed her for being a Whore, while they envied her her Lover and her Finery, and would have been themſelves glad to have purchaſed theſe at the ſame Rate. The Ruin, therefore, of the poor Girl muſt, he foreſaw, unavoidably attend his deſerting her; and this Thought ſtung him to the Soul. Poverty aud Diſtreſs ſeemed to him to give none a Right of aggravating thoſe Misfortunes. The Meanneſs of her Condition did not repreſent her Miſery as of little Conſequence in his Eyes, nor did it appear to juſtify, or even to palliate, his Guilt, in bringing that Miſery upon her. But why do I mention Juſtification? His own Heart would not ſuffer him to deſtroy a human Creature, who, he thought, loved him, and had to that Love ſacri-

ficed her Innocence. His own good Heart pleaded her Cauſe; not as a cold venal Advocate; but as one intereſted in the Event, and which muſt itſelf deeply ſhare in all the Agonies its Owner brought on another.

When this cunning Advocate had ſufficiently raiſed the Pity of *Jones*, by painting poor *Molly* in all the Circumſtances of Wretchedneſs; it artfully called in the Aſſiſtance of another Paſſion, and repreſented the Girl in all the amiable Colours of Youth, Health, and Beauty; as one greatly the Object of Deſire, and much the more ſo, at leaſt to a good Mind, from being, at the ſame Time, the Object of Compaſſion.

Amidſt theſe Thoughts, poor *Jones* paſſed a long ſleepleſs Night, and in the Morning the Reſult of the whole was to abide by *Molly*, and to think no more of *Sophia*.

In this virtuous Reſolution he continued all the next Day till the Evening, cheriſhing the Idea of *Molly*, and driving *Sophia* from his Thoughts; but in the fatal Evening, a very trifling Accident ſet all his Paſſions again on float, and worked ſo total a Change in his Mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a freſh Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

A little Chapter, in which is contained a little Incident.

AMONG other Viſitants, who paid their Compliments to the young Gentleman in his Confinement, Mrs. *Honour* was one. The Reader, perhaps, when he reflects on ſome Expreſſions which have formerly dropt from her, may

may conceive that she herself had a very particular Affection for Mr. *Jones*; but, in reality, it was no such Thing. *Tom* was a handsome young Fellow; and for that Species of Men Mrs. *Honour* had some Regard; but this was perfectly indiscriminate: For having been crossed in the Love which she bore a certain Nobleman's Footman, who had basely deserted her after a Promise of Marriage, she had so securely kept together the broken Remains of her Heart, that no Man had ever since been able to possess himself of any single Fragment. She viewed all handsome Men with that equal Regard and Benevolence, which a sober and virtuous Mind bears to all the Good.---She might, indeed, be called a Lover of Men, as *Socrates* was a Lover of Mankind, preferred one to another for corporeal, as he for mental Qualifications; but never carrying this Preference so far as to cause any Perturbation in the philosophical Serenity of her Temper.

The Day after Mr. *Jones* had had that Conflict with himself, which we have seen in the preceding Chapter, Mrs. *Honour* came into his Room, and finding him alone, began in the following Manner: 'La, Sir, where do you think 'I have been? I warrants you, you would not 'gues in fifty Years; but if you did gues, to 'be sure, I must not tell you neither.' 'Nay, 'if it be something which you must not tell me,' says *Jones*, 'I shall have the Curiosity to en-'quire, and I know you will not be so bar-'barous as to refuse me.' 'I don't know,' cries she, 'why I should refuse you neither, for that 'Matter; for to be sure you won't mention it 'any more. And for that Matter, if you knew

'where I had been, unleſs you knew what I 'had been about, it would not ſignify much. 'Nay, I don't ſee why it ſhould be kept a Se-'cret, for my Part; for to be ſure ſhe is the 'beſt Lady in the World.' Upon this, *Jones* began to beg earneſtly to be let into this Secret, and faithfully promiſed not to divulge it. She then proceeded thus: 'Why, you muſt know, Sir, 'my young Lady ſent me to enquire after *Molly* '*Seagrim*, and to ſee whether the Wench wanted 'any thing: to be ſure, I did not care to go, 'methinks; but Servants muſt do what they are 'ordered.——How could you undervalue your-'ſelf ſo, Mr. *Jones*?——So my Lady bid me 'go, and carry her ſome Linnen, and other 'Things.——She is too good. If ſuch forward 'Sluts were ſent to *Bridewell*, it would be better 'for them. I told my Lady, ſays I, Madam, 'your La'ſhip is encouraging Idleneſs—' 'And 'was my *Sophia* ſo good?' ſays *Jones*.---'My '*Sophia*! I aſſure you, marry come up,' anſwered *Honour*. 'And yet if you knew all--- 'Indeed, if I was as Mr. *Jones*, I ſhould look 'a little higher than ſuch Trumpery as *Molly* '*Seagrim*.' 'What do you mean by theſe 'Words,' replied *Jones*, 'If I knew all?' 'I 'mean what I mean,' ſays *Honour*. 'Don't 'you remember putting your Hands in my 'Lady's Muff once? I vow I could almoſt find 'in my Heart to tell, if I was certain my Lady 'would never come to the Hearing on't.'--- *Jones* then made ſeveral ſolemn Proteſtations. And *Honour* proceeded,---'then, to be ſure, my 'Lady gave me that Muff; and afterwards, 'upon hearing what you had done'——'Then 'you told her what I had done!' interrupted

Jones.

Jones. 'If I did, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'you 'need not be angry with me. Many's the Man 'would have given his Head to have had my 'Lady told, if they had known——for, to be 'ſure, the biggeſt Lord in the Land might be 'proud---but, I proteſt, I have a great Mind 'not to tell you.' *Jones* fell to Entreaties, and ſoon prevailed on her to go on thus: 'You muſt 'know then, Sir, that my Lady had given this 'Muff to me; but about a Day or two after I 'had told her the Story, ſhe quarrels with her 'new Muff, and to be ſure it is the prettieſt 'that ever was ſeen. *Honour*,' ſays ſhe,——'this 'is an odious Muff; it is too big for me,——I 'can't wear it——till I can get another, you 'muſt let me have my old one again, and you 'may have this in the room on't---for ſhe's a 'good Lady, and ſcorns to give a Thing and 'take a Thing, I promiſe you that. So to be 'ſure I fetched it her back again, and, I believe, 'ſhe hath worn it upon her Arm almoſt ever 'ſince, and I warrants hath given it many a 'Kiſs when nobody hath ſeen her.'

Here the Converſation was interrupted by Mr. *Weſtern* himſelf, who came to ſummon *Jones* to the Harpſichord; whither the poor young Fellow went all pale and trembling. This *Weſtern* obſerved, but, on ſeeing Mrs. *Honour*, imputed it to a wrong Cauſe; and having given *Jones* a hearty Curſe between Jeſt and Earneſt, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the Game in his Warren.

Sophia looked this Evening with more than uſual Beauty, and we may believe it was no ſmall Addition to her Charms, in the Eye of Mr.

Jones, that she now happened to have on her Right Arm this very Muff.

She was playing one of her Father's favourite Tunes, and he was leaning on her Chair, when the Muff fell over her Fingers, and put her out. This so disconcerted the Squire, that he snatched the Muff from her, and with a hearty Curse threw it into the Fire. *Sophia* instantly started up, and with the utmost Eagerness recovered it from the Flames.

Though this Incident will probably appear of little Consequence to many of our Readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had so violent an Effect on poor *Jones*, that we thought it our Duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little Circumstances too often omitted by injudicious Historians, from which Events of the utmost Importance arise. The World may indeed be considered as a vast Machine, in which the great Wheels are originally set in Motion by those which are very minute, and almost imperceptible to any but the strongest Eyes.

Thus, not all the Charms of the incomparable *Sophia*; not all the dazzling Brightness, and languishing Softness of her Eyes; the Harmony of her Voice, and of her Person; not all her Wit, good Humour, Greatness of Mind, or Sweetness of Disposition, had been able so absolutely to conquer and enslave the Heart of poor *Jones*, as this little Incident of the Muff. Thus the Poet sweetly sings of *Troy*:

——*Captique dolis lachrymisque coacti*
Quos neque Tydides, nec Lariſſæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille Carinæ.

What

What *Diomede*, or *Thetis*'s greater Son,
A thouſand Ships, nor ten Years Siege had done,
Falſe Tears, and fawning Words, the City won.
DRYDEN.

The Citadel of *Jones* was now taken by Surprize. All thoſe Conſiderations of Honour and Prudence, which our Hero had lately with ſo much military Wiſdom placed as Guards over the Avenues of his Heart, ran away from their Poſts, and the God of Love marched in in Triumph.

CHAP. V.

A very long Chapter, containing a very great Incident.

BUT though this victorious Deity eaſily expelled his avowed Enemies from the Heart of *Jones*, he found it more difficult to ſupplant the Garriſon which he himſelf had placed there. To lay aſide all Allegory, the Concern for what muſt become of poor *Molly*, greatly diſturbed and perplexed the Mind of the worthy Youth. The ſuperior Merit of *Sophia* totally eclipſed, or rather extinguiſhed all the Beauties of the poor Girl; but Compaſſion inſtead of Contempt ſucceeded to Love. He was convinced the Girl had placed all her Affections, and all her Proſpect of future Happineſs in him only. For this he had, he knew, given ſufficient Occaſion, by the utmoſt Profuſion of Tenderneſs towards her; a

Tenderneſs which he had taken every Means to perſuade her he would always maintain. She, on her Side, had aſſured him of her firm Belief in his Promiſe, and had with the moſt ſolemn Vows declared, that on his fulfilling, or breaking theſe Promiſes, it depended, whether ſhe ſhould be the happieſt, or the moſt miſerable of Womankind. And to be the Author of this higheſt Degree of Miſery to a human Being, was a Thought on which he could not bear to ruminate a ſingle Moment. He conſidered this poor Girl as having ſacrificed to him every Thing in her little Power; as having been at her own Expence the Object of his Pleaſure; as ſighing and languiſhing for him even at that very Inſtant. Shall then, ſays he, my Recovery, for which ſhe hath ſo ardently wiſhed; ſhall my Preſence which ſhe hath ſo eagerly expected, inſtead of giving her that Joy with which ſhe hath flattered herſelf, caſt her at once down into Miſery and Deſpair? Can I be ſuch a Villain? Here, when the Genius of poor *Molly* ſeemed triumphant, the Love of *Sophia* towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious, ruſhed upon his Mind, and bore away every Obſtacle before it.

At length it occurred to him, that he might poſſibly be able to make *Molly* Amends another Way; namely, by giving her a Sum of Money. This, nevertheleſs, he almoſt deſpaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement Aſſurances he had received from her, that the World put in Balance with him, would make her no Amends for his Loſs. However, her extreme Poverty, and chiefly her egregious Vanity (ſomewhat of which hath been already hinted to the Reader) gave him ſome little Hope, that notwith-

notwithſtanding all her avowed Tenderneſs, ſhe might in Time be brought to content herſelf with a Fortune ſuperiour to her Expectation, and which might indulge her Vanity, by ſetting her above all her Equals. He reſolved, therefore, to take the firſt Opportunity of making a Propoſal of this Kind.

One Day accordingly, when his Arm was ſo well recovered, that he could walk eaſily with it ſlung in a Saſh, he ſtole forth, at a Seaſon when the Squire was engaged in his Field-Exerciſes, and viſited his Fair-one. Her Mother and Siſters, whom he found taking their Tea, inform'd him firſt that *Molly* was not at home; but afterwards, the eldeſt Siſter acquainted him with a malicious Smile, that ſhe was above Stairs a-bed. *Tom* had no Objection to this Situation of his Miſtreſs, and immediately aſcended the Ladder which led towards her Bed-Chamber; but when he came to the Top, he, to his great Surprize, found the Door faſt; nor could he for ſome Time obtain any Anſwer from within: for *Molly*, as ſhe herſelf afterwards informed him, was faſt aſleep.

The Extremes of Grief and Joy have been remarked to produce very ſimilar Effects; and when either of theſe ruſhes on us by Surprize, it is apt to create ſuch a total Perturbation and Confuſion, that we are often thereby deprived of the Uſe of all our Faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected Sight of Mr. *Jones* ſhould ſo ſtrongly operate on the Mind of *Molly*, and ſhould overwhelm her with ſuch Confuſion, that for ſome Minutes ſhe was unable to expreſs the great Raptures, with which the Reader will ſuppoſe ſhe was affected on this Occaſion. As for *Jones*, he was ſo entirely poſſeſſ-

ed, and as it were enchanted by the Preſence of his beloved Object, that he for a while forgot *Sophia*, and conſequently the principal Purpoſe of his Viſit.

This, however, ſoon returned to his Memory; and after the firſt Tranſports of their Meeting were over, he found Means by Degrees to introduce a Diſcourſe on the fatal Conſequences which muſt attend their Amour, if Mr. *Allworthy*, who had ſtrictly forbidden him ever ſeeing her more, ſhould diſcover that he ſtill carried on this Commerce. Such a Diſcovery, which his Enemies gave him Reaſon to think would be unavoidable, muſt, be ſaid, end in his Ruin, and conſequently in hers. Since, therefore, their hard Fates had determined that they muſt ſeparate, he adviſed her to bear it with Reſolution, and ſwore he would never omit any Opportunity through the Courſe of his Life, of ſhewing her the Sincerity of his Affection, by providing for her in a manner beyond her utmoſt Expectation, or even beyond her Wiſhes, if ever that ſhould be in his Power; concluding at laſt, that ſhe might ſoon find ſome Man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than ſhe could be by leading a diſreputable Life with him.

Molly remained a few Moments in Silence, and then burſting into a Flood of Tears, ſhe began to upbraid him in the following Words:

'And this is your Love for me, to forſake me 'in this Manner, now you have ruined me? 'How often, when I have told you that all Men 'are falſe and perjury alike, and grow tired of 'us as ſoon as ever they have had their wicked 'Wills of us, how often have you ſworn you 'would never forſake me? And can you be

'ſuch

'ſuch a perjury Man after all? What ſignifies
'all the Riches in the World to me without you,
'now you have gained my Heart? So you have---
'you have--- Why do you mention another
'Man to me? I can never love any other
'Man as long as I live. All other Men are
'nothing to me. If the greateſt Squire in all
'the Country would come a ſuiting to me to-
'morrow, I would not give my Company to
'him. No, I ſhall always hate and deſpiſe the
'whole Sex for your Sake'———

She was proceeding thus, when an Accident put a Stop to her Tongue, before it had run out half its Career. The Room, or rather Garret, in which *Molly* lay, being up one Pair of Stairs, that is to ſay, at the Top of the Houſe, was of a ſloping Figure, reſembling the great *Delta* of the *Greeks*. The *Engliſh* Reader may, perhaps, form a better Idea of it, by being told, that it was impoſſible to ſtand upright any where but in the Middle. Now, as this Room wanted the Conveniency of a Cloſet, *Molly* had, to ſupply that Defect, nailed up an old Rug againſt the Rafters of the Houſe, which incloſed a little Hole where her beſt Apparel, ſuch as the Remains of that Sack which we have formerly mentioned, ſome Caps, and other Things with which ſhe had lately provided herſelf, were hung up and ſecured from the Duſt.

This incloſed Place exactly fronted the Foot of the Bed, to which, indeed, the Rug hung ſo near, that it ſerved, in a Manner, to ſupply the Want of Curtains, Now, whether *Molly*, in the Agonies of her Rage, puſhed this Rug with her Feet; or *Jones* might touch it; or whether the Pin or Nail gave way of its own Accord, I am

not certain; but as *Molly* pronounced thoſe laſt Words, which are recorded above, the wicked Rug got looſe from its Faſtening, and diſcovered every Thing hid behind it; where among other female Utenſils appeared——(with Shame I write it, and with Sorrow will it be read)——the Philoſopher *Square*, in a Poſture (for the Place would not near admit his ſtanding upright) as ridiculous as can poſſibly be conceived.

The Poſture, indeed, in which he ſtood, was not greatly unlike that of a Soldier, who is tied Neck and Heels; or rather reſembling the Attitude in which we often ſee Fellows in the public Streets of *London*, who are not ſuffering but deſerving Puniſhment by ſo ſtanding. He had a Night-cap belonging to *Molly* on his Head, and his two large Eyes, the Moment the Rug fell, ſtared directly at *Jones*; ſo that when the Idea of Philoſophy was added to the Figure now diſcovered, it would have been very difficult for any Spectator to have refrained from immoderate Laughter.

I queſtion not but the Surprize of the Reader will be here equal to that of *Jones*; as the Suſpicions which muſt ariſe from the Appearance of this wiſe and grave Man in ſuch a Place, may ſeem ſo inconſiſtent with that Character, which he hath, doubtleſs, maintained hitherto, in the Opinion of every one.

But to confeſs the Truth, this Inconſiſtency is rather imaginary than real. Philoſophers are compoſed of Fleſh and Blood as well as other human Creatures; and however ſublimated and refined the Theory of theſe may be, a little practical Frailty is as incident to them as to other Mortals. It is indeed, in Theory only, and not

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in Practice, as we have before hinted, that conſiſts the Difference: For though ſuch great Beings think much better and more wiſely, they always act exactly like other Men. They know very well how to ſubdue all Appetites and Paſſions, and to deſpiſe both Pain and Pleaſure; and this Knowledge affords much delightful Contemplation, and is eaſily acquired: but the Practice would be vexatious and troubleſome; and, therefore, the ſame Wiſdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into Execution.

Mr. *Square* happened to be at Church, on that *Sunday*, when, as the Reader may be pleaſed to remember, the Appearance of *Molly* in her Sack had cauſed all that Diſturbance. Here he firſt obſerved her, and was ſo pleaſed with her Beauty, that he prevailed with the young Gentlemen to change their intended Ride that Evening, that he might paſs by the Habitation of *Molly*, and, by that Means, might obtain a ſecond Chance of ſeeing her. This Reaſon, however, as he did not at that Time mention to any, ſo neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the Reader.

Among other Particulars which conſtituted the Unfitneſs of Things in Mr. *Square*'s Opinion, Danger and Difficulty were two. The Difficulty, therefore, which he apprehended there might be in corrupting this young Wench, and the Danger which would accrue to his Character on the Diſcovery, were ſuch ſtrong Diſſuaſives, that it is probable, he at firſt intended to have contented himſelf with the pleaſing Ideas which the Sight of Beauty furniſhes us with. Theſe the graveſt Men, after a full Meal of ſerious Meditation,

ditation, often allow themſelves by Way of Deſſert: For which Purpoſe, certain Books and Pictures find their Way into the moſt private Receſſes of their Study, and a certain liquoriſh Part of natural Philoſophy is often the principal Subject of their Converſation.

But when the Philoſopher heard a Day or two afterwards, that the Fortreſs of Virtue had already been ſubdued, he began to give a larger Scope to his Deſires. His Appetite was not of that ſqueamiſh Kind, which cannot feed on a Dainty becauſe another hath taſted it. In ſhort, he liked the Girl the better for the Want of that Chaſtity, which, if ſhe had poſſeſſed it, muſt have been a Bar to his Pleaſures; he purſued, and obtained her.

The Reader will be miſtaken, if he thinks *Molly* gave *Square* the Preference to her younger Lover: On the contrary, had ſhe been confined to the Choice of one only, *Tom Jones* would, undoubtedly have been, of the two, the victorious Perſon. Nor was it ſolely the Conſideration, that two are better than one, (tho' this had its proper Weight) to which Mr. *Square* owed his Succeſs: the Abſence of *Jones* during his Confinement was an unlucky Circumſtance; and in that Interval, ſome well-choſen Preſents from the Philoſopher ſo ſoftened and unguarded the Girl's Heart, that a favourable Opportunity became irreſiſtible, and *Square* triumphed over the poor Remains of Virtue which ſubſiſted in the Boſom of *Molly*.

It was now about a Fortnight ſince this Conqueſt, when *Jones* paid the above-mentioned Viſit to his Miſtreſs, at a Time when ſhe and *Square* were in Bed together. This was the true Reaſon

why

why the Mother denied her as we have ſeen; for as the old Woman ſhared in the Profits ariſing from the Iniquity of her Daughter, ſhe encouraged and protected her in it to the utmoſt of her Power: but ſuch was the Envy and Hatred which the eldeſt Siſter bore towards *Molly*, that, notwithſtanding ſhe had ſome Part of the Booty, ſhe would willingly have parted with this to ruin her Siſter, and ſpoil her Trade. Hence ſhe had acquainted *Jones* with her being above Stairs in Bed, in Hopes that he might have caught her in *Square*'s Arms. This, however, *Molly* found Means to prevent, as the Door was faſtened; which gave her an Opportunity of conveying her Lover behind that Rug or Blanket where he now was unhappily diſcovered.

Square no ſooner made his Appearance than *Molly* flung herſelf back in her Bed, cried out ſhe was undone, and abandoned herſelf to Deſpair. This poor Girl, who was yet but a Novice in her Buſineſs, had not arrived to that Perfection of Aſſurance which helps off a Town-Lady in any Extremity; and either prompts her with an Excuſe, or elſe inſpires her to brazen out the Matter with her Huſband; who from Love of Quiet, or out of Fear of his Reputation, and ſometimes, perhaps, from Fear of the Gallant, who, like Mr. *Conſtant* in the Play, wears a Sword, is glad to ſhut his Eyes, and contented to put his Horns in his Pocket. *Molly*, on the contrary, was ſilenced by this Evidence, and very fairly gave up a Cauſe which ſhe had hitherto, with ſo many Tears, and with ſuch ſolemn and vehement Proteſtations of the pureſt Love and Conſtancy, maintained.

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As to the Gentleman behind the Arras, he was not in much leſs Conſternation. He ſtood for a while motionleſs, and ſeemed equally at a Loſs what to ſay, or whither to direct his Eyes. *Jones*, tho' perhaps the moſt aſtoniſhed of the three, firſt found his Tongue; and, being immediately recovered from thoſe uneaſy Senſations, which *Molly* by her Upbraidings had occaſioned, he burſt into a loud Laughter, and then ſaluting Mr. *Square*, advanced to take him by the Hand, and to relieve him from his Place of Confinement.

Square, being now arrived in the Middle of the Room, in which Part only he could ſtand upright, looked at *Jones* with a very grave Countenance, and ſaid to him: 'Well, Sir, I ſee you enjoy this 'mighty Diſcovery, and, I dare ſwear, taſte 'great Delight in the Thoughts of expoſing me; 'but if you will conſider the Matter fairly, you 'will find you are yourſelf only to blame. I am 'not guilty of corrupting Innocence. I have 'done nothing for which that Part of the World 'which judges of Matters by the Rule of Right, 'will condemn me. Fitneſs is governed by the 'Nature of Things, and not by Cuſtoms, Forms, 'or municipal Laws. Nothing is, indeed, unfit 'which is not unnatural.' 'Well reaſoned, old 'Boy,' anſwered *Jones*; 'but why doſt thou 'think that I ſhould deſire to expoſe thee? I 'promiſe thee, I was never better pleaſed with 'thee in my Life; and unleſs thou haſt a Mind 'to diſcover it thyſelf, this Affair may remain a 'profound Secret for me.' 'Nay, Mr. *Jones*,' replied *Square*, 'I would not be thought to un-'dervalue Reputation. Good Fame is a Species 'of the KALON, and it is by no Means fitting 'to neglect it. Beſides, to murder one's own

'Repu-

'Reputation, is a Kind of Suicide, a deteſtable 'and odious Vice. If you think proper, there- 'fore, to conceal any Infirmity of mine; (for 'ſuch I may have, ſince no Man is perfectly per- 'fect;) I promiſe you I will not betray myſelf. 'Things may be fitting to be done, which are 'not fitting to be boaſted of: for by the perverſe 'Judgment of the World, that often becomes 'the Subject of Cenſure, which is, in Truth, 'not only innocent but laudable.' 'Right!' cries *Jones*, 'what can be more innocent than 'the Indulgence of a natural Appetite? or what 'more laudable than the Propagation of our 'Species?' 'To be ſerious with you,' anſwered *Square*, 'I profeſs they always appeared ſo to 'me.' 'And yet,' ſaid *Jones*, 'you was of a 'different Opinion, when my Affair with this 'Girl was firſt diſcovered.' 'Why, I muſt con- 'feſs,' ſays *Square*, 'as the Matter was miſre- 'preſented to me by that Parſon *Thwackum*, I 'might condemn the Corruption of Innocence: 'It was that, Sir, it was that---and that---: For 'you muſt know, Mr. *Jones*, in the Conſidera- 'tion of Fitneſs, very minute Circumſtances, Sir, 'very minute Circumſtances cauſe great Altera- 'tion.'——'Well,' cries *Jones*, 'be that as it 'will, it ſhall be your own Fault, as I have pro- 'miſed you, if you ever hear any more of this 'Adventure. Behave kindly to the Girl, and I 'will never open my Lips concerning the Matter 'to any one. And, *Molly*, do you be faithful to 'your Friend, and I will not only forgive your 'Infidelity to me, but will do you all the Service 'I can.' So ſaying, he took a haſty Leave, and ſlipping down the Ladder, retired with much Expedition.

Square

Square was rejoiced to find this Adventure was likely to have no worſe Concluſion; and as for *Molly*, being recovered from her Confuſion, ſhe began at firſt to upbraid *Square* with having been the Occaſion of her Loſs of *Jones*: but that Gentleman ſoon found the Means of mitigating her Anger, partly by Careſſes, and partly by a ſmall Noſtrum from his Purſe, of wonderful and approved Efficacy in purging off the ill Humours of the Mind, and in reſtoring it to a good Temper.

She then poured forth a vaſt Profuſion of Tenderneſs towards her new Lover; turned all ſhe had ſaid to *Jones*, and *Jones* himſelf, into Ridicule, and vowed, tho' he once had had the Poſſeſſion of her Perſon, that none but *Square* had ever been Maſter of her Heart.

CHAP. VI.

By comparing which with the former, the Reader may poſſibly correct ſome Abuſe which he hath formerly been guilty of, in the Application of the Word LOVE.

THE Infidelity of *Molly*, which *Jones* had now diſcovered, would, perhaps, have vindicated a much greater Degree of Reſentment, than he expreſſed on the Occaſion; and if he had abandoned her directly from that Moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain, however, it is, that he ſaw her in the Light of Compaſſion; and tho' his Love to her was not of that Kind which could give him any great Uneaſineſs at her Inconſtancy, yet was he not a little ſhocked on reflecting that he had himſelf

ſelf originally corrupted her Innocence: for to this Corruption he imputed all the Vice, into which ſhe appeared now ſo likely to plunge herſelf.

This Conſideration gave him no little Uneaſineſs, till *Betty*, the elder Siſter, was ſo kind ſome Time afterwards entirely to cure him by a Hint, that one *Will Barnes*, and not himſelf, had been the firſt Seducer of *Molly*; and that the little Child, which he had hitherto ſo certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal Title, at leaſt, to claim *Barnes* for its Father.

Jones eagerly purſued this Scent when he had firſt received it; and in a very ſhort Time was ſufficiently aſſured that the Girl had told him Truth, not only by the Confeſſion of the Fellow, but, at laſt, by that of *Molly* herſelf.

This *Will Barnes* was a Country-Gallant, and had acquired as many Trophies of this Kind as any Enſign or Attorney's Clerk in the Kingdom. He had, indeed, reduced ſeveral Women to a State of utter Profligacy, had broke the Hearts of ſome, and had the Honour of occaſioning the violent Death of one poor Girl, who had either drowned herſelf, or, what was rather more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among other of his Conqueſts, this Fellow had triumphed over the Heart of *Betty Seagrim*. He had made Love to her long before *Molly* was grown to be a fit Object of that Paſtime; but had afterwards deſerted her, and applied to her Siſter, with whom he had almoſt immediate Succeſs. Now *Will* had, in reality, the ſole Poſſeſſion of *Molly*'s Affection, while *Jones* and *Square* were

were almoſt equally Sacrifices to her Intereſt, and to her Pride.

Hence had grown that implacable Hatred which we have before ſeen raging in the Mind of *Betty*; though we did not think it neceſſary to aſſign this Cauſe ſooner, as Envy itſelf was alone adequate to all the Effects we have mentioned.

Jones was become perfectly eaſy by Poſſeſſion of this Secret with Regard to *Molly*; but as to *Sophia*, he was far from being in a State of Tranquillity; nay, indeed, he was under the moſt violent Perturbation: His Heart was now, if I may uſe the Metaphor, entirely evacuated, and *Sophia* took abſolute Poſſeſſion of it. He loved her with an unbounded Paſſion, and plainly ſaw the tender Sentiments ſhe had for him; yet could not this Aſſurance leſſen his Deſpair of obtaining the Conſent of her Father, nor the Horrors which attended his Purſuit of her by any baſe or treacherous Method.

The Injury which he muſt thus do to Mr. *Weſtern*, and the Concern which would accrue to Mr. *Allworthy*, were Circumſtances that tormented him all Day, and haunted him on his Pillow at Night. His Life was a conſtant Struggle between Honour and Inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his Mind. He often reſolved, in the Abſence of *Sophia*, to leave her Father's Houſe, and to ſee her no more; and as often, in her Preſence, forgot all thoſe Reſolutions, and determined to purſue her at the Hazard of his Life, and at the Forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This Conflict began ſoon to produce very ſtrong and viſible Effects: For he loſt all his uſual Sprightlineſs and Gaiety of Temper, and became

not

not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and abſent in Company; nay, if ever he put on a forced Mirth, to comply with Mr. *Weſtern*'s Humour, the Conſtraint appeared ſo plain, that he may ſeem to have been giving the ſtrongeſt Evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by ſuch Oſtentation.

It may, perhaps, be a Queſtion, whether the Art which he uſed to conceal his Paſſion, or the Means which honeſt Nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him moſt: For while Art made him more than ever reſerved to *Sophia*, and forbad him to addreſs any of his Diſcourſe to her; nay, to avoid meeting her Eyes, with the utmoſt Caution; Nature was no leſs buſy in counterplotting him. Hence, at the Approach of the young Lady, he grew pale; and if this was ſudden, ſtarted. If his Eyes accidentally met hers, the Blood ruſhed into his Cheeks, and his Countenance became all over Scarlet. If common Civility ever obliged him to ſpeak to her, as to drink her Health at Table, his Tongue was ſure to faulter. If he touched her, his Hand, nay, his whole Frame trembled. And if any Diſcourſe tended, however remotely, to raiſe the Idea of Love, an involuntary Sigh ſeldom failed to ſteal from his Boſom. Moſt of which Accidents Nature was wonderfully induſtrious to throw daily in his Way.

All theſe Symptoms eſcaped the Notice of the Squire, but not ſo of *Sophia*. She ſoon perceived theſe Agitations of Mind in *Jones*, and was at no Loſs to diſcover the Cauſe; for indeed ſhe recognized it in her own Breaſt. And this Recognition is, I ſuppoſe, that Sympathy which hath been ſo often noted in Lovers, and which will

will ſufficiently account for her being ſo much quicker-ſighted than her Father.

But, to ſay the Truth, there is a more ſimple and plain Method of accounting for that prodigious Superiority of Penetration which we muſt obſerve in ſome Men over the reſt of the human Species, and one which will not only ſerve in the Caſe of Lovers, but of all others. For whence is it that the Knave is generally ſo quick-ſighted to thoſe Symptoms and Operations of Knavery, which often dupe an honeſt Man of a much better Underſtanding? There ſurely is no general Sympathy among Knaves, nor have they, like Free-Maſons, any common Sign of Communication. In reality, it is only becauſe they have the ſame Thing in their Heads, and their Thoughts are turned the ſame Way. Thus, that *Sophia* ſaw, and that *Weſtern* did not ſee the plain Symptoms of Love in *Jones*, can be no Wonder, when we conſider that the Idea of Love never entered into the Head of the Father, whereas the Daughter, at preſent, thought of nothing elſe.

When *Sophia* was well-ſatisfied of the violent Paſſion which tormented poor *Jones*, and no leſs certain that ſhe herſelf was its Object, ſhe had not the leaſt Difficulty in diſcovering the true Cauſe of his preſent Behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raiſed in her Mind two of the beſt Affections which any Lover can wiſh to raiſe in a Miſtreſs. Theſe were Eſteem and Pity; for ſure the moſt outrageouſly rigid among her Sex will excuſe her pitying a Man, whom ſhe ſaw miſerable on her own Account: nor can they blame her for eſteeming one who viſibly, from the moſt honourable Motives, endeavoured

to

to ſmother a Flame in his own Boſom, which, like the famous *Spartan* Theft, was preying upon, and conſuming his very Vitals. Thus his Backwardneſs, his Shunning her, his Coldneſs, and his Silence, were the forwardeſt, the moſt diligent, the warmeſt, and moſt eloquent Advocates; and wrought ſo violently on her ſenſible and tender Heart, that ſhe ſoon felt for him all thoſe gentle Senſations which are conſiſtent with a virtuous and elevated female Mind.---In ſhort, all which Eſteem, Gratitude and Pity, can inſpire in ſuch, towards an agreeable Man---Indeed, all which the niceſt Delicacy can allow---In a Word,---ſhe was in Love with him to Diſtraction.

One Day, this young Couple accidentally met in the Garden, at the End of two Walks, which were both bounded by that Canal in which *Jones* had formerly riſqued drowning to retrieve the little Bird that *Sophia* had there loſt.

This Place had been of late much frequented by *Sophia*. Here ſhe uſed to ruminate, with a Mixture of Pain and Pleaſure, on an Incident, which, however trifling in itſelf, had poſſibly ſown the firſt Seeds of that Affection which was now arrived to ſuch Maturity in her Heart.

Here then this young Couple met. They were almoſt cloſe together before either of them knew any thing of the other's Approach. A Byſtander would have diſcovered ſufficient Marks of Confuſion in the Countenance of each; but they felt too much themſelves to make any Obſervation. As ſoon as *Jones* had a little recovered his firſt Surprize, he accoſted the young Lady with ſome of the ordinary Forms of Salutation, which ſhe in the ſame Manner returned,

and

and their Converſation began, as uſual, on the delicious Beauty of the Morning. Hence they paſt to the Beauty of the Place, on which *Jones* launched forth very high Encomiums. When they came to the Tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the Canal, *Sophia* could not help reminding him of that Accident, and ſaid, 'I fancy, 'Mr. *Jones*, you have ſome little Shuddering 'when you ſee that Water.' 'I aſſure you, 'Madam,' anſwered *Jones*, 'the Concern you 'felt at the Loſs of your little Bird, will always 'appear to me the higheſt Circumſtance in that 'Adventure. Poor little *Tommy*, there is the 'Branch he ſtood upon. How could the little 'Wretch have the Folly to fly away from that 'State of Happineſs in which I had the Honour to 'place him? His Fate was a juſt Puniſhment for 'his Ingratitude.' 'Upon my Word, Mr. *Jones*,' ſaid ſhe, 'your Gallantry very narrowly eſcaped 'as ſevere a Fate. Sure, the Remembrance muſt 'affect you.' 'Indeed, Madam,' anſwered he, 'if I have any Reaſon to reflect with Sorrow on 'it, it is, perhaps, that the Water had not been 'a little deeper, by which I might have eſcaped 'many bitter Heart-achs, that Fortune ſeems to 'have in Store for me.' 'Fie, Mr. *Jones*,' replied *Sophia*, 'I am ſure you cannot be in Earneſt now. This affected Contempt of Life is 'only an Exceſs of your Complaiſance to me. 'You would endeavour to leſſen the Obligation 'of having twice ventured it for my Sake. Beware the third Time.'--- She ſpoke theſe laſt Words with a Smile and a Softneſs inexpreſſible. *Jones* anſwered with a Sigh, 'He feared it was 'already too late for Caution;'---and then looking tenderly and ſtedfaſtly on her, he cry'd,

'Oh!

'Oh! Miſs *Weſtern*, --- Can you deſire me to 'live? Can you wiſh me ſo ill?' --- *Sophia* looking down on the Ground, anſwered with ſome Heſitation, 'Indeed, Mr. *Jones*, I do not wiſh 'you ill.' --- 'Oh! I know too well that heavenly Temper,' cries *Jones*, 'that divine Goodneſs which is beyond every other Charm.' 'Nay, now,' anſwered ſhe, 'I underſtand you 'not. --- I can ſtay no longer' --- 'I --- I would not 'be underſtood,' cries he, 'nay, I can't be underſtood. I know not what I ſay. Meeting 'you here ſo unexpectedly --- I have been unguarded --- For Heaven's Sake pardon me! If I have 'ſaid any Thing to offend you --- I did not mean 'it --- Indeed, I would rather have died --- nay, 'the very Thought would kill me.' 'You ſurprize me,' anſwered ſhe. --- 'How can you 'poſſibly think you have offended me?' 'Fear, 'Madam,' ſays he, 'eaſily runs into Madneſs; 'and there is no Degree of Fear like that which 'I feel of offending you. How can I ſpeak 'then? Nay don't look angrily at me; one 'Frown will deſtroy me. --- I mean nothing --- 'Blame my Eyes, or blame thoſe Beauties --- 'What am I ſaying? Pardon me if I have ſaid 'too much. My Heart overflowed. I have 'ſtruggled with my Love to the utmoſt, and 'have endeavoured to conceal a Fever which 'preys on my Vitals, and will, I hope, ſoon 'make it impoſſible for me ever to offend you 'more.'

Mr. *Jones* now fell a trembling as if he had been ſhaken with the Fit of an Ague. *Sophia*, who was in a Situation not very different from his, anſwered in theſe Words: 'Mr. *Jones*, I 'will not affect to miſunderſtand you; indeed I

'understand you too well; but for Heaven's 'Sake, if you have any Affection for me, let 'me make the best of my Way into the House. 'I wish I may be able to support myself thi-'ther.'

Jones, who was hardly able to support himself, offered her his Arm, which she condescended to accept, but begged he would not mention a Word more to her of this Nature at present. He promised he would not, insisting only on her Forgiveness of what Love, without the Leave of his Will, had forced from him: This, she told him, he knew how to obtain, by his future Behaviour; and thus this young Pair tottered and trembled along, the Lover not once daring to squeeze the Hand of his Mistress, tho' it was lock'd in his.

Sophia immediately retired to her Chamber, where Mrs. *Honour* and the Hartshorn were summoned to her Assistance. As to poor *Jones*, the only Relief to his distempered Mind was an unwelcome Piece of News, which, as it opens a Scene of a different Nature from those in which the Reader hath lately been conversant, will be communicated to him in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Allworthy *appears on a Sick-Bed.*

MR. *Western* was become so fond of *Jones*, that he was unwilling to part with him, tho' his Arm had been long since cured; and *Jones*, either from his Love of Sport, or from some other Reason, was easily persuaded to continue at his House, which he did sometimes for a Fortnight together, without paying a single Visit

at

at Mr. *Allworthy*'s; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Mr. *Allworthy* had been for ſome Days indiſpoſed with a Cold, which had been attended with a little Fever. This he had, however, neglected, as it was uſual with him to do all Manner of Diſorders which did not confine him to his Bed, or prevent his ſeveral Faculties from performing their ordinary Functions. A Conduct which we would by no Means be thought to approve or recommend to Imitation: For ſurely the Gentlemen of the *Æſculapian* Art are in the Right in adviſing, that the Moment the Diſeaſe is entered at one Door, the Phyſician ſhould be introduced at the other. What elſe is meant by that old Adage: *Venienti occurrite Morbo?* 'Oppoſe a 'Diſtemper at its firſt Approach.' Thus the Doctor and the Diſeaſe meet in fair and equal Conflict; whereas, by giving Time to the latter, we often ſuffer him to fortify and entrench himſelf, like a *French* Army; ſo that the learned Gentleman finds it very difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible to come at the Enemy. Nay, ſometimes by gaining Time, the Diſeaſe applies to the *French* military Politics, and corrupts Nature over to his Side, and then all the Powers of Phyſic muſt arrive too late. Agreeable to theſe Obſervations was, I remember, the Complaint of the great Doctor *Miſaubin*, who uſed very pathetically to lament the late Applications which were made to his Skill: Saying, 'Bygar, me 'believe my Pation take me for de Undertaker: 'for dey never ſend for me till de Phyſicion have 'kill dem.'

Mr. *Allworthy*'s Diſtemper, by Means of this Neglect, gained ſuch Ground, that, when the In-

creaſe of his Fever obliged him to ſend for Aſſiſtance, the Doctor at his firſt Arrival ſhook his Head, wiſhed he had been ſent for ſooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent Danger. Mr. *Allworthy*, who had ſettled all his Affairs in this World, and was as well prepared as it is poſſible for human Nature to be, for the other, received this Information with the utmoſt Calmneſs and Unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himſelf down to Reſt, ſay with *Cato* in the tragical Poem,

——————*Let Guilt or Fear*
Diſturb Man's Reſt, Cato *knows neither of them*;
Indifferent is his Choice, to ſleep or die.

In reality, he could ſay this with ten times more Reaſon and Confidence than *Cato*, or any other proud Fellow among the antient or modern Heroes: For he was not only devoid of Fear; but might be conſidered as a faithful Labourer, when at the End of Harveſt he is ſummoned to receive his Reward at the Hands of a bountiful Maſter.

The good Man gave immediate Orders for all his Family to be ſummoned round him. None of theſe were then abroad, but Mrs. *Bliſil*, who had been ſome Time in *London*, and Mr. *Jones*, whom the Reader hath juſt parted from at Mr. *Weſtern*'s, and who received this Summons juſt as *Sophia* had left him.

The News of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Danger (for the Servant told him he was dying) drove all Thoughts of Love out of his Head. He hurried inſtantly into the Chariot which was ſent for him, and ordered the Coachman to drive with all imagin-

able

able Haſte; nor did the Idea of *Sophia*, I believe, once occur to him on the Way.

And now, the whole Family, namely, Mr. *Bliſil*, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Thwackum*, Mr. *Square*, and ſome of the Servants, (for ſuch were Mr. *Allworthy*'s Orders) being all aſſembled round his Bed, the good Man ſat up in it, and was beginning to ſpeak, when *Bliſil* fell to blubbering, and began to expreſs very loud and bitter Lamentations. Upon this Mr. *Allworthy* ſhook him by the Hand, and ſaid, 'Do not ſorrow thus, my 'dear Nephew, at the moſt ordinary of all hu-'man Occurrences. When Misfortunes befall 'our Friends, we are juſtly grieved: For thoſe 'are Accidents which might often have been a-'voided, and which may ſeem to render the Lot 'of one Man more peculiarly unhappy than 'that of others; but Death is certainly unavoid-'able, and is that common Lot, in which alone 'the Fortunes of all Men agree; nor is the 'Time when this happens to us, material. If 'the wiſeſt of Men hath compared Life to a 'Span, ſurely we may be allowed to conſider it 'as a Day. It is my Fate to leave it in the 'Evening; but thoſe who are taken away earlier, 'have only loſt a few Hours, at the beſt little 'worth lamenting, and much oftener Hours of 'Labour and Fatigue, of Pain and Sorrow. One 'of the *Roman* Poets, I remember, likens our 'leaving Life to our Departure from a Feaſt. 'A Thought which hath often occurred to me, 'when I have ſeen Men ſtruggling to protract 'an Entertainment, and to enjoy the Company 'of their Friends a few Moments longer. Alas! 'how ſhort is the moſt protracted of ſuch En-'joyments! How immaterial the Difference be-

'tween him who retires the ſooneſt, and him who ſtays the lateſt! This is ſeeing Life in the beſt View, and this Unwillingneſs to quit our Friends in the moſt amiable Motive, from which we can derive the Fear of Death; and yet the longeſt Enjoyment which we can hope for of this Kind, is of ſo trivial a Duration, that it is to a wiſe Man truly contemptible. Few Men, I own, think in this Manner: for, indeed, few Men think of Death till they are in its Jaws. However gigantic and terrible an Object this may appear when it approaches them, they are nevertheleſs incapable of ſeeing it at any Diſtance; nay, tho' they have been ever ſo much frightened and alarmed when they have apprehended themſelves in Danger of dying, they are no ſooner cleared from this Apprehenſion than even the Fears of it are eraſed from their Minds. But alas! he who eſcapes from Death, is not pardoned; he is only reprieved, and reprieved to a ſhort Day.

'Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear Child, on this Occaſion; an Event which may happen every Hour, which every Element, nay, almoſt every Particle of Matter that ſurrounds us, is capable of producing, and which muſt and will moſt unavoidably reach us all at laſt, ought neither to occaſion our Surprize, nor our Lamentation.

'My Phyſician having acquainted me (which I take very kindly of him) that I am in Danger of leaving you all very ſhortly, I have determined to ſay a few Words to you at this our Parting, before my Diſtemper, which I find grows very faſt upon me, puts it out of my Power.

'But

'But I ſhall waſte my Strength too much.---
'I intended to ſpeak concerning my Will, which
'tho' I have ſettled long ago, I think proper to
'mention ſuch Heads of as concern any of
'you, that I may have the Comfort of perceiving
'you are all ſatisfied with the Proviſion I have
'there made for you.

'Nephew *Blifil*, I leave you the Heir to my
'whole Eſtate, except only 500*l.* a Year which
'is to revert to you after the Death of your
'Mother, and except one other Eſtate of 500*l.*
'a Year, and the Sum of 6000*l.* which I have
'beſtowed in the following Manner.

'The Eſtate of 500*l.* a Year I have given
'to you, Mr. *Jones*. And as I know the In-
'convenience which attends the Want of ready
'Money, I have added 1000*l.* in Specie. In
'this I know not whether I have exceeded, or
'fallen ſhort of your Expectation. Perhaps you
'will think I have given you too little, and the
'World will be as ready to condemn me for
'giving you too much; but the latter Cenſure
'I deſpiſe, and as to the former, unleſs you
'ſhould entertain that common Error, which I
'have often heard in my Life pleaded as an Ex-
'cuſe for a total Want of Charity; namely,
'that inſtead of raiſing Gratitude by voluntary
'Acts of Bounty, we are apt to raiſe Demands,
'which of all others are the moſt boundleſs and
'moſt difficult to ſatisfy.---Pardon me the bare
'Mention of this: I will not ſuſpect any ſuch
'Thing.'

Jones flung himſelf at his Benefactor's Feet, and taking eagerly hold of his Hand, aſſured him, his Goodneſs to him, both now, and at all other Times, had ſo infinitely exceeded not only his

Merit, but his Hopes, that no Words could expreſs his Senſe of it. 'And I aſſure you, Sir,' ſaid he, 'your preſent Generoſity hath left me 'no other Concern than for the preſent melan-'choly Occaſion.—Oh, my Friend! my Fa-'ther!' Here his Words choaked him, and he turned away to hide a Tear which was ſtarting from his Eyes.

Allworthy then gently ſqueezed his Hand, and proceeded thus: 'I am convinced, my Child, 'that you have much Goodneſs, Generoſity, and 'Honour in your Temper; if you will add Pru-'dence and Religion to theſe, you muſt be hap-'py: For the three former Qualities, I admit, 'make you worthy of Happineſs; but they are 'the latter only which will put you in Poſſeſſion 'of it.

'One thouſand Pound I have given to you, 'Mr. *Thwackum*; a Sum, I am convinced, which 'greatly exceeds your Deſires, as well as your 'Wants. However, you will receive it as a 'Memorial of my Friendſhip; and whatever 'Superfluities may redound to you, that Piety 'which you ſo rigidly maintain, will inſtruct you 'how to diſpoſe of them.

'A like Sum, Mr. *Square*, I have bequeathed 'to you. This, I hope, will enable you to pur-'ſue your Profeſſion with better Succeſs than hi-'therto. I have often obſerved with Concern, 'that Diſtreſs is more apt to excite Contempt 'than Commiſeration, eſpecially among Men of 'Buſineſs, with whom Poverty is underſtood to 'indicate Want of Ability. But the little I have 'been able to leave you, will extricate you from 'thoſe Difficulties with which you have formerly 'ſtruggled; and then I doubt not but you will

'meet

'meet with ſufficient Proſperity to ſupply what 'a Man of your philoſophical Temper will re-'quire.

'I find myſelf growing faint, ſo I ſhall refer 'you to my Will for my Diſpoſition of the Re-'ſidue. My Servants will there find ſome To-'kens to remember me by; and there are a few 'Charities, which, I truſt, my Executors will 'ſee faithfully performed. Bleſs you all. I am 'ſetting out a little before you——

Here a Footman came haſtily into the Room, and ſaid there was an Attorney from *Saliſbury*, who had a particular Meſſage, which he ſaid he muſt communicate to Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf: That he ſeemed in a violent Hurry, and proteſted he had ſo much Buſineſs to do, that if he could cut himſelf into four Quarters, all would not be ſufficient.

'Go, Child,' ſaid *Allworthy* to *Blifil*, 'ſee 'what the Gentleman wants. I am not able to 'do any Buſineſs now, nor can he have any with 'me, in which you are not at preſent more con-'cerned than myſelf. Beſides I really am---I am 'incapable of ſeeing any one at preſent, or of 'any longer Attention.' He then ſaluted them all, ſaying, perhaps he ſhould be able to ſee them again, but he ſhould be now glad to compoſe him-ſelf a little, finding that he had too much exhauſt-ed his Spirits in Diſcourſe.

Some of the Company ſhed Tears at their Parting; and even the Philoſopher *Square* wiped his Eyes, *albeit unuſed to the melting Mood.* As to Mrs. *Wilkins*, ſhe dropt her Pearls as faſt *as the* Arabian *Trees their medicinal Gums*; for this was a Ceremonial which that Gentlewoman ne-ver omitted on a proper Occaſion.

After this Mr. *Allworthy* again laid himſelf down on his Pillow, and endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to Reſt.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing Matter rather natural than pleaſing.

BESIDES Grief for her Maſter, there was another Source for that briny Stream which ſo plentifully roſe above the two mountainous Cheek-Bones of the Houſe-keeper. She was no ſooner retired, than ſhe began to mutter to herſelf in the following pleaſant Strain. 'Sure Maſter 'might have made ſome Difference, methinks, 'between me and the other Servants. I ſuppoſe 'he hath left me Mourning; but, i-fackins! if 'that be all, the Devil ſhall wear it for him for 'me. I'd have his Worſhip know I am no Beg-'gar. I have ſaved five hundred Pound in his 'Service, and after all to be uſed in this Manner! '---It is a fine Encouragement to Servants to be 'honeſt; and to be ſure, if I have taken a little 'Something now and then, others have taken 'ten times as much; and now we are all put in 'a Lump together. If ſo be that, it be ſo; the 'Legacy may go to the Devil with him that gave 'it. No, I won't give it up neither, becauſe 'that will pleaſe ſome Folks. No, I'll buy the 'gayeſt Gown I can get, and dance over the old 'Curmudgeon's Grave in it. This is my Re-'ward for taking his Part ſo often, when all the 'Country have cried Shame of him, for breed-'ing up his Baſtard in that Manner: But he is 'going now where he muſt pay for all. It would 'have become him better to have repented of

'his

'his Sins on his Death-Bed, than to glory in 'them, and give away his Eſtate out of his own 'Family to a miſ-begotten Child. Found in his 'Bed, forſooth! A pretty Story! Ay, ay, thoſe 'that hide, know where to find. Lord, forgive 'him! I warrant he hath many more Baſtards to 'anſwer for, if the Truth was known. One 'Comfort is, they will be all known where he is 'a going now. "The Servants will find ſome "Token to remember me by." Thoſe were the 'very Words; I ſhall never forget them, if I 'was to live a thouſand Years. Ay, ay, I ſhall 'remember you for huddling me among the Ser-'vants. One would have thought he might have 'mentioned my Name as well as that of *Square*; 'but he is a Gentleman forſooth, though he had 'not Clothes to his Back when he came hither 'firſt. Marry come up with ſuch Gentlemen! 'Though he hath lived here theſe many Years, 'I don't believe there is *arrow* Servant in the 'Houſe ever ſaw the Colour of his Money. The 'Devil ſhall wait upon ſuch Gentlemen for me.' Much more of the like Kind ſhe muttered to her-ſelf; but this Taſte ſhall ſuffice to the Reader.

Neither *Thwackum* nor *Square* were much better ſatisfied with their Legacies. Though they breathed not their Reſentment ſo loud, yet from the Diſcontent which appeared in their Counte-nances, as well as from the following Dialogue, we collect that no great Pleaſure reigned in their Minds.

About an Hour after they had left the Sick-Room, *Square* met *Thwackum* in the Hall, and accoſted him thus: 'Well, Sir, have you heard 'any News of your Friend ſince we parted 'from him?' 'If you mean Mr. *Allworthy*,' an-

ſwered *Thwackum*, 'I think you might rather 'give him the Appellation of your Friend: For 'he ſeems to me to have deſerved that Title.' 'The Title is as good on your Side,' replied *Square*, 'for his Bounty, ſuch as it is, hath been 'equal to both.' 'I ſhould not have mentioned 'it firſt,' cries *Thwackum*, 'but ſince you begin, 'I muſt inform you I am of a different Opinion. 'There is a wide Diſtinction between voluntary 'Favours and Rewards. The Duty I have done 'in his Family, and the Care I have taken in 'the Education of his two Boys, are Services 'for which ſome Men might have expected a great-'er Return. I would not have you imagine I am 'therefore diſſatisfied; for St. *Paul* hath taught 'me to be content with the little I have. Had 'the Modicum been leſs, I ſhould have known 'my Duty. But though the Scripture obliges 'me to remain contented, it doth not enjoin me 'to ſhut my Eyes to my own Merit, nor reſtrain 'me from ſeeing, when I am injured by an un-'juſt Compariſon.' 'Since you provoke me,' returned *Square*, 'that Injury is done to me: 'Nor did I ever imagine Mr. *Allworthy* had held 'my Friendſhip ſo light, as to put me in Balance 'with one who received his Wages: I know to 'what it is owing; it proceeds from thoſe nar-'row Principles which you have been ſo long 'endeavouring to infuſe into him, in Contempt 'of every Thing which is great and noble. The 'Beauty and Lovelineſs of Friendſhip is too 'ſtrong for dim Eyes, nor can it be perceived by 'any other Medium, than that unerring Rule 'of Right, which you have ſo often endeavoured 'to ridicule, that you have perverted my Friend's 'Underſtanding.' 'I wiſh,' cries *Thwackum*,

in

in a Rage, 'I wish for the Sake of his Soul, 'your damnable Doctrines have not perverted 'his Faith. It is to this I impute his present 'Behaviour so unbecoming a Christian. Who 'but an Atheist could think of leaving the World 'without having first made up his Account? 'without confessing his Sins, and receiving that 'Absolution which he knew he had one in the 'House duly authorised to give him? He will 'feel the Want of these Necessaries when it is 'too late. When he is arrived at that Place 'where there is Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth; 'it is then he will find in what mighty Stead 'that Heathen Goddess, that Virtue, which you 'and all other Deists of the Age adore, will 'stand him. He will then summon his Priest 'when there is none to be found, and will la-'ment the Want of that Absolution, without 'which no Sinner can be safe.' 'If it be so 'material,' says *Square*, 'Why don't you pre-'sent it him of your own Accord?' 'It hath 'no Virtue,' cries *Thwackum*, 'but to those 'who have sufficient Grace to require it. But 'why do I talk thus to a Heathen and an 'Unbeliever? It is you who have taught him this 'Lesson, for which you have been well rewarded 'in this World, as I doubt not your Disciple will 'soon be in the other.' 'I know not what you 'mean by Reward,' said *Square*, 'but if you 'hint at that pitiful Memorial of our Friendship, 'which he hath thought fit to bequeath me, I 'despise it; and nothing but the unfortunate Si-'tuation of my Circumstances should prevail on 'me to accept it.'

The

The Phyſician now arrived, and began to enquire of the two Diſputants, *How we all did above Stairs?* 'In a miſerable Way,' anſwered *Thwackum.* 'It is no more than I expected,' cries the Doctor: 'But pray what Symptoms 'have appeared ſince I left you?' 'No good 'ones, I am afraid,' replied *Thwackum*, 'after 'what paſſed at our Departure, I think there were 'little Hopes.' The bodily Phyſician, perhaps, miſunderſtood the Curer of Souls, and before they came to an Explanation, Mr. *Bliſil* came to them with a moſt melancholy Countenance, and acquainted them, that he brought ſad News: For that his Mother was dead at *Saliſbury*. That ſhe had been ſeized on the Road home with the Gout in her Head and Stomach, which had carried her off in a few Hours. 'Good-lack-a day,' ſays the Doctor, 'One cannot anſwer for Events; 'but I wiſh I had been at Hand to have been 'called in. The Gout is a Diſtemper which it 'is difficult to treat; yet I have been remarkably 'ſucceſsful in it.' *Thwackum* and *Square* both condoled with Mr. *Bliſil* for the Loſs of his Mother, which the one adviſed him to bear like a Man, and the other like a Chriſtian. The young Gentleman ſaid, He knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to ſubmit to his Loſs, as well as he could. That he could not, however, help complaining a little againſt the peculiar Severity of his Fate, which brought the News of ſo great a Calamity to him by Surprize, and that at a Time when he hourly expected the ſevereſt Blow he was capable of feeling from the Malice of Fortune. He ſaid, the preſent Occaſion would put to the Teſt thoſe excellent Rudiments, which he had learnt from Mr. *Thwackum*

and

and Mr. *Square*, and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to ſurvive ſuch Miſfortunes.

It was now debated whether Mr. *Allworthy* ſhould be informed of the Death of his Siſter: This the Doctor violently oppoſed; in which, I believe, the whole College will agree with him: But Mr. *Blifil* ſaid, he had received ſuch poſitive and repeated Orders from his Uncle, never to keep any Secret from him, for Fear of the Diſquietude which it might give him, that he durſt not think of Diſobedience, whatever might be the Conſequence. He ſaid, for his Part, conſidering the religious and philoſophic Temper of his Uncle, he could not agree with the Doctor in his Apprehenſions. He was therefore reſolved to communicate it to him: For if his Uncle recovered, (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an Endeavour to keep a Secret of this Kind from him.

The Phyſician was forced to ſubmit to theſe Reſolutions, which the two other learned Gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved Mr. *Blifil* and the Doctor towards the Sick-Room; where the Phyſician firſt entered, and approached the Bed, in order to feel his Patient's Pulſe, which he had no ſooner done, than he declared he was much better; that the laſt Application had ſucceeded to a Miracle, and had brought the Fever to intermit: So that, he ſaid, there appeared now to be as little Danger, as he had before apprehended there were Hopes.

To ſay the Truth, Mr. *Allworthy*'s Situation had never been ſo bad, as the great Caution of the Doctor had repreſented it: But as a wiſe General never deſpiſes his Enemy, however inferior

his

his Force may be, ſo neither doth a wiſe Phyſician ever deſpiſe a Diſtemper, however inconſiderable. As the former preſerves the ſame ſtrict Diſcipline, places the ſame Guards, and employs the ſame Scouts, though the Enemy be never ſo weak; ſo the latter maintains the ſame Gravity of Countenance, and ſhakes his Head with the ſame ſignificant Air, let the Diſtemper be never ſo trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may aſſign this ſolid Reaſon for their Conduct, that by theſe Means the greater Glory redounds to them, if they gain the Victory, and the leſs Diſgrace, if by any unlucky Accident they ſhould happen to be conquered.

Mr. *Allworthy* had no ſooner lifted up his Eyes, and thanked Heaven for theſe Hopes of his Recovery, than Mr. *Blifil* drew near, with a very dejected Aſpect, and having applied his Handkerchief to his Eye, either to wipe away his Tears, or as *Ovid* ſomewhere expreſſes himſelf on another Occaſion,

Si nullus erit, tamen excute nullum.

'If there be none, wipe away that none.'

he communicated to his Uncle what the Reader hath been juſt before acquainted with.

Allworthy received the News with Concern, with Patience, and with Reſignation. He dropt a tender Tear, then compoſed his Countenance, and at laſt cried, 'The Lord's Will be done in 'every Thing.'

He now enquired for the Meſſenger; but *Blifil* told him, it had been impoſſible to detain him a Moment; for he appeared by the great Hurry

he

he was in to have ſome Buſineſs of Importance on his Hands: That he complained of being hurried, and driven and torn out of his Life, and repeated many Times, that if he could divide himſelf into four Quarters, he knew how to diſpoſe of every one.

Allworthy then deſired *Blifil* to take Care of the Funeral. He ſaid, he would have his Siſter depoſited in his own Chapel; and as to the Particulars, he left them to his own Diſcretion, only mentioning the Perſon whom he would have employed on this Occaſion.

CHAP. IX.

Which, among other Things, may ſerve as a Comment on that Saying of Æſchines, *that* DRUNKENNESS SHEWS THE MIND OF A MAN, AS A MIRROUR REFLECTS HIS PERSON.

THE Reader may, perhaps, wonder at hearing nothing of Mr. *Jones* in the laſt Chapter. In Fact, his Behaviour was ſo different from that of the Perſons there mentioned, that we choſe not to confound his Name with theirs.

When the good Man had ended his Speech, *Jones* was the laſt who deſerted the Room. Thence he retired to his own Apartment, to give Vent to his Concern; but the Reſtleſſneſs of his Mind would not ſuffer him to remain long there; he ſlipped ſoftly, therefore, to *Allworthy*'s Chamber-Door, where he liſtened a conſiderable Time, without hearing any Kind of Motion within, unleſs a violent Snoring, which at laſt his Fears miſrepreſented as Groans. This ſo alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the Room; where

where he found the good Man in the Bed, in a ſweet compoſed Sleep, and his Nurſe ſnoring in the above-mentioned hearty Manner, at the Bed's Feet. He immediately took the only Method of ſilencing this Thorough-Baſs, whoſe Muſic he feared might diſturb Mr. *Allworthy*; and then ſitting down by the Nurſe, he remained motionleſs till *Blifil* and the Doctor came in together, and waked the ſick Man, in order that the Doctor might feel his Pulſe, and that the other might communicate to him that Piece of News, which, had *Jones* been apprized of it, would have had great Difficulty of finding its Way to Mr. *Allworthy*'s Ear at ſuch a Seaſon.

When he firſt heard *Blifil* tell his Uncle this Story, *Jones* could hardly contain the Wrath which kindled in him at the other's Indiſcretion, eſpecially as the Doctor ſhook his Head, and declared his Unwillingneſs to have the Matter mentioned to his Patient. But as his Paſſion did not ſo far deprive him of all Uſe of his Underſtanding, as to hide from him the Conſequences which any violent Expreſſions towards *Blifil* might have on the Sick, this Apprehenſion ſtilled his Rage, at the preſent; and he grew afterwards ſo ſatisfied with finding that this News had, in Fact, produced no Miſchief, that he ſuffered his Anger to die in his own Boſom, without ever mentioning it to *Blifil*.

The Phyſician dined that Day at Mr. *Allworthy*'s; and having after Dinner viſited his Patient, he returned to the Company, and told them, that he had now the Satisfaction to ſay, with Aſſurance, that his Patient was out of all Danger: That he had brought his Fever to a perfect Intermiſſion,

miſſion, and doubted not by throwing in the Bark to prevent its Return.

This Account ſo pleaſed *Jones*, and threw him into ſuch immoderate Exceſs of Rapture, that he might be truly ſaid to be drunk with Joy. An Intoxication which greatly forwards the Effects of Wine; and as he was very free too with the Bottle on this Occaſion, (for he drank many Bumpers to the Doctor's Health, as well as to other Toaſts) he became very ſoon literally drunk.

Jones had naturally violent animal Spirits: Theſe being ſet on float, and augmented by the Spirit of Wine, produced moſt extravagant Effects. He kiſſed the Doctor, and embraced him with the moſt paſſionate Endearments; ſwearing that, next to Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf, he loved him of all Men living. 'Doctor,' added he, 'you deſerve a Statue to be erected to you at the 'public Expence, for having preſerved a Man, 'who is not only the Darling of all good Men 'who know him, but a Bleſſing to Society, the 'Glory of his Country, and an Honour to Hu-'man Nature. D---n me if I don't love him 'better than my own Soul.'

'More Shame for you,' cries *Thwackum*; 'though I think you have Reaſon to love him, 'for he hath provided very well for you. And, 'perhaps, it might have been better for ſome 'Folks, that he had not lived to ſee juſt Reaſon 'of revoking his Gift.'

Jones now, looking on *Thwackum* with inconceivable Diſdain, anſwered, 'And doth thy mean 'Soul imagine, that any ſuch Conſiderations 'could weigh with me? No, let the Earth open, 'and ſwallow her own Dirt, (if I had Millions of

'Acres,

'Acres, I would ſay it) rather than ſwallow up 'my dear glorious Friend.'

Quis Deſiderio ſit Pudor aut modus
Tam chari Capitis * ?.

The Doctor now interpoſed, and prevented the Effects of a Wrath which was kindling between *Jones* and *Thwackum*; after which the former gave a Looſe to Mirth, ſang two or three amorous Songs, and fell into every frantic Diſorder which unbridled Joy is apt to inſpire; but ſo far was he from any Diſpoſition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if poſſible, than when he was ſober.

To ſay Truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common Obſervation, That Men who are ill-natured and quarrelſome when they are drunk, are very worthy Perſons when they are ſober: For Drink, in reality, doth not reverſe Nature, or create Paſſions in Men, which did not exiſt in them before. It takes away the Guard of Reaſon, and conſequently forces us to produce thoſe Symptoms, which many, when ſober, have Art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our Paſſions, (generally indeed that Paſſion which is uppermoſt in our Mind) ſo that the angry Temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other Diſpoſitions of Men, are in their Cups heightened and expoſed.

* 'What Modeſty or Meaſure can ſet Bounds to our Deſire 'of ſo dear a Friend!' The Word *Deſiderium* here cannot be eaſily tranſlated. It includes our Deſire of enjoying our Friend again, and the Grief which attends that Deſire.

And

And yet as no Nation produces ſo many drunken Quarrels, eſpecially among the lower People, as *England*; (for, indeed, with them, to drink and to fight together, are almoſt ſynonymous Terms) I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded, that the *Engliſh* are the worſt-natured People alive. Perhaps the Love of Glory only is at the Bottom of this; ſo that the fair Concluſion ſeems to be, that our Countrymen have more of that Love, and more of Bravery, than any other Plebeians. And this the rather, as there is ſeldom any Thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exerciſed on thoſe Occaſions: Nay, it is common for the Combatants to expreſs Good-will for each other, even at the Time of the Conflict; and as their drunken Mirth generally ends in a Battle, ſo do moſt of their Battles end in Friendſhip.

But to return to our Hiſtory. Though *Jones* had ſhewn no Deſign of giving Offence, yet Mr. *Blifil* was highly offended at a Behaviour which was ſo inconſiſtent with the ſober and prudent Reſerve of his own Temper. He bore it too with the greater Impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this Seaſon; 'When,' as he ſaid, 'the Houſe was a Houſe of Mourning, 'on the Account of his dear Mother; and if it 'had pleaſed Heaven to give them ſome Proſpect 'of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Recovery, it would become 'them better to expreſs the Exultations of their 'Hearts in Thankſgiving, than in Drunkenneſs 'and Riots; which were properer Methods to 'encreaſe the Divine Wrath, than to avert it.' *Thwackum*, who had ſwallowed more Liquor than *Jones*, but without any ill Effect on his Brain, ſeconded the pious Harangue of *Blifil*: But *Square*, for

for Reaſons which the Reader may probably gueſs, was totally ſilent.

Wine had not ſo totally overpowered *Jones*, as to prevent his recollecting Mr. *Blifil*'s Loſs, the Moment it was mentioned. As no Perſon, therefore, was more ready to confeſs and condemn his own Errors, he offered to ſhake Mr. *Blifil* by the Hand, and begged his Pardon, ſaying, 'His 'exceſſive Joy for Mr. *Allworthy*'s Recovery had 'driven every other Thought out of his Mind.'

Blifil ſcornfully rejected his Hand; and, with much Indignation, anſwered, 'It was little to 'be wondered at, if tragical Spectacles made no 'Impreſſion on the Blind; but, for his Part, he 'had the Misfortune to know who his Parents 'were, and conſequently muſt be affected with 'their Loſs.

Jones, who, notwithſtanding his good Humour, had ſome Mixture of the Iraſcible in his Conſtitution, leaped haſtily from his Chair, and catching hold of *Blifil*'s Collar, cried out, 'D---n you 'for a Raſcal! Do you inſult me with the Misfor-'tune of my Birth?' He accompanied theſe Words with ſuch rough Actions, that they ſoon got the better of Mr. *Blifil*'s peaceful Temper; and a Scuffle immediately enſued, which might have produced Miſchief, had it not been prevented by the Interpoſition of *Thwackum* and the Phyſician; for the Philoſophy of *Square* rendered him ſuperior to all Emotions, and he very calmly ſmoaked his Pipe, as was his Cuſtom in all Broils, unleſs when he apprehended ſome Danger of having it broke in his Mouth.

The Combatants being now prevented from executing preſent Vengeance on each other, betook themſelves to the common Reſources of diſ-

appointed

appointed Rage, and vented their Wrath in Threats and Defiance. In this Kind of Conflict, Fortune, which, in the perſonal Attack, ſeemed to incline to *Jones*, was now altogether as favourable to his Enemy.

A Truce, nevertheleſs, was at length agreed on, by the Mediation of the neutral Parties, and the whole Company again ſat down at the Table; where *Jones* being prevailed on to aſk Pardon, and *Blifil* to give it, Peace was reſtored, and every Thing ſeemed in *Statu quo*.

But though the Quarrel was, in all Appearance, perfectly reconciled, the Good-humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no Means reſtored. All Merriment was now at an End, and the ſubſequent Diſcourſe conſiſted only of grave Relations of Matters of Fact, and of as grave Obſervations upon them. A Species of Converſation, in which, though there is much of Dignity and Inſtruction, there is but little Entertainment. As we preſume, therefore, only to convey this laſt to the Reader, we ſhall paſs by whatever was ſaid, till the Reſt of the Company having, by Degrees, dropped off, left *Square* and the Phyſician only together; at which Time the Converſation was a little heightened by ſome Comments on what had happened between the two young Gentlemen; both of whom the Doctor declared to be no better than Scoundrels; to which Appellation the Philoſopher, very ſagaciouſly ſhaking his Head, agreed.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Shewing the Truth of many Obſervations of Ovid, *and of other more grave Writers, who have proved, beyond Contradiction, that Wine is often the Fore-runner of Incontinency.*

JONES retired from the Company, in which we have ſeen him engaged, into the Fields, where he intended to cool himſelf by a Walk in the open Air, before he attended Mr. *Alluworthy*. There, whilſt he renewed thoſe Meditations on his dear *Sophia*, which the dangerous Illneſs of his Friend and Benefactor had for ſome Time interrupted, an Accident happened, which with Sorrow we relate, and with Sorrow, doubtleſs, will it be read; however, that hiſtoric Truth to which we profeſs ſo inviolable an Attachment, obliges us to communicate it to Poſterity.

It was now a pleaſant Evening in the latter End of *June*, when our Hero was walking in a moſt delicious Grove, where the gentle Breezes fanning the Leaves, together with the ſweet Trilling of a murmuring Stream, and the melodious Notes of Nightingales, formed all together the moſt enchanting Harmony. In this Scene, ſo ſweetly accommodated to Love, he meditated on his dear *Sophia*. While his wanton Fancy roved unbounded over all her Beauties, and his lively Imagination painted the charming Maid in various raviſhing Forms, his warm Heart melted with Tenderneſs, and at length throwing himſelf on the Ground, by the Side of a gently murmuring Brook, he broke forth into the following Ejaculation:

'O

'O *Sophia*, would Heaven give thee to my 'Arms, how bleſt would be my Condition! 'Curſt be that Fortune which ſets a Diſtance 'between us. Was I but poſſeſſed of thee, one 'only Suit of Rags thy whole Eſtate, is there a 'Man on Earth whom I would envy! How con-'temptible would the brighteſt *Circaſſian* Beauty, 'dreſt in all the Jewels of the *Indies*, appear to 'my Eyes! But why do I mention another Wo-'man? Could I think my Eyes capable of look-'ing at any other with Tenderneſs, theſe Hands 'ſhould tear them from my Head. No, my *So-'phia*, if cruel Fortune ſeparates us for ever, my 'Soul ſhall doat on thee alone. The chaſteſt 'Conſtancy will I ever preſerve to thy Image. 'Though I ſhould never have Poſſeſſion of thy 'charming Perſon, ſtill ſhalt thou alone have 'Poſſeſſion of my Thoughts, my Love, my Soul. 'Oh! my fond Heart is ſo wrapt in that tender 'Boſom, that the brighteſt Beauties would for 'me have no Charms, nor would a Hermit be 'colder in their Embraces. *Sophia*, *Sophia* alone 'ſhall be mine. What Raptures are in that 'Name! I will engrave it on every Tree.'

At theſe Words he ſtarted up, and beheld---not his *Sophia*---no, nor a *Circaſſian* Maid richly and elegantly attired for the Grand Signior's Seraglio. No; without a Gown, in a Shift that was ſome-what of the coarſeſt, and none of the cleaneſt, bedewed likewiſe with ſome odoriferous Effluvia, the Produce of the Day's Labour, with a Pitch-fork in her Hand, *Molly Seagrim* approached. Our Hero had his Pen-knife in his Hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned Purpoſe, of carving on the Bark; when the Girl coming near him, cry'd out with a Smile, 'You don't

'intend to kill me, Squire, I hope!' 'Why 'ſhould you think I would kill you?' anſwered *Jones*. 'Nay,' replied ſhe, 'after your cruel 'Uſage of me when I ſaw you laſt, killing me 'would, perhaps, be too great Kindneſs for me 'to expect.'

Here enſued a Parley, which, as I do not think myſelf obliged to relate it, I ſhall omit. It is ſufficient that it laſted a full Quarter of an Hour, at the Concluſion of which they retired into the thickeſt Part of the Grove.

Some of my Readers may be inclined to think this Event unnatural. However, the Fact is true; and, perhaps, may be ſufficiently accounted for, by ſuggeſting, that *Jones* probably thought one Woman better than none, and *Molly* as probably imagined two Men to be better than one. Beſides, the before-mentioned Motive aſſigned to the preſent Behaviour of *Jones*, the Reader will be likewiſe pleaſed to recollect in his Favour, that he was not at this Time perfect Maſter of that wonderful Power of Reaſon, which ſo well enables grave and wiſe Men to ſubdue their unruly Paſſions, and to decline any of theſe prohibited Amuſements. Wine now had totally ſubdued this Power in *Jones*. He was, indeed, in a Condition, in which if Reaſon had interpoſed, though only to adviſe, ſhe might have received the Anſwer which one *Cleoſtratus* gave many Years ago to a ſilly Fellow, who aſked him, If he was not aſhamed to be drunk? 'Are not you,' ſaid *Cleoſtratus*, 'aſhamed to admoniſh a drunken Man?'

——To ſay the Truth, in a Court of Juſtice, Drunkenneſs muſt not be an Excuſe, yet in a Court of Conſcience it is greatly ſo; and therefore *Ariſtotle*, who commends the Laws of *Pittacus*,

cus, by which drunken Men received double Puniſhment for their Crimes, allows there is more of Policy than Juſtice in that Law. Now, if there are any Tranſgreſſions pardonable from Drunkenneſs, they are certainly ſuch as Mr. *Jones* was at preſent guilty of; on which Head I could pour forth a vaſt Profuſion of Learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my Reader, or teach him any Thing more than he knows already. For his Sake, therefore, I ſhall keep my Learning to myſelf, and return to my Hiſtory.

It hath been obſerved, that Fortune ſeldom doth Things by Halves. To ſay Truth, there is no End to her Freaks whenever ſhe is diſpoſed to gratify or diſpleaſe. No ſooner had our Hero retired with his *Dido*, but

> *Speluncam* Blifil, *Dux & Divinus eandem*
> *Deveniunt.*——

the Parſon and the young Squire, who were taking a ſerious Walk, arrived at the Stile which leads into the Grove, and the latter caught a View of the Lovers, juſt as they were ſinking out of Sight.

Blifil knew *Jones* very well, though he was at above a hundred Yards Diſtance, and he was as poſitive to the Sex of his Companion, though not to the individual Perſon. He ſtarted, bleſſed himſelf, and uttered a very ſolemn Ejaculation.

Thwackum expreſſed ſome Surprize at theſe ſudden Emotions, and aſked the Reaſon of them. To which *Blifil* anſwered, 'He was certain he 'had ſeen a Fellow and a Wench retire together 'among the Buſhes, which he doubted not was 'with ſome wicked Purpoſe.' As to the Name

of *Jones*, he thought proper to conceal it, and why he did ſo, muſt be left to the Judgment of the ſagacious Reader: For we never chuſe to aſſign Motives to the Actions of Men, when there is any Poſſibility of our being miſtaken.

The Parſon, who was not only ſtrictly chaſte in his own Perſon, but a great Enemy to the oppoſite Vice in all others, fired at this Information. He deſired Mr. *Blifil* to conduct him immediately to the Place, which as he approached, he breathed forth Vengeance mixed with Lamentations: nor did he refrain from caſting ſome oblique Reflections on Mr. *Allworthy*; inſinuating that the Wickedneſs of the Country was principally owing to the Encouragement he had given to Vice, by having exerted ſuch Kindneſs to a Baſtard, and by having mitigated that juſt and wholeſome Rigour of the Law, which allots a very ſevere Puniſhment to looſe Wenches.

The Way, through which our Hunters were to paſs in Purſuit of their Game, was ſo beſet with Briars, that it greatly obſtructed their Walk, and cauſed, beſides, ſuch a Ruſtling, that *Jones* had ſufficient Warning of their Arrival, before they could ſurprize him; nay, indeed, ſo incapable was *Thwackum* of concealing his Indignation, and ſuch Vengeance did he mutter forth every Step he took, that this alone muſt have abundantly ſatisfied *Jones*, that he was (to uſe the Language of Sportſmen) *found ſitting*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

In which a Simile in Mr. Pope's *Period of a Mile, introduces as bloody a Battle as can poſſibly be fought, without the Aſſiſtance of Steel or* cold *Iron.*

AS in the Seaſon of RUTTING (an uncouth Phraſe, by which the Vulgar denote that gentle Dalliance, which, in the * well-wooded Foreſt of *Hampſhire*, paſſes between Lovers of the Ferine Kind) if while the lofty creſted Stag meditates the amorous Sport, a Couple of Puppies, or any other Beaſts of hoſtile Note, ſhould wander ſo near the Temple of *Venus Ferina*, that the fair Hind ſhould ſhrink from the Place, touched with that Somewhat, either of Fear or Frolic, of Nicety or Skittiſhneſs, with which Nature hath bedecked all Females, or hath, at leaſt, inſtructed them how to put it on; leſt, through the Indelicacy of Males, the *Samean* Myſteries ſhould be pryed into by unhallowed Eyes: For at the Celebration of theſe Rites, the female Prieſteſs cries out with her in *Virgil*, (who was then, probably, hard at Work on ſuch Celebration)

---Procul, O procul eſte, profani;
Proclamat Vates, totoque abſiſtite Luco.

---Far hence be Souls prophane,
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the Grove abſtain.
DRYDEN.

* This is an ambiguous Phraſe, and may mean either a Foreſt well cloathed with Wood, or well ſtript of it.

If, I ſay, while theſe ſacred Rites, which are in common to *Genus omne Animantium*, are in Agitation between the Stag and his Miſtreſs, any hoſtile Beaſts ſhould venture too near, on the firſt Hint given by the frighted Hind, fierce and tremendous ruſhes forth the Stag to the Entrance of the Thicket; there ſtands he Centinel over his Love, ſtamps the Ground with his Foot, and with his Horns brandiſhed aloft in Air, proudly provokes the apprehended Foe to Combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the Enemy's Approach, leaped forth our Hero. Many a Step advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling Hind, and, if poſſible, to ſecure her Retreat. And now *Thwackum* having firſt darted ſome livid Lightning from his fiery Eyes, began to thunder forth, 'Fie upon it! Fie 'upon it! Mr. *Jones*. Is it poſſible you ſhould 'be the Perſon!' 'You ſee,' anſwered *Jones*, 'it is poſſible I ſhould be here.' 'And who,' ſaid *Thwackum*, 'is that wicked Slut with you?' 'If I have any wicked Slut with me,' cries *Jones*, 'it is poſſible I ſhall not let you know who ſhe 'is.' 'I command you to tell me immediately,' ſays *Thwackum*, 'and I would not have you ima-'gine, young Man, that your Age, though it 'hath ſomewhat abridged the Purpoſe of Tuition, 'hath totally taken away the Authority of the 'Maſter. The Relation of the Maſter and Scho-'lar is indelible, as, indeed, all other Relations 'are: For they all derive their Original from Hea-'ven. I would have you think yourſelf, there-'fore, as much obliged to obey me now, as when 'I taught you your firſt Rudiments.' 'I believe 'you would,' cries *Jones*, 'but that will not 'happen, unleſs you had the ſame Birchen Ar-

'gument

'gument to convince me.' 'Then I muſt tell 'you plainly,' ſaid *Thwackum*, 'I am reſolved 'to diſcover the wicked Wretch.' 'And I muſt 'tell you plainly,' returned *Jones*, 'I am reſolved 'you ſhall not.' *Thwackum* then offered to advance, and *Jones* laid hold of his Arms; which Mr. *Bliſil* endeavoured to reſcue, declaring 'he 'would not ſee his old Maſter inſulted.'

Jones now finding himſelf engaged with two, thought it neceſſary to rid himſelf of one of his Antagoniſts as ſoon as poſſible. He, therefore, applied to the weakeſt firſt; and letting the Parſon go, he directed a Blow at the young Squire's Breaſt, which luckily taking Place, reduced him to meaſure his Length on the Ground.

Thwackum was ſo intent on the Diſcovery, that the Moment he found himſelf at Liberty, he ſtept forward directly into the Fern, without any great Conſideration of what might, in the mean Time, befall his Friend; but he had advanced a very few Paces into the Thicket, before *Jones* having defeated *Bliſil*, overtook the Parſon, and dragged him backward by the Skirt of his Coat.

This Parſon had been a Champion in his Youth, and had won much Honour by his Fiſt, both at School and at the Univerſity. He had now, indeed, for a great Number of Years, declined the Practice of that noble Art; yet was his Courage full as ſtrong as his Faith, and his Body no leſs ſtrong than either. He was moreover, as the Reader may, perhaps, have conceived, ſomewhat iraſcible in his Nature. When he looked back, therefore, and ſaw his Friend ſtretched out on the Ground, and found himſelf at the ſame Time ſo roughly handled by one who had formerly been only paſſive in all Conflicts between

them, (a Circumſtance which highly aggravated the whole) his Patience at length gave Way; he threw himſelf into a Poſture of Offence, and collecting all his Force, attacked *Jones* in the Front, with as much Impetuoſity as he had formerly attacked him in the Rear.

Our Hero received the Enemy's Attack with the moſt undaunted Intrepidity, and his Boſom reſounded with the Blow. This he preſently returned with no leſs Violence, aiming likewiſe at the Parſon's Breaſt; but he dextrouſly drove down the Fiſt of *Jones*, ſo that it reached only his Belly, where two Pounds of Beef and as many of Pudding were then depoſited, and whence conſequently no hollow Sound could proceed. Many luſty Blows, much more pleaſant as well as eaſy to have ſeen, than to read or deſcribe, were given on both Sides; at laſt a violent Fall in which *Jones* had thrown his Knees into *Thwackum*'s Breaſt, ſo weakened the latter, that Victory had been no longer dubious, had not *Bliſil*, who had now recovered his Strength, again renewed the Fight, and, by engaging with *Jones*, given the Parſon a Moment's Time to ſhake his Ears, and to regain his Breath.

And now both together attacked our Hero, whoſe Blows did not retain that Force with which they had fallen at firſt; ſo weakened was he by his Combat with *Thwackum*: For though the Pedagogue choſe rather to play *Solos* on the human Inſtrument, and had been lately uſed to thoſe only, yet he ſtill retained enough of his ancient Knowledge to perform his Part very well in a *Duet*.

The Victory, according to modern Cuſtom, was like to be decided by Numbers, when, on a ſudden,

ſudden, a fourth Pair of Fiſts appeared in the Battle, and immediately paid their Compliments to the Parſon; the Owner of them, at the ſame Time, crying out, 'Are not you aſhamed 'and be d--nd to you, to fall two of you upon 'one?'

The Battle, which was of the Kind, that for Diſtinction's Sake is called ROYAL, now raged with the utmoſt Violence during a few Minutes; till *Blifil* being a ſecond Time laid ſprawling by *Jones*, *Thwackum* condeſcended to apply for Quarter to his new Antagoniſt, who was now found to be Mr. *Weſtern* himſelf: For in the Heat of the Action none of the Combatants had recognized him.

In Fact, that honeſt Squire, happening in his Afternoon's Walk with ſome Company to paſs through the Field where the bloody Battle was fought, and having concluded from ſeeing three Men engaged, that two of them muſt be on a Side, he haſtened from his Companions, and with more Gallantry than Policy, eſpouſed the Cauſe of the weaker Party. By which generous Proceeding, he very probably prevented Mr. *Jones* from becoming a Victim to the Wrath of *Thwackum*, and to the pious Friendſhip which *Blifil* bore his old Maſter: For beſides the Diſadvantage of ſuch Odds, *Jones* had not yet ſufficiently recovered the former Strength of his broken Arm. This Reinforcement, however, ſoon put an End to the Action, and *Jones* with his Ally obtained the Victory.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

In which is ſeen a more moving Spectacle, than all the Blood in the Bodies of Thwackum *and* Blifil, *and of Twenty other ſuch, is capable of producing.*

THE reſt of Mr. *Weſtern*'s Company were now come up, being juſt at the Inſtant when the Action was over. Theſe were the honeſt Clergyman, whom we have formerly ſeen at Mr. *Weſtern*'s Table; Mrs. *Weſtern* the Aunt of *Sophia*; and laſtly, the lovely *Sophia* herſelf.

At this Time, the following was the Aſpect of the bloody Field. In one Place lay on the Ground, all pale and almoſt breathleſs, the vanquiſhed *Blifil*. Near him ſtood the Conqueror *Jones*, almoſt covered with Blood, Part of which was naturally his own, and Part had been lately the Property of the Reverend Mr. *Thwackum*. In a third Place ſtood the ſaid *Thwackum*, like King *Porus*, ſullenly ſubmitting to the Conqueror. The laſt Figure in the Place was *Weſtern the Great*, moſt glorioufly forbearing the vanquiſhed Foe.

Blifil, in whom there was little Sign of Life, was at firſt the principal Object of the Concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs. *Weſtern*, who had drawn from her Pocket a Bottle of Hartſhorn, and was herſelf about to apply it to his Noſtrils; when on a ſudden the Attention of the whole Company was diverted from poor *Blifil*, whoſe Spirit, if it had any ſuch Deſign, might

have

have now taken an Opportunity of ſtealing off to the other World, without any Ceremony.

For now a more melancholy as more lovely Object lay motionleſs before them. This was no other than the charming *Sophia* herſelf, who, from the Sight of Blood, or from Fear for her Father, or from ſome other Reaſon, had fallen down in a Swoon, before any one could get to her Aſſiſtance.

Mrs. *Weſtern* firſt ſaw her, and ſcreamed. Immediately two or three Voices cried out, 'Miſs '*Weſtern* is dead.' Hartſhorn, Water, every Remedy, were called for, almoſt at one and the ſame Inſtant.

The Reader may remember, that in our Deſcription of this Grove, we mentioned a murmuring Brook, which Brook did not come there, as ſuch gentle Streams flow through vulgar Romances, with no other Purpoſe than to murmur. No; Fortune had decreed no enoble this little Brook with a higher Honour than any of thoſe which waſh the Plains of *Arcadia*, ever deſerved.

Jones was rubbing *Blifil*'s Temples: For he began to fear he had given him a Blow too much, when the Words, Miſs *Weſtern* and Death ruſhed at once on his Ear. He ſtarted up, left *Blifil* to his Fate, and flew to *Sophia*, whom, while all the reſt were running againſt each other backward and forward looking for Water in the dry Paths, he caught up in his Arms, and then ran away with her over the Field to the Rivulet above-mentioned; where, plunging himſelf into the Water, he contrived to beſprinkle her Face, Head, and Neck very plentifully.

Happy was it for *Sophia*, that the ſame Confuſion which prevented her other Friends from ſerving her, prevented them likewiſe from obſtructing *Jones*. He had carried her half ways before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually reſtored her to Life before they reached the Water-ſide: She ſtretched out her Arms, opened her Eyes, and cried, 'Oh, Heavens!' juſt as her Father, Aunt, and the Parſon came up.

Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely Burthen in his Arms, now relinquiſhed his Hold; but gave her at the ſame Inſtant a tender Careſs, which, had her Senſes been then perfectly reſtored, could not have eſcaped her Obſervation. As ſhe expreſſed, therefore, no Diſpleaſure at this Freedom, we ſuppoſe ſhe was not ſufficiently recovered from her Swoon at the Time.

This tragical Scene was now converted into a ſudden Scene of Joy. In this, our Hero was, moſt certainly, the principal Character: For as he probably felt more extatic Delight in having ſaved *Sophia*, than ſhe herſelf received from being ſaved; ſo neither were the Congratulations paid to her equal to what were conferred on *Jones*, eſpecially by Mr. *Weſtern* himſelf, who, after having once or twice embraced his Daughter, fell to hugging and kiſſing *Jones*. He called him the Preſerver of *Sophia*, and declared there was nothing, except her, or his Eſtate, which he would not give him; but upon Recollection, he afterwards excepted his Fox-hounds, the *Chevalier*, and Miſs *Slouch*, (for ſo he called his favourite Mare.)

All Fears for *Sophia* being now removed, *Jones* became the Object of the Squire's Conſideration.

'Come,

'Come, my Lad,' ſays *Weſtern*, 'D'*off* thy *Quoat*,
'and waſh thy *Feace*: For *att* in a deviliſh Pickle,
'I promiſe thee. Come, come, waſh thyſelf,
'and *ſhat* go *Huome* with me; and *we'l zee* to *vind*
'thee another *Quoat*.

Jones immediately complied, threw off his Coat, went down to the Water, and waſhed both his Face and Boſom; for the latter was as much expoſed, and as bloody as the former: But tho' the Water could clear off the Blood, it could not remove the black and blue Marks which *Thwackum* had imprinted on both his Face and Breaſt, and which, being diſcerned by *Sophia*, drew from her a Sigh, and a Look full of inexpreſſible Tenderneſs.

Jones received this full in his Eyes, and it had infinitely a ſtronger Effect on him than all the Contuſions which he had received before. An Effect, however, widely different; for ſo ſoft and balmy was it, that, had all his former Blows been Stabs, it would for ſome Minutes have prevented his feeling their Smart.

The Company now moved backwards, and ſoon arrived where *Thwackum* had got Mr. *Blifil* again on his Legs. Here we cannot ſuppreſs a pious Wiſh, that all Quarrels were to be decided by thoſe Weapons only, with which Nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath ſupplied us; and that cold Iron was to be uſed in digging no Bowels, but thoſe of the Earth. Then would War, the Paſtime of Monarchs, be almoſt inoffenſive, and Battles between great Armies might be fought at the particular Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality; who, together with the Kings themſelves, might be actual Spectators of the Conflict. Then might the Field be this Moment

well

well ſtrewed with human Carcaſſes, and the next, the dead Men, or infinitely the greateſt Part of them, might get up, like Mr. *Bayes*'s Troops, and march off either at the Sound of a Drum or Fiddle, as ſhould be previouſly agreed on.

I would avoid, if poſſible, treating this Matter ludicrouſly, leſt grave Men and Politicians, whom I know to be offended at a Jeſt, may cry Piſh at it; but, in reality, might not a Battle be as well decided by the greater Number of broken Heads, bloody Noſes, and black Eyes, as by the greater Heaps of mangled and murdered human Bodies? Might not Towns be contended for in the ſame Manner? Indeed, this may be thought too detrimental a Scheme to the *French* Intereſt, ſince they would thus loſe the Advantage they have over other Nations, in the Superiority of their Engineers: But when I conſider the Gallantry and Generoſity of that People, I am perſuaded they would never decline putting themſelves upon a Par with their Adverſary; or, as the Phraſe is, *make themſelves his Match.*

But ſuch Reformations are rather to be wiſhed than hoped for: I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with this ſhort Hint, and return to my Narrative.

Weſtern began now to enquire into the original Riſe of this Quarrel. To which neither *Blifil* nor *Jones* gave any Anſwer; but *Thwackum* ſaid ſurlily, 'I believe, the Cauſe is not far off; if 'you beat the Buſhes well, you may find her.' 'Find her!' replied *Weſtern*, 'what, have you 'been fighting for a Wench?' 'Aſk the Gen-'tleman in his Waſtecoat there,' ſaid *Thwackum*, 'he beſt knows.' 'Nay, then,' cries *Weſtern*, 'it is a Wench certainly---Ah, *Tom*, *Tom!* thou

'art

'art a liquorish Dog——but come, Gentle-
'men, be all Friends, and go home with me,
'and make final Peace over a Bottle.' 'I ask
'your Pardon, Sir,' says *Thwackum*, 'it is no
'such slight Matter for a Man of my Character
'to be thus injuriously treated, and buffetted by
'a Boy; only because I would have done my
'Duty, in endeavouring to detect and bring to
'Justice a wanton Harlot; but, indeed, the
'principal Fault lies in Mr. *Allworthy* and your-
'self: For, if you put the Laws in Execution,
'as you ought to do, you would soon rid the
'Country of these Vermin.'

'I would as soon rid the Country of Foxes,' cries *Western*. 'I think we ought to encourage the 'recruiting those Numbers which we are every 'Day losing in the War: But where is she?—— 'Prithee, *Tom*, shew me.' He then began to beat about, in the same Language, and in the same Manner, as if he had been beating for a Hare, and at last cried out, 'Soho! Pus is not far off. 'Here's her Form, upon my Soul; I believe I 'may cry *stole away*.' And indeed so he might: for he had now discovered the Place whence the poor Girl had, at the Beginning of the Fray, *stolen away*, upon as many Feet as a Hare generally uses in travelling.

Sophia now desired her Father to return home; saying, she found herself very faint, and apprehended a Relapse. The Squire immediately complied with his Daughter's Request, (for he was the fondest of Parents.) He earnestly endeavoured to prevail with the whole Company to go and sup with him: but *Blifil* and *Thwackum* absolutely refused; the former saying, There were more

Reasons

Reaſons than he could then mention, why he muſt decline this Honour; and the latter declaring (perhaps rightly) that it was not proper for a Perſon of his Function to be ſeen at any Place in his preſent Condition.

Jones was incapable of refuſing the Pleaſure of being with his *Sophia*. So on he marched with Squire *Weſtern* and his Ladies, the Parſon bringing up the Rear. This had, indeed, offered to tarry with his Brother *Thwackum*, profeſſing, his Regard for the Cloth would not permit him to depart; but *Thwackum* would not accept the Favour, and, with no great Civility, puſhed him after Mr. *Weſtern*.

Thus ended this bloody Fray; and thus ſhall end the fifth Book of this Hiſtory.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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